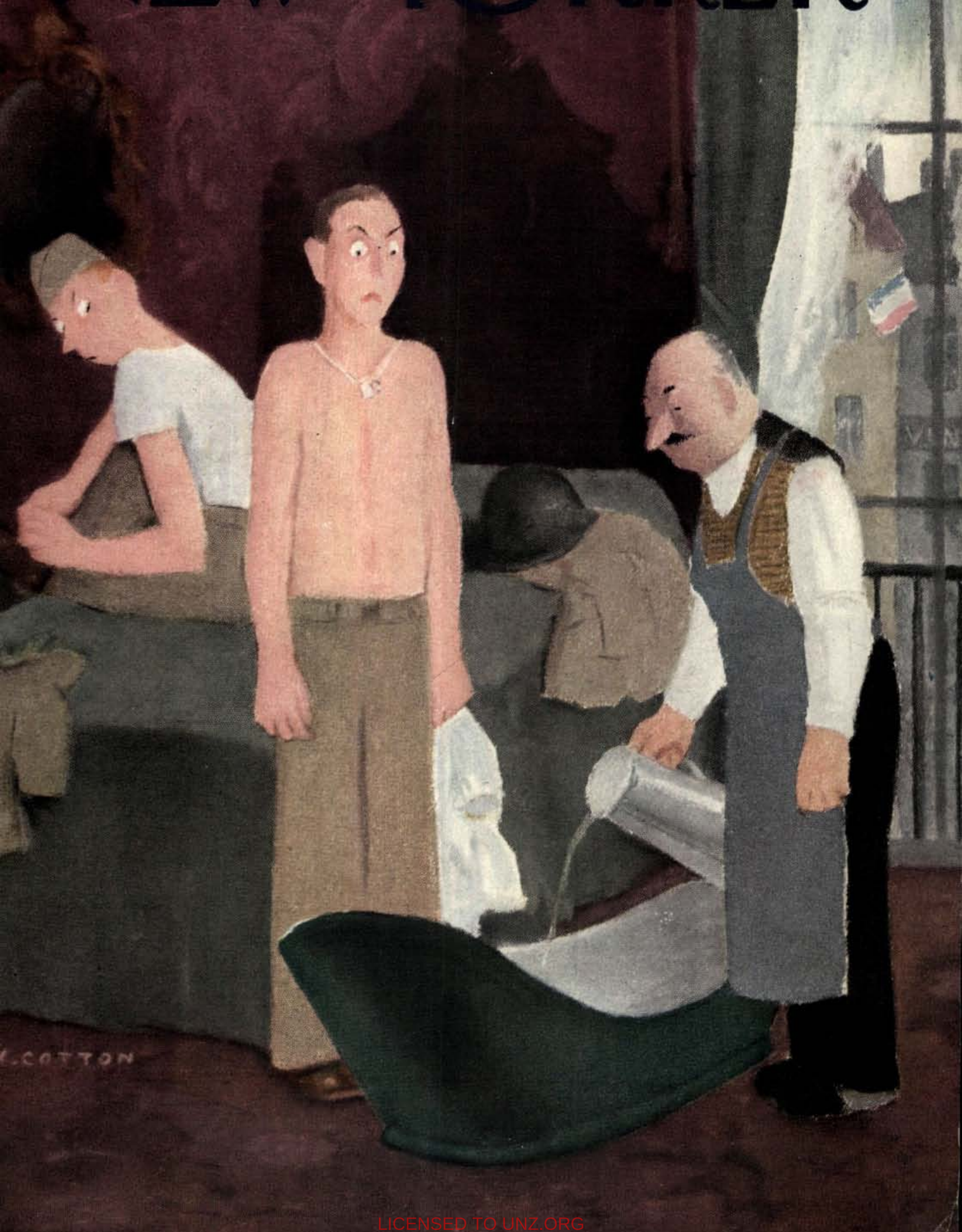
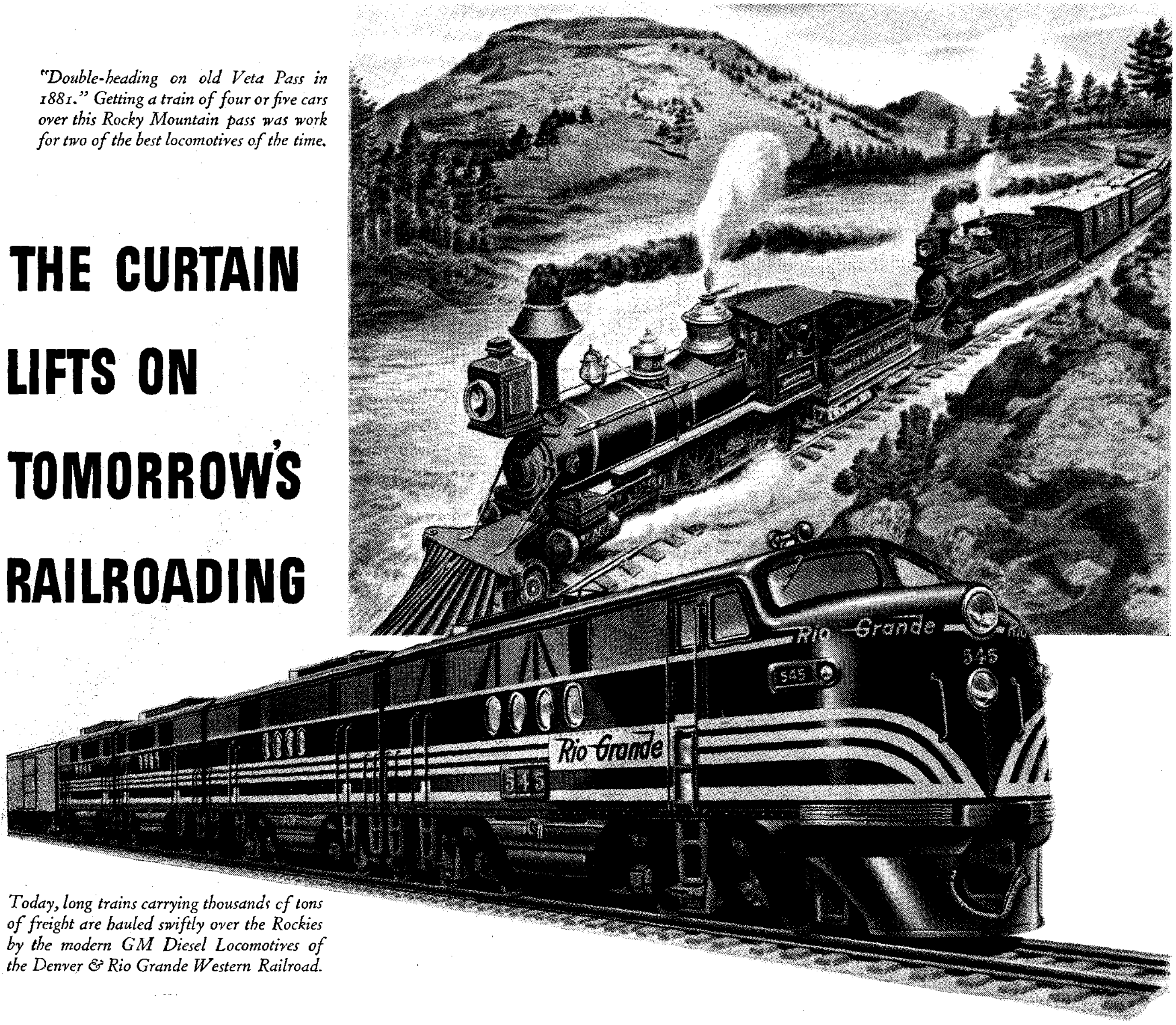
NEW YORKER



"Double-heading on old Veta Pass in 1881." Getting a train of four or five cars over this Rocky Mountain pass was work for two of the best locomotives of the time.

THE CURTAIN LIFTS ON TOMORROW'S RAILROADING



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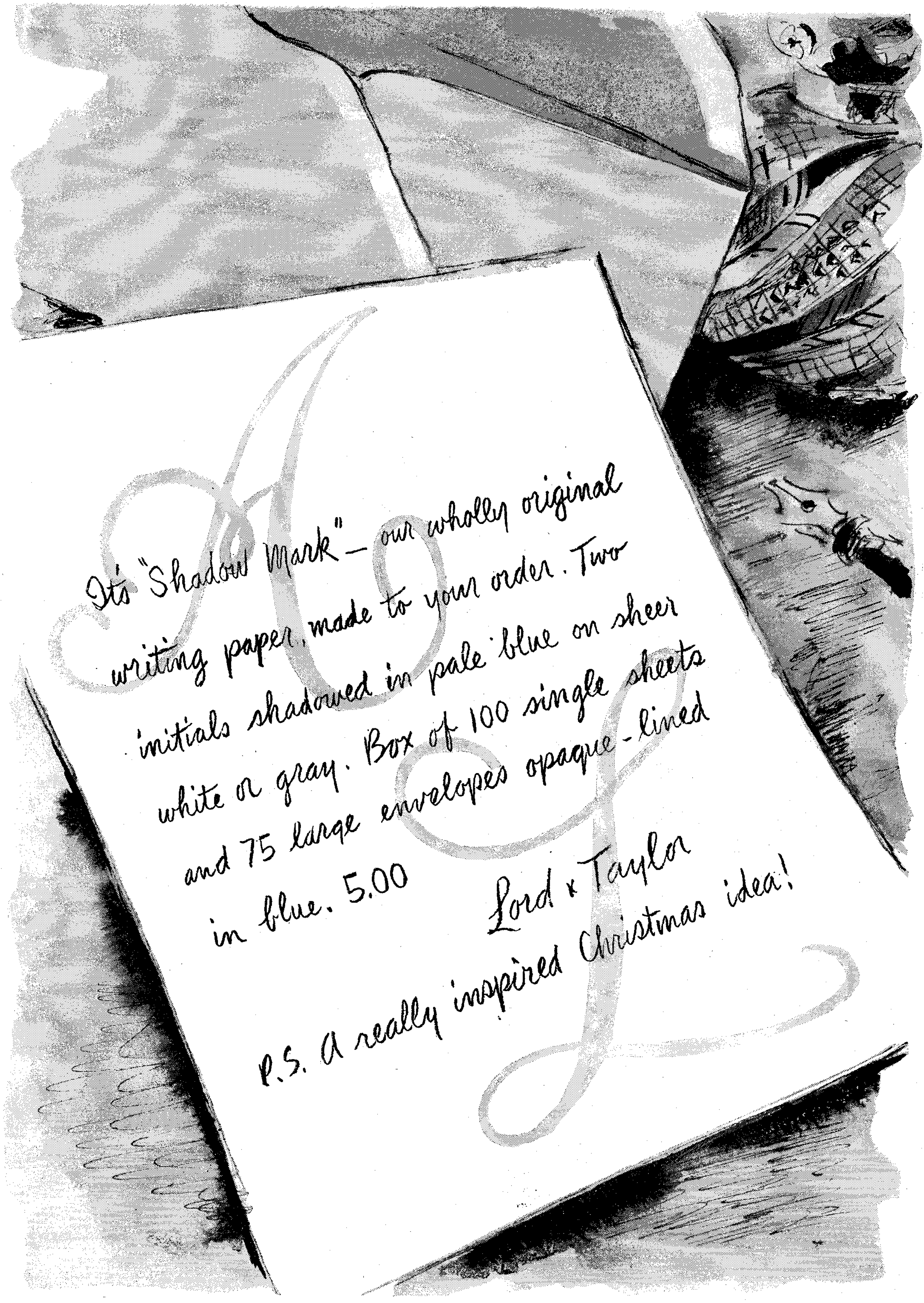

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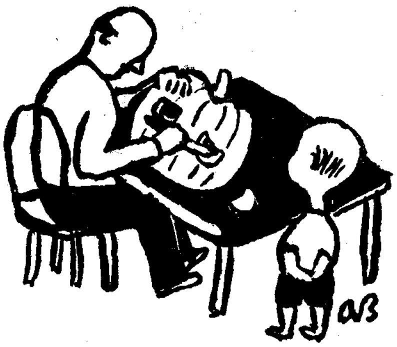
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its third year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are those principally involved. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West's own version of Russian history. Miss West has abandoned Diamond Lil for what looks like a parody of Helen Hayes, and the whole performance is pretty unfortunate. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel, Frances Heflin, and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Franz Werfel's play, as rewritten by S. N. Behrman, about two refugees from France. A really superb play up to the last act, when it succumbs to an attack of melodrama. The cast includes Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—Typical, though rather frail, George Abbott piece about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads the cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is rounding out its fifth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges, Cornelia Otis Skinner, and Montgomery Clift. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken up with another one, this time about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Martha Scott and Myron McCormick do their best, but it is still somewhat short of Shakespeare. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but still well above the general level of mystery shows. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Snafu—A George Abbott production of a play by Louis Solomon and Harold Buchman, with Russell Hardie and Elspeth Eric. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Violet—Harvey Stephens, Helen Claire, Pat Hitchcock, and Doro Merande in a comedy by Whitfield Cook. Directed by Mr. Cook and produced by Albert Margolies. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. The sets, costumes, and Agnes de Mille's ballets are very fetching, however, and Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken head the cast. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II has followed "Oklahoma!" with another tour de force. Produced by Billy Rose. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Nice, if rudimentary, entertainment, with Irina Baronova and Jackie Gleason. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Merry Widow—Jan Kiepura and Marta Eggerth in a short return engagement of the New Opera Company's production of this operetta. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Nov. 4.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C. D. V. O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin plays a statue that turns into a beautiful girl, and John Boles and Paula Laurence are among those who admire her. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music. Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—A handsome operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—Lou Holtz in charge of a rather routine collection of vaudeville acts, including Benny Fields, the De Marcos, and the Berry Brothers. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30 and Sun. at 3.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Perfect Marriage—Miriam Hopkins, Victor Jory, and Martha Sleeper in a play written and directed by Samson Raphaelson. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Thurs., Oct. 26. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

No Way Out—A melodrama by Owen Davis, with Robert Keith, Irene Hervey, and Viola Roache. Directed by Mr. Davis and Mr. Keith and produced by Mr. Keith. Opens Mon., Oct. 30. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Embezzled Heaven—Ethel Barrymore in a dramatization, by L. Bush-Fekete and Mary Helen Fay, of Franz Werfel's novel. Directed by B. Iden Payne and produced by the Theatre Guild. Opens Tues., Oct. 31. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Frank Fay and Josephine Hull in a play by Mary Coyle Chase. Produced by Brock Pemberton and directed by Antoinette Perry. Opens Wed., Nov. 1. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Sleep, My Pretty One—Pauline Lord, Harry Ellerbe, and Julie Stevens in a play by Charlcie and Oliver H. P. Garrett. Staged by Roy Hargrave and produced by Richard W. Krakeur. Opens Thurs., Nov. 2. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—The yearly visit of the cowboys and cowgirls. (Madison Square Garden. O 5-6800. Nightly through Sun., Oct. 29, at 8:30. Mats. Fri. through Sun., Oct. 27-29, at 2:30.)

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "The Wizard of Oz" and a musical revue with Jerry, the puppet. Sat., Oct. 28 and Nov. 4, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.) . . . The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre presenting "Old King Cole," Sat., Oct. 28, at 10:30 A.M.; sponsored by the Riverside Community House. (Hunter Playhouse, Park at 68. For tickets, call BU 8-4869.)

BALLET

Ballet Theatre—"Carnaval," "Dances from Carmen," "Lilac Garden," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Oct. 26. . . . "Giselle," "Dances from Carmen," and "Graduation Ball," Fri. Eve., Oct. 27. . . . "Swan Lake," "Petrouchka," "Pas de Deux," and "Gala Performance," Sat. Aft., Oct. 28. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka," "Bolero," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Eve., Oct. 28. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Fancy Free," "Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball," Sun. Aft., Oct. 29. . . . "Carnaval," "Black Swan," "Dim Lustre," and "Three-Cornered Hat," Sun. Eve., Oct. 29. . . . "Waltz Academy," "Dark Elegies," "Grand Pas de Deux from Don Quixote," and "Graduation Ball," Tues. Eve., Oct. 31. . . . "Graduation Ball," "Dim Lustre," and "Three-Cornered Hat," Wed. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "Swan Lake," "Pillar of Fire," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "Giselle," "Judgment of Paris," and "Fancy Free," Fri. Eve., Nov. 3. . . . "Peter

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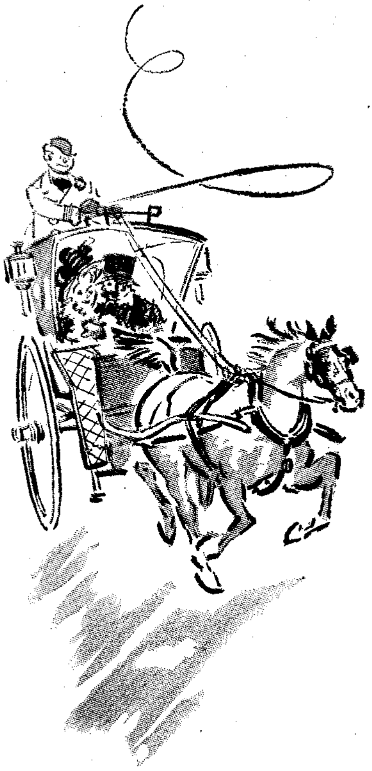

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

and the Wolf," "Pas de Quatre," "Fancy Free," and "Barn Dance," Sat. Aft., Nov. 4. . . . "Romeo and Juliet," "Black Swan," "Fancy Free," and "Graduation Ball," Sat. Eve., Nov. 4. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

BALLET INTERNATIONAL—Opening programs by a new group—"Les Sylphides," "Brahms Variations," "Colloque Sentimental," and "Bolero," Mon. Eve., Oct. 30. . . . "Swan Lake," "Constantia," and "Sebastian," Tues. Eve., Oct. 31. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Memories," "Colloque Sentimental," and "Bolero," Wed. Eve., Nov. 1. . . . "Swan Lake," "Brahms Variations," and "Constantia," Thurs. Eve., Nov. 2. . . . "Constantia," "Pictures at an Exhibition," and "Memories," Fri. Eve., Nov. 3. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Brahms Variations," and "Bolero," Sat. Aft., Nov. 4. . . . "Swan Lake," "Sebastian," and "Pictures at an Exhibition," Sat. Eve., Nov. 4. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mat. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's mannerly orchestra plays in the pleasant and spacious Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Joan Hyldoft, pink and beautiful, surrounded by a lot of ice show. Enoch Light's orchestra.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Mildred Bailey, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; i.e., why ever go home?

CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid jazz by Benny Morton's orchestra and solid folk songs by Josh White.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Down among the sweltering palms with Joe E. Lewis and a rather incoherent floor show. Abe Lyman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Adrian Rollini Trio.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band play for the parade.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward to the music of Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalzo's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Dr. Giovanni, the accomplished pickpocket, and Stanley Melba's orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The Persian Room offers Hildegarde, singing and prancing (not always in the order named), and the genteel but cheerful music of Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has Fred Miller's orchestra and a little virtuoso work by John Sebastian and his harmonica. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is a small show headed by Tommy Dowd, the engagingly comic magician; a couple of orchestras play for dancing.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by some fairly lush dance music. Tea dancing daily.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Nat Brandwynne's orchestra plays for dinner and supper in the Wedgwood Room; after the theatre, there's Victor Borge, with his entertaining monologues at the piano, as well as Mischa Borr's band. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—At **LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca and Irwin Corey operating with both humor and malice aforethought, and Cedric Wallace's trio and Day, Dawn, and Dusk to help out. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and merry music by Maxine Sullivan, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy singing, when she's in the mood, her ditties about the horrors of life in the big city. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Ted Hunter providing a piano obbligato for the young people's subdued table talk.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. in a highly decorative setting. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; George Morris's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske (at the supper hour), looking quite pleased at his naughtiness, and a show full of tasty show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra for dancing after 7:15 P.M. on weekends, and after 10:15 P.M. on other nights. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): big and noisy, but with Rosario and Antonio in the show.

●

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air. . . . **PIED PIPER,** 15 Barrow (CH 3-9274): Max Kaminsky's nimble band, which includes Wilbur de Paris, and fine piano playing by James P. Johnson and Willie the Lion Smith. . . . **ONYX,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Stuff Smith's trio and Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's full-blown clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp to keep your feet warm. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): vivid sound effects by Slam Stewart's trio and Eddie Heywood's orchestra; piano interludes by Robert Crum. . . . **DOWNBEAT,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' masterly saxophone, Harry Gibson's delirious piano, Billie Holiday's blue soprano, and Tiny Grimes' Trio. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

EUGENE BERMAN—Ballet designs and decorated sea shells: 67 Gallery, 67 E. 57. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Water colors of the oil industry by Reginald Marsh, Adolf Dehn, David Fredenthal, and Millard Sheets. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 12.

MARY CALLERY—A first show of sculpture: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

JO DAVIDSON—A recently completed bronze bust of General Charles de Gaulle: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

MORRIS DAVIDSON—Recent paintings: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX—Paintings and drawings; a benefit for the Quaker Emergency Service: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

MARGUARITA DE MENA—A Cuban who paints like a modern pre-Raphaelite: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 11); through Sat., Oct. 28.

ESTEBAN FRANCÉS—First New York show by a Spanish artist who goes in for dazzling effects: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

F. LYDER FREDERICKSON—Still lifes, nudes, and city scenes in a pleasant mixture: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

EMIL GANSO—A retrospective exhibition: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 11.

ANNE GOLDTHWAITE—A memorial show of paintings, water colors, and prints: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

MAURICE GORDON—Gouaches of the gulf states: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Thurs. and Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

GRAPHIC ART—Lithographs by Matisse: Kleemann, 65 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., Oct. 31.

GROUPS—At the **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: paintings by the gallery's group, including Waldo Peirce, Fletcher Martin, and William Thon. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: Stuart Davis, Bernard Karfiol, Charles Sheeler, Yasuo Kuniyoshi, and others showing recent paintings and sculpture. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28. . . . **INTERNATIONAL PRINT SOCIETY,** 38 W. 57: paintings by Mary Aiken, Yun Gee, Frank Neal, and others; also, a collection of serigraphs and other prints. Thurs., 9:30 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28. . . . **NEW ART CIRCLE,** 41 E. 57: paintings by such moderns as Adolph Gottlieb, Marcel Gromaire, and Waissily Kandinsky. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., Oct. 30. . . . **DURAND-RUEL,** 12 E. 57: nineteen sculptors and painters focus their attention on collector Dikran Kelekian, with varied results. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4. . . . **ARTIST ASSOCIATES,** 138 W. 15: water colors, drawings, and prints by Albert Abramowitz, Robert Gwathmey, Zoltan Hecht, and other members of this coöperative group. Weekdays 2 to 6 P.M. (also Mon. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 10); through Nov. 11. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: drawings by Gifford Beal, Russell Cowles, Louis Bouché, and other contemporaries. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Nov. 11.

ROGER C. HOLT—Warehouses and other realistic subjects: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Nov. 3.

SAMUEL KOCH—Paintings by a contemporary American primitive: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 27.

KÄTHE KOLLWITZ—A large show of black-and-whites: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 18.

ROSE KUPER—Paintings in the post-Impressionist manner: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

LOREN MACIVER—Recent paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

REGINALD MARSH—The Bowery, Coney Island, etc., in water colors and drawings: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—A hundred and fifty paintings of the American scene, from the recent competition sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company and Artists for Victory. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 3.

FELICIA MEYER—Vermont landscapes, local terrain, and some flower pieces: Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

MURALS—An instructive display, in photographs and designs, of war murals, mostly by service men: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—A large showing of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley (through Jan. 14); also, American battle paintings, from 1776 to 1918 (through Nov. 12); about a hundred water colors and drawings by Soviet children (through Nov. 19); and paintings by Jacob Lawrence, including his series "Migration of the Negro" (through Nov. 5). Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and a good many others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Twentieth annual show by the New York Society of Women Artists. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Oct. 27.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—Water colors: Argent, 42 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

FRANCES RESWICK—Socially conscious paintings: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Daily 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

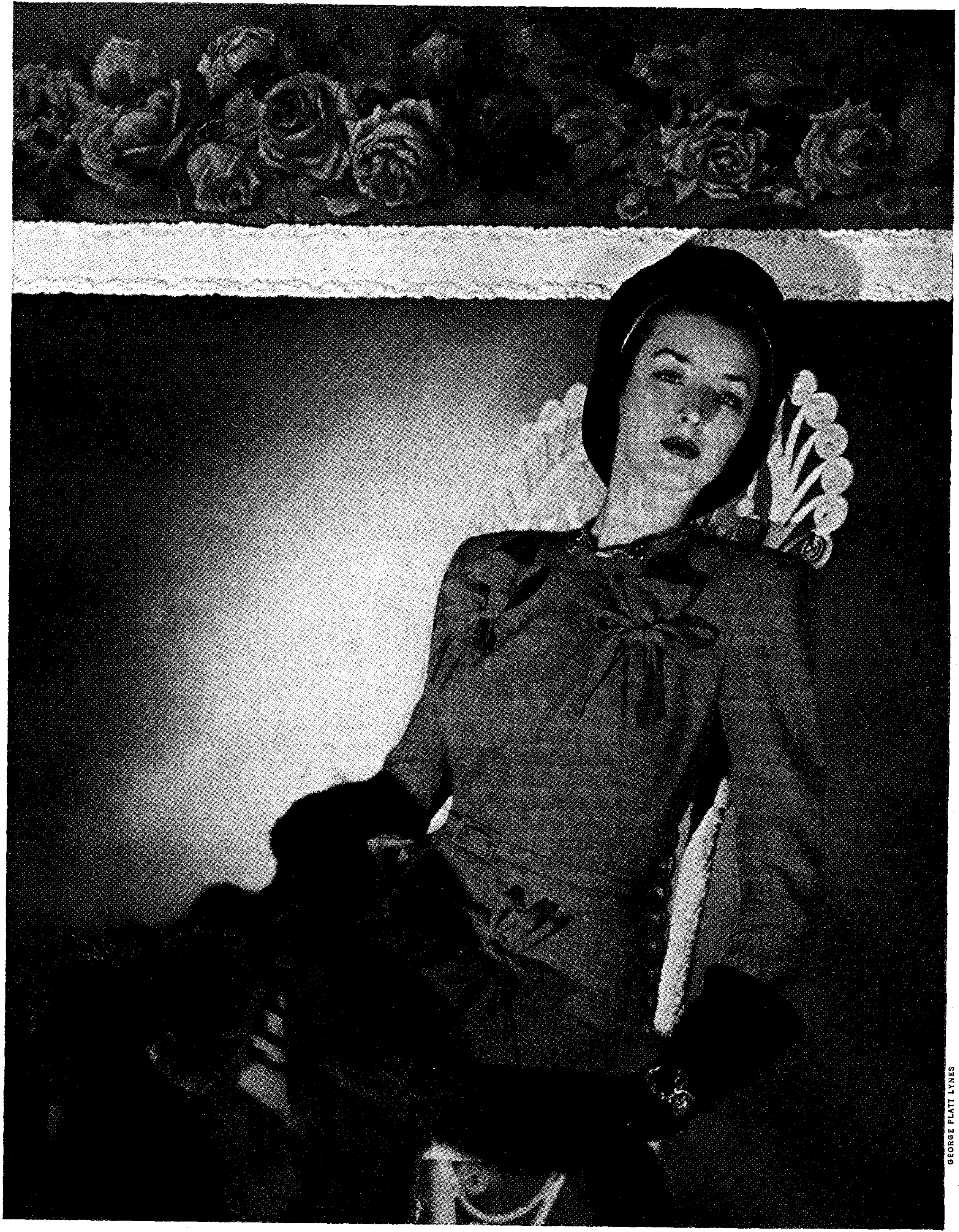
ROOSEVELT TRIBUTE—An exhibition, honoring the President, by over a hundred well-known painters, sculptors, and photographers: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Mon., through Fri., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 7.

KAY SAGE—Surrealist paintings by the wife of Yves Tanguy: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

MITZI SOLOMON—Sculptures of girls and other figures: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56.

Jewels by Olga Tritt

Hat by Lily Dache



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Soft daytime dress in a flattering new shade of Bloomsburg's Crepe Persuade. Soft folds of self material on blouse and skirt tie in love knots. *Lord & Taylor, New York*
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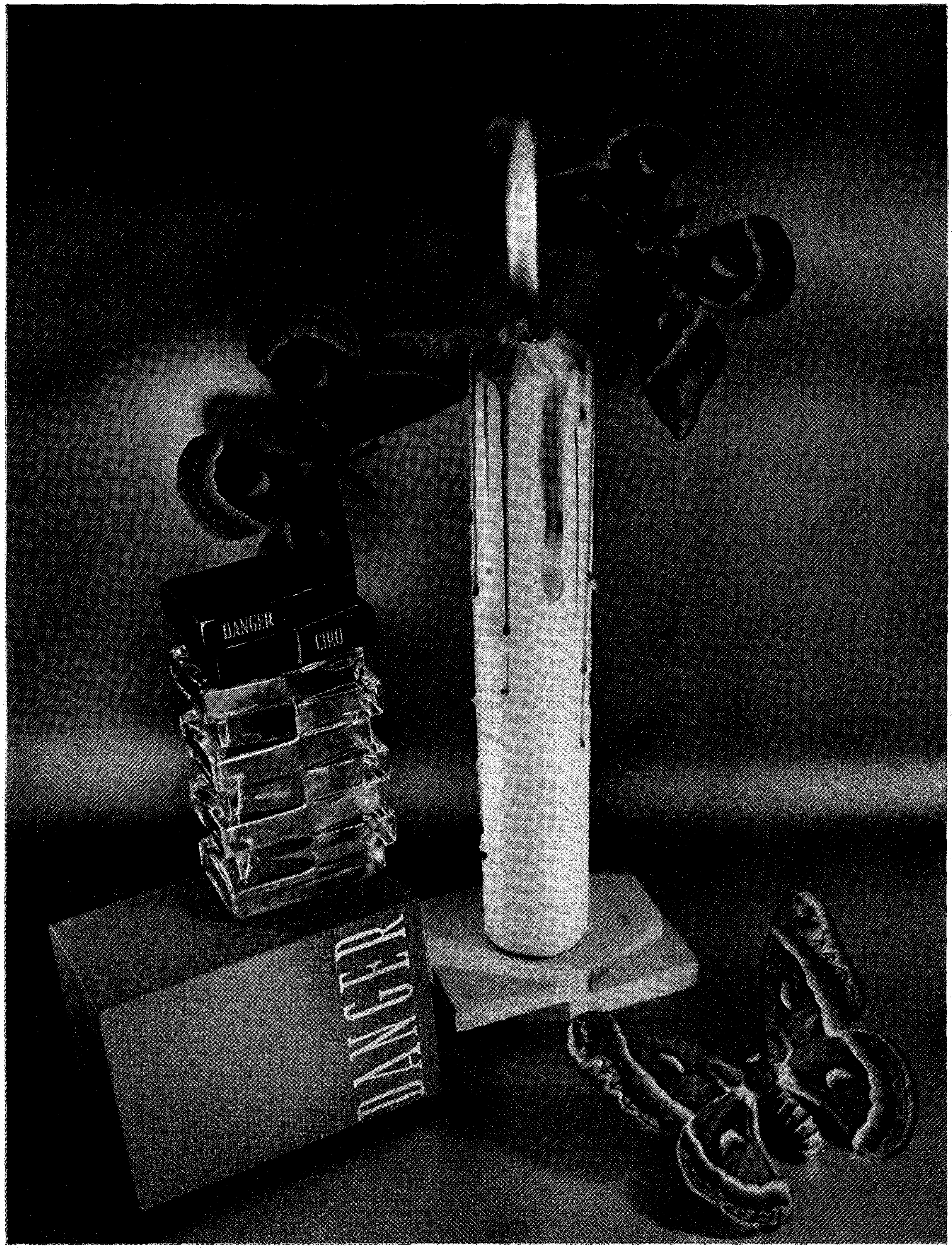
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4.

Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Chaim Soutine—Fourteen paintings (from 1916 to 1936) by the late Russian artist: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 9.

Margaret Stark—Oils and gouaches of snake goddesses, ladies with parasols, and similar out-of-the-way subjects· Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

Byron Thomas—One of *Life's* artist-correspondents' reports on the British and the American scenes: 460 Park, at 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Oct. 28.

Nat Werner—Small sculptures, jolly and compact, of tap dancers, blues singers, and other musical subjects: A. C. A., 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—A large show of paintings and water colors by Winslow Homer. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., Nov. 2.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Oct. 26, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Oct. 27, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Oct. 28, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Oct. 29, at 3 P.M. Pierre Monteux conducting: Thurs., Nov. 2, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Nov. 3, at 2:30 P.M.; and Sat., Nov. 4, at 8:45 P.M. (Soloists: Robert Casadesus, piano, Oct. 26-29; Leon Fleisher, piano, Nov. 4.)

Czechoslovakian Concert—Bruno Walter conducting an orchestra made up of members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Jarmila Novotná, soprano, as soloist; commemorating Czechoslovakian Independence Day. Tues., Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

New York Little Symphony—Joseph Baroné conducting. Fri., Nov. 3, at 8:45 P.M. (Carnegie Chamber Music Hall.)

Jazz Concert—Eddie Condon, the guitarist, in charge of a group of hot musicians, including such people as Max Kaminsky and Billy Butterfield, trumpet; Cosy Cole, drums; Peewee Russell, clarinet; and Jess Stacy, piano. Sat., Nov. 4, at 5:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Salmaggi Opera—"Il Trovatore," Sat., Oct. 28; "Faust," Sat., Nov. 4; at 8:30 P.M. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Max Rosen—Violin. Fri., Oct. 27, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Grace Castagnetta—Piano. Sat., Oct. 28, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Mack Harrell—Baritone. Sun., Oct. 29, at 3 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Portia White—Contralto. Sun., Oct. 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. Sun., Oct. 29, at 8:40 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Bronislaw Huberman—Violin. Mon., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

Earl Wild—Piano. Mon., Oct. 30, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Adolph Busch and Rudolf Serkin—Violin and piano. Tues., Oct. 31, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Maxim Schapiro—Piano. Wed., Nov. 1, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

Alexander Schneider and Ralph Kirkpatrick—Violin and harpsichord. Wed., Nov. 1, at 8:40 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

Emanuel List—Bass. Sat., Nov. 4, at 8:30 P.M. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park at 69. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60.)

SPORTS

Football—College games: Columbia vs. Colgate, Baker Field, Sat., Oct. 28, at 3 P.M.; Army vs. Duke, Polo Grounds, Sat., Oct. 28, at 2 P.M.; Columbia vs. Cornell, Baker Field, Sat., Nov. 4, at 2:30 P.M. . . . Professional games: Giants vs. Philadelphia, Polo Grounds, Sun., Oct. 29, at 2:30 P.M.; Brooklyn Tigers vs. Boston, Ebbets Field, Sun., Oct. 29, at 2:05 P.M.

Racing—Empire City meeting, at Jamaica, weekdays at 1:45 P.M.; through Sat., Nov. 4. (Ardsley Handicap, Oct. 28; Daingerfield Handicap, Oct. 31; New Rochelle Handicap, Nov. 1; Westchester Handicap, Nov. 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. from 11:15 A.M. to 1:20 P.M., and Sat. from 10:45 A.M. to 1:25 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

Political Rally—Governor Dewey, Thomas J. Curran, and many others speaking for the Republican Party: Madison Square Garden. Sat., Nov. 4, at 7 P.M.

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection, assembled by the Army, of combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, and small arms, including equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated (through April 1); also, an exhibition of photographs, charts, and dioramas dealing with the organization and accomplishments of the Polish Underground (through Dec. 15). Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. . . . **461 5 AVE.**, at 40: photographs captured from Nazi soldiers, showing scenes of terrorism and destruction in occupied countries; sponsored by Russian War Relief, Inc. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Nov. 6.

New York Antiques Fair—A hundred and fifty dealers showing treasures from their collections, mostly Early American and Old English: Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Park at 34. Thurs. and Fri., Oct. 26-27, from 1 to 11 P.M.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Autograph manuscripts of American authors, including Poe's "Annabel Lee," Twain's "Life on the Mississippi," and preliminary drafts of Whitman's "Ode to Washington." Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 9.

ON THE AIR

Campaign Speeches—President Roosevelt, Fri., Oct. 27, at 9 P.M., WABC, WOR. . . . Governor Dewey: Tues., Oct. 31, at 9 P.M., WEAF; Wed., Nov. 1, at 9:30 P.M., WEAF, WOR; and Sat., Nov. 4, at 10:30 P.M., WABC, WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Oct. 29, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Oct. 28 and Nov. 4, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony: Richard Burgin conducting, Sat., Oct. 28; Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Nov. 4; at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Oct. 29, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Ballet Theatre, Sat., Oct. 28 and Nov. 4, and Sun., Oct. 29, at 8:45 P.M., WNYC. . . . Jazz concerts, directed by Eddie Condon, Sat., Oct. 28, at 4:45 P.M., and Sat., Nov. 4, at 1:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . Lener Quartet, Sun., Oct. 29, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

Sports—Football: Army vs. Duke, Sat., Oct. 28, at 1:45 P.M., WJZ; Penn vs. Navy, Sat., Oct. 28, at 1:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Dangerous Journey—Armand Denis and Leila Roosevelt offer a better than average travel film about wild elephants and cobras boxing with women. (R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Mon., Oct. 30. . . . R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; through Wed., Nov. 1.)

Dragon Seed—Walter Huston, Katharine Hepburn, and Aline MacMahon, lightly disguised, in a warm, handsome arrangement of the Pearl Buck novel of China's early war years. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Oct. 30. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Nov. 1.)

48 Hours—One of those deft British jobs in which every character is a character. This one is about a village under attack by German paratroops. Leslie Banks and others. (Thalia, B'way at 95; starting Tues., Oct. 31.)

Hail the Conquering Hero—The very comical doings of six Marines and a bogus war hero who run afoul of small town politics. Written and directed by Preston Sturges, with William Demarest, Eddie Bracken, and Freddie Steele. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Oct. 30. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Tues., Oct. 28-31. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Wed., Oct. 28-Nov. 1. . . . Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. through Thurs., Oct. 31-Nov. 2. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. through Fri., Oct. 31-Nov. 3. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Oct. 31-Nov. 4.)

The Hairy Ape—O'Neill's play about the frustrated coal heaver has been considerably altered for the movies, but its new shape has a few merits of its own. William Bendix and Susan Hayward. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Oct. 28. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Oct. 30.)

The Hitler Gang—A realistic dramatization of the early crimes of the Hitler administration. Robert Watson, Roman Bohnen, and a girl named Poldy Dur. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 27-28. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 29-31.)

Home in Indiana—Trotting horses and young love, mildly and rather pleasantly portrayed. Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, and Jeanne Crain. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; and Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., Oct. 26. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 27-30.)

Kismet—Worth your time only if you feel inclined to feast your eyes upon Ronald Colman and Marlene Dietrich at their most photogenic. Edward Arnold and Joy Ann Page also appear in this Technicolored tour of Bagdad. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Mrs. Parkington—Hollywood and Louis Bromfield give three cheers for a robber baron of American industry. With Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

Our Hearts Were Young and Gay—Gail Russell and Diana Lynn as a couple of rich and slightly simple-minded girls touring Europe in the 1920's. (Paramount, B'way at 43; through Tues., Oct. 31.)

Since You Went Away—Selznick epic of a wartime home, with many sobs and no surprises and a good, game cast that includes Claudette Colbert, Jennifer Jones, Shirley Temple, and Joseph Cotten. (State, B'way at 45.)

Thunder Rock—Honest and rather engaging English fantasy about the dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. (World, 153 W. 49; through Wed., Nov. 1.)

To Have and Have Not—A Hemingway novel with a William Faulkner screen treatment, which emerges largely Humphrey Bogart. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Wilson—Not dynamite by any means, but lively and full of showmanship. Darryl Zanuck throws the works at you, including Technicolor, and is warmly sympathetic to the League of Nations and its late champion, played by Alexander Knox. (Victoria, B'way at 46. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; Wed., Nov. 1.)

Note—"Battle for the Marianas," a short Marine Corps documentary film, made up of terse and vivid action pictures photographed by combat cameramen, will be shown at the Art, 36 E. 8, Fri. through Mon., Oct. 27-30.

REVIVALS

Bachelor Mother (1939)—Ginger Rogers as a misunderstood shopgirl. With David Niven. (Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 27-30.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 27-30.)

A Damsel in Distress (1937)—Comedy, music, and dancing, with Fred Astaire, Joan Fontaine, and Burns and Allen. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; and Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 27-28.)

A Farewell to Arms (1932)—Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper in the Hemingway story. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Oct. 26.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda, in Technicolor. Ralph Richardson, June Duprez. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Wed. and Thurs., Nov. 1-2.)

George Washington Slept Here (1942)—Ann Sheridan and Jack Benny in an adaptation of the play about life in Bucks County. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Tues. and Wed., Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in a René Clair film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 26.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—German prisons in the last war. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 27-30.)

I Dream Too Much (1935)—Lily Pons, Henry Fonda, and Jerome Kern music. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Thurs., Oct. 26. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., Oct. 28.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock mystery on a European express. Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Paul Lukas. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Nov. 3.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Fri. and Sat., Oct. 27-28.)

Sahara (1943)—Humphrey Bogart in an all-male movie about the North African campaign. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., Oct. 26.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon in the French Revolution. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Oct. 26.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—Hitchcock film about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. Teresa Wright, Joseph Cotten, and Macdonald Carey. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Mon. through Thurs., Oct. 30-Nov. 2.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat in some Hitchcock excitement. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Nov. 3.)

Tom, Dick, and Harry (1941)—Ginger Rogers and

Young-Timers Tunic Coat with the dash-about swagger of a cossack ...of suede-smooth virgin wool

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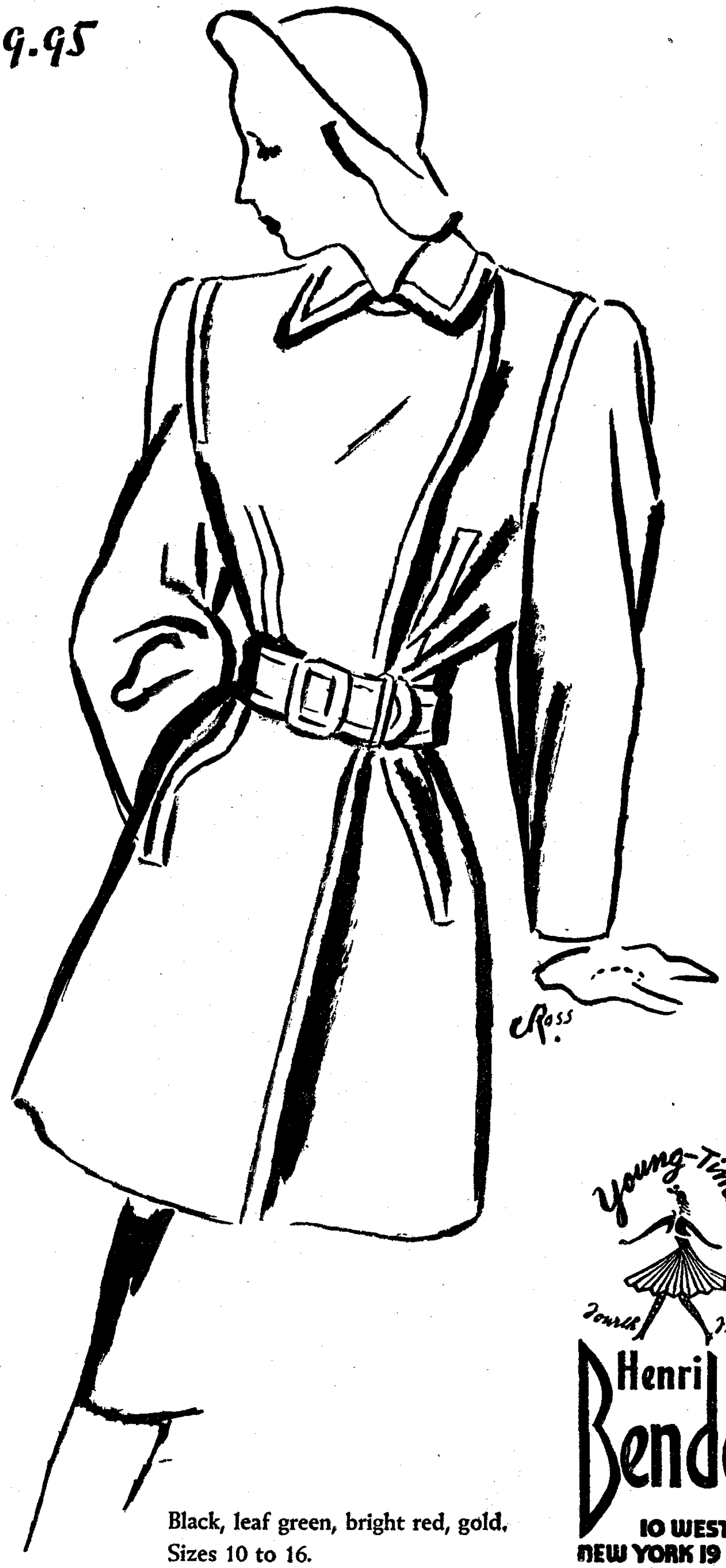

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

boy trouble. With George Murphy, Burgess Meredith, and Alan Marshal. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Oct. 29-31.)

WINTERSET (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Oct. 27-30.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule: THROUGH SUN., OCT. 29: "The Little Colonel" (1935), with Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson. . . . FROM MON., OCT. 30: "The Life of Emile Zola" (1937), with Paul Muni.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

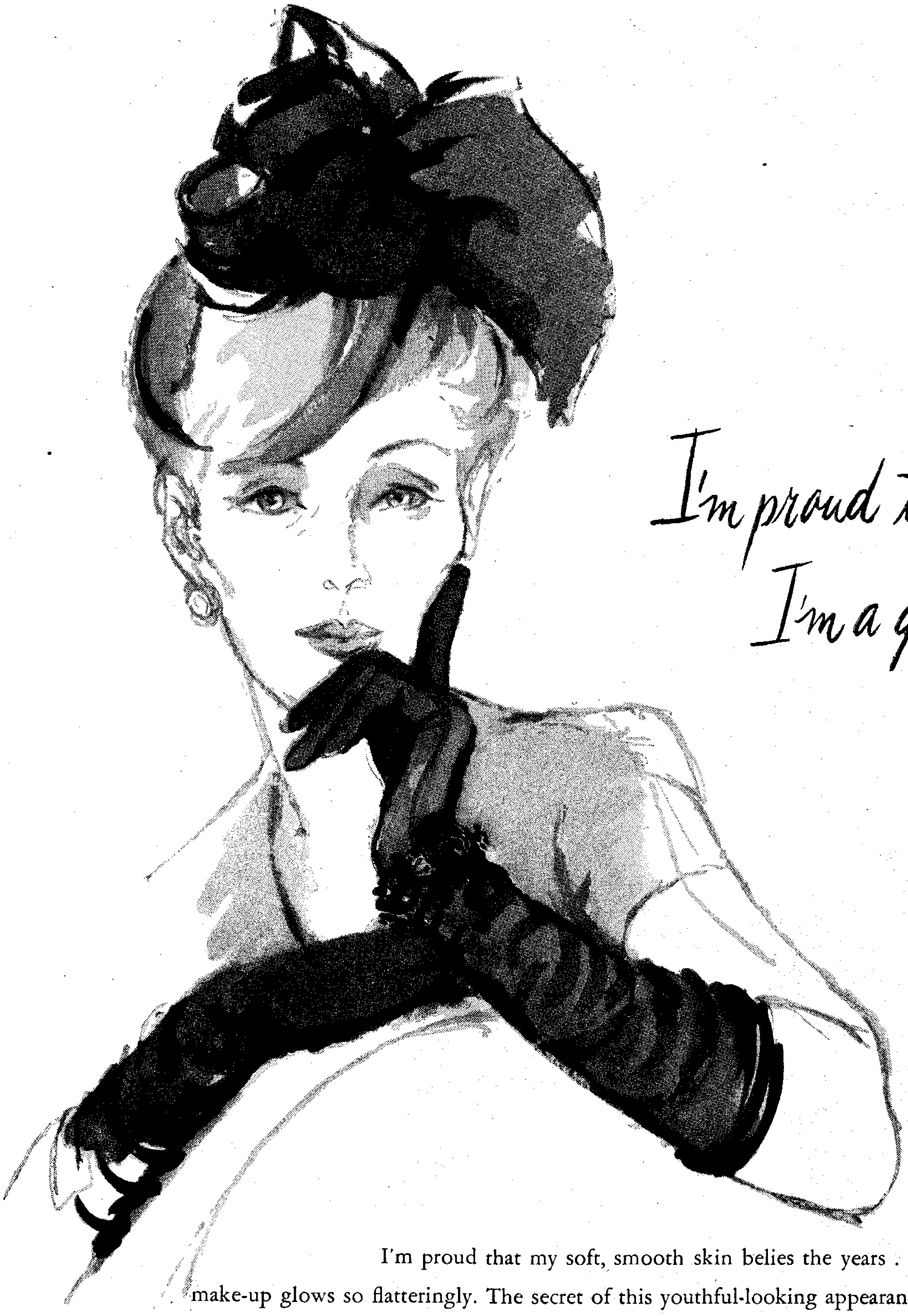
VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Four organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work three hours a week in Department of Health clinics, assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to spend as much time as they can spare during the day making surgical dressings, and filling kits for service men to take overseas; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army, Navy, and foreign relief; women to put in about three hours a week preparing and serving refreshments in war-plant cafeterias. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least three daytime hours, twice a week, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and libraries; men to work in hospitals one or two evenings a week at various necessary jobs.

NATIONAL WAR FUND—The annual fund-raising campaign for war charities is on, and the C. D. V. O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (very important right now) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—Donors who wish to contribute blood to the Red Cross to send to field and base hospitals should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small games, radios, records, and foreign-language and travel books. Two organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); and Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976). . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued its annual appeal for pocket-size books, hard candy, cigarettes, toilet articles, and other items for Christmas kits for service men. . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centres. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Books, magazines, and puzzles are needed for service men in American hospitals; contributions should be sent to the Manhattan C. D. V. O., 155 E. 44 (MU 2-7370).



I'm proud that my soft, smooth skin belies the years . . . that my make-up glows so flatteringly. The secret of this youthful-looking appearance? Revenescence . . . I've depended on it for more years than I care tell.

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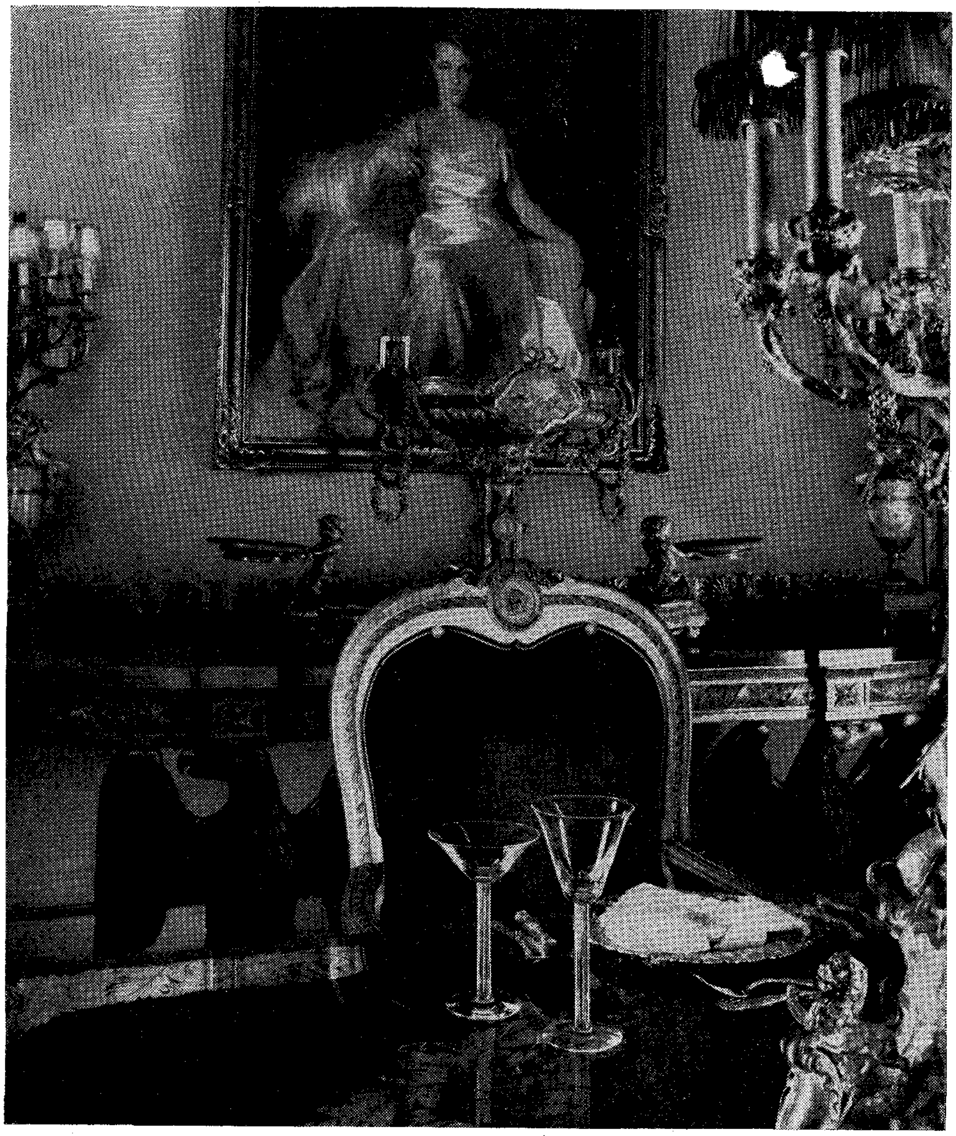
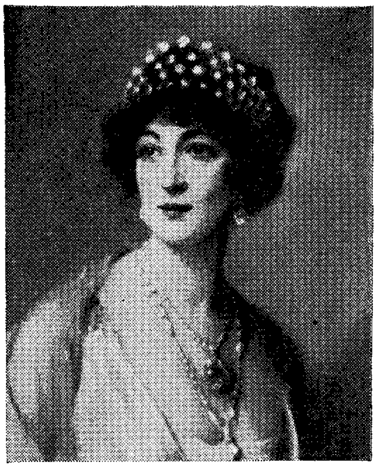
"I've already chosen my post-war crystal"

says famous Washington hostess *Mrs. Edward McLean* shown here wearing her celebrated Hope diamond. "It's Libbey 'Monticello.' I'm ordering it now for delivery after the war."



In keeping with Mrs. McLean's stately dining room is her crystal choice . . . the "Monticello" pattern



De Laszlo portrait shows famous McLean diamonds

FABULOUS is the word for almost everything about Evalyn Walsh McLean—her jewels, her open-hearted generosity (she has turned her garage into a club for women war workers), her Sunday-night dinners for 150 guests. Here, her table at beautiful Friendship is shown set with her famous gold service.

The diamond-bright Libbey glass is the beginning of a collection she (like you!) must wait until after the war to complete. You, too, can choose your pattern by writing now, to Toledo, for our Bride's Booklet.

One woman's war job: this final careful inspection of these delicate Libbey-made electronic bulbs.

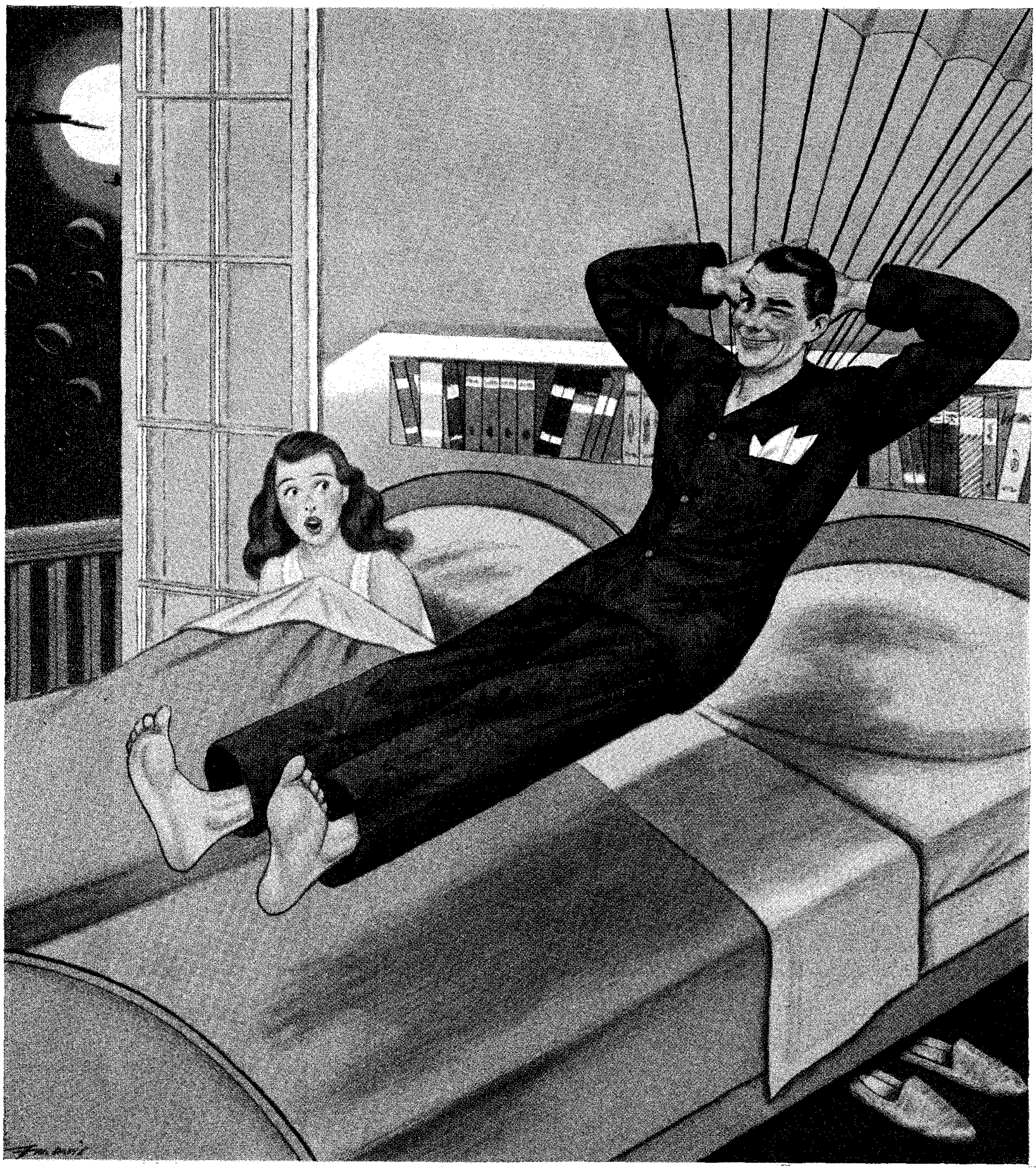
No Libbey crystal has been blown since Pearl Harbor!

Instead, the Libbey craftsmen who were creating exquisite table crystal for your home, now blow "war glass" for air and sea craft: vital electronic bulbs of various shapes and sizes; also other products that can only be blown and finished by masters of the glassmaker's art.

LIBBEY GLASS

Established 1818

A PRODUCT OF OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO



TAILORED WITH *Parachute* PRECISION

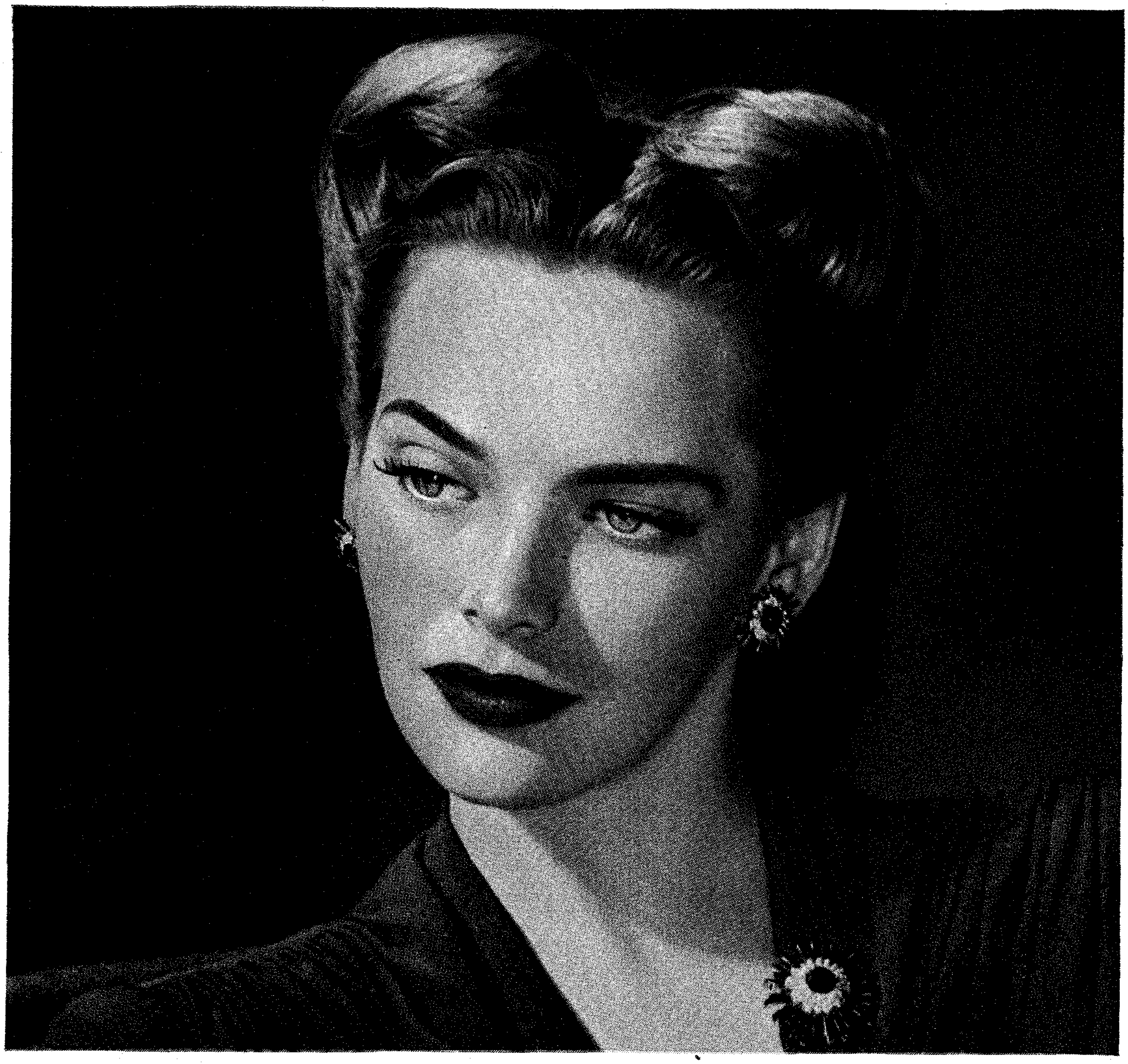
These aren't just ordinary pajamas, but Textron Pajamas of finest rayon jacquard tailored with the infinite skill Textron* uses in turning out its fabric necessities of war . . . snowflake-light, steel-strong parachutes, intricate jungle hammocks and sturdy mountain tents. Generously cut throughout, tailored like slacks in wine, royal blue, gold, green and winerose. Sizes A to D. At leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON, INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York I, N. Y.

P.S. Don't be an Indian-giver. If you must, get an extra pair for yourself!

TEXTRON *Menswear*

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

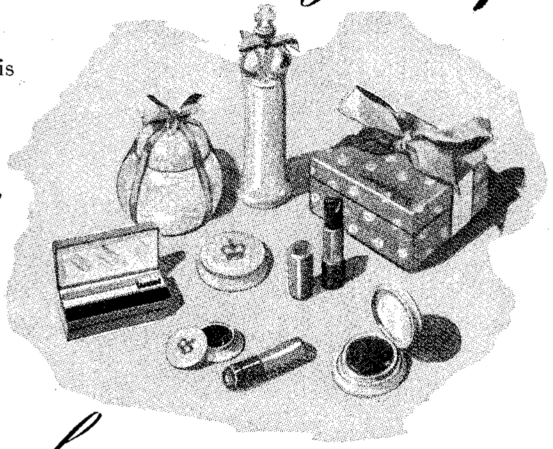


DRESS AND JEWELS—NETTIE ROSENSTEIN

This New Beauty—so exquisite... so beguiling

For you...Duchess of York make-up...to make your loveliness more lovely. Just as Prince Matchabelli triumphantly blended his fine perfumes in the image of famous romantic women...this new make-up sequence is designed especially for every cherished type of beauty—*your beauty*. Here now, for your greater glory, are superb lipsticks, face powder, foundation—both cream and liquid, rouge, mascara, eye-shadow...each deftly echoing the tones of the others...each enhancing the loveliness of your own skin tones. The enchantment of Duchess of York make-up was created for you...that you may truly, as the poets say, walk in Beauty.

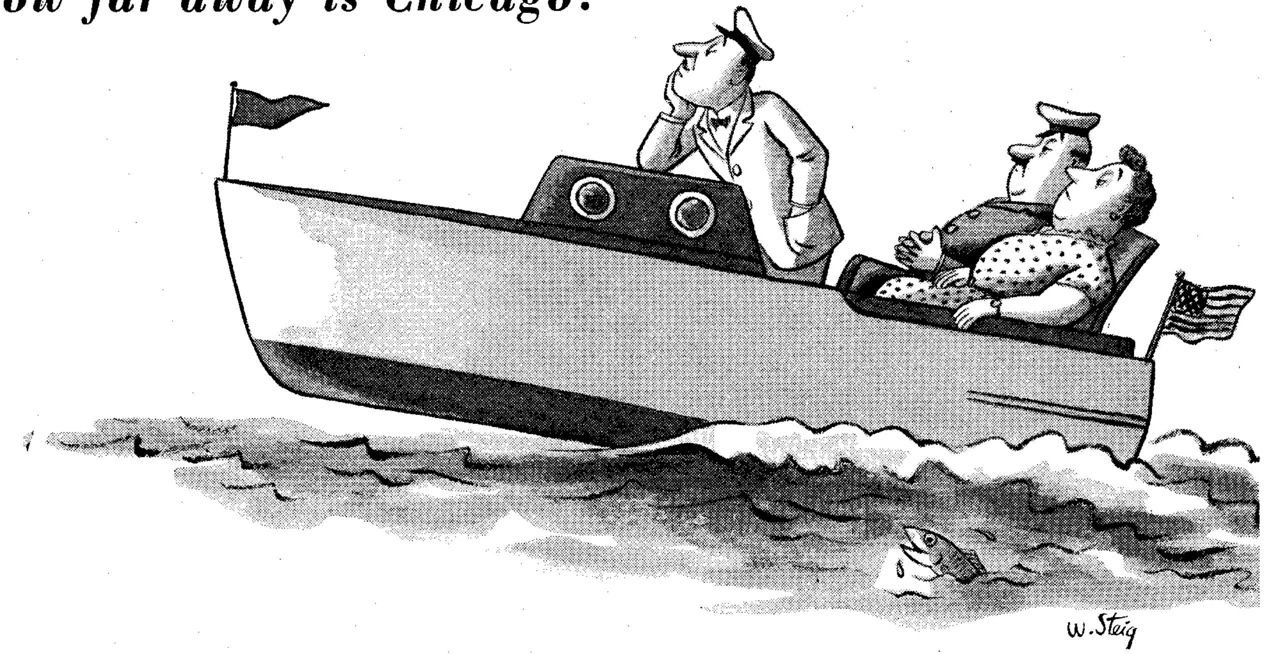
PRINCE MATCHABELLI, INC., 711 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



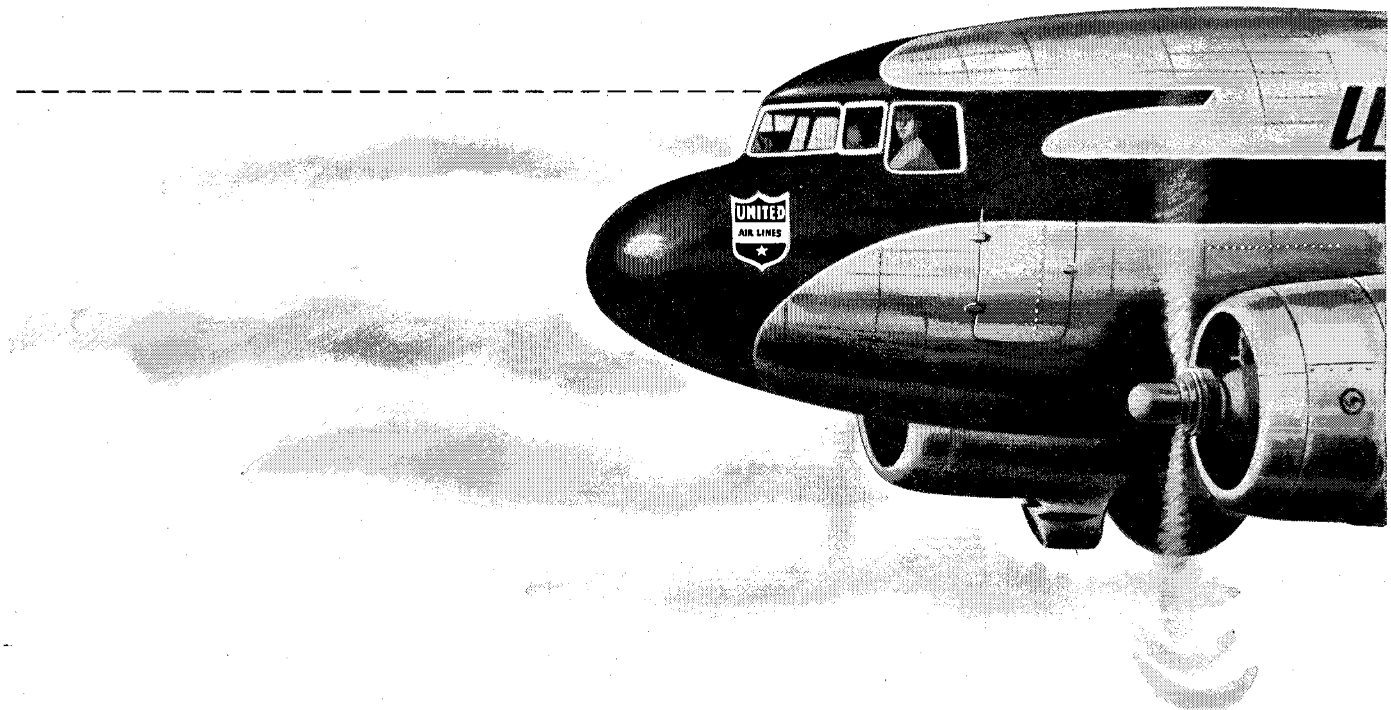
Duchess of York make-up

DAVIS

How far away is Chicago?



by Hudson River, New York State Barge Canal and Great Lakes
. . . about 1400 miles, or 80 hours in a motor boat



by UNITED . . . 5 hours

By all odds, the short, straight, fast route between New York and Chicago is United's strategic Main Line Airway to "Everywhere West." 5 hours westbound; 4½ hours eastbound. 8 flights each day each way. Fare, $38.85 one way. Also direct service between Washington, D. C., and Chicago. For travel information to everywhere, call United. MUrray Hill 2-7300.

UNITED
AIR LINES

The Sequin Sweater

the flash of black sequins outlines the new high neck of this formal sweater in lime, tiger-lily or pink wool-and-rayon. Sizes 32 to 38, **14.95**

worn with the new long tubular dinner skirt in black rayon faille, accented with sequins to match. Sizes 10 to 16, **14.95**

Altman blouse and skirt fashions, third floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

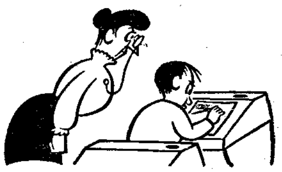
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

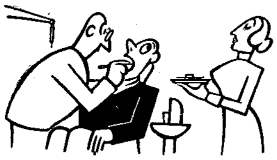
Notes and Comment

ANYONE who wants to do some thinking about life may well start with the statement of an advertising man who said that "postwar advertising must persuade the public to buy at least twice as much goods as before the war." The statement belongs in one's Book of Revelations. It presents the human form at a tantalizing moment in the long strip tease of economic theory. It reveals a world tyrannized by acceleration, the well-being of the inhabitants depending on the rate at which they can persuade each other to acquire things. Before the war we bought one apple. After the war we must buy two apples or we perish. This extra apple is a most interesting piece of fruit. The apathy of the consumer, which might have stopped him short of a second apple, is to be overcome by persuasion, and he shall become possessed of two apples not because of an enlarged stomach but because of an aroused mind. In such circumstances, it is suggested, the acquisitive powers, by proper flagellation, can be made to keep pace with the ungovernable wheels. For one apple read two. For two apples read four. For four apples . . . But no one must venture too far into the unknown. Thus, an advertiser's world becomes a sort of trap line along which he is both the trapper and the trapped, hunting his own pelt in the snows, a fur-bearing victim of his own snares. For a preview of a civilization built on an ever-increasing number of things, one need only take a trip to one's attic and sit for an hour among the trophies, remembering, of course, that twice four is eight, twice eight is sixteen, and that eventually the houses of the world will be *all* attic.

WE note with satisfaction that the art of penmanship has declined to a degree that makes a revival unlikely. Our fountain pen runs six months on a single filling, being used only to sign letters and checks, and most of our friends apologize when they send us a handwritten letter. Our childhood was embittered by weekly periods during which we were forced to write the way a man named Palmer thought we ought to write. We were instructed to hold the pen loosely between thumb and second finger and to keep our fingers and wrist stiff, rotating our hand on the muscles of our right forearm in order to form the letters. The fact that a prepubescent child has no appreciable muscles in his forearm had apparently never dawned on Palmer. Of course, we practiced this idiotic exercise only during "penmanship period," and at other times wrote with our fingers and wrist, sensibly paying more attention to what we wrote than how we wrote it. By the time we got muscles in our forearm, we were old enough to defy anybody who wanted us to follow the Palmer method. That is called growing up—getting muscles and writing as you please.



IT is impossible to think very deeply in the dentist's chair (the open mouth is, after all, the classic posture of imbecility), and this may be the reason we have never figured out how it comes about that dentists' assistants are invariably beautiful. Every dentist we have known has had a goddess caddying for him, a beauty of the calm, majestic type usually found only in bad statuary and large, gilt-framed oil paintings. Why dentistry attracts these creatures is a mystery, though fortunately not a pressing one. We just thought we'd mention it.



A RECENT letter on the editorial page of the *Herald Tribune* brought tears to our eyes. Sigmund Goldstein, a Socialist, wrote in to complain of a political cartoon which, he declared, completely misrepresented the Socialist position. Seems that the cartoon had shown F.D.R. at the wheel of the Fourth-Term Taxi, inviting Returning Veterans to hop in. In the back seat were various sinister little figures labelled Communist, C.I.O., and Socialist. Mr. Goldstein ventured to point out that the Socialists have their own Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates, Norman Thomas and Darlington Hoopes. "This is the fifth time that Mr. Thomas has run on the Socialist ticket. It is clear that Socialists not only oppose a fourth term, but were also opposed to Roosevelt's first, second, and third," he added, obviously struggling to keep his temper. The *Herald Tribune* headed this letter "Not Sharing 4th Term Taxi," indicating that it still didn't grasp Goldstein's point and no doubt throwing him into further paroxysms of self-control. Here, in a nutshell, is the peculiar doom of Socialism and all other isms, good or bad: Such institutions as the *Herald Tribune*, which we have heard described as one of this nation's great organs of opinion, not only disagree violently with them but do not understand very clearly what they are. Whatever its faults, the two-party system is certainly a boon to people who can't count up to three.

WITH the nation facing, as it does every four years, a change of administration, we imagine that the conservative cartoonists' feelings about the prospect of a Republican victory must be somewhat ambivalent. They are loyal Republicans, to be sure, but before that they are anti-administration cartoonists, and it will be a black day for them if Dewey takes office. The indignation that has driven them on for twelve long years, the techniques they have worked out to give it expression, all will be lost. No more occasions for the invention of such clay pigeons as silly-looking little Brain Trusters in cap and gown, shovel-leaners, ballet-dancing bureaucrats, tentacles of red tape cumbering the wheels of Free Enterprise. Worst of all will be the loss of the man with the long cigarette holder. It is not inconceivable that sheer economic pressure may drive some of our leading cartoonists to take advantage of the secret ballot on November 7th and do their bit to preserve their way of life.

Jap Shipping

HEREWITH some timely, if scattered, data on the Japanese merchant marine, or what's left of it. To begin with, those sampans you're always reading about in communiqués (Admiral Halsey got thirty-seven in two days off Formosa) can be defined as practically all Jap vessels of less than a hundred gross tons. Some actually are the weird-looking and once-romantic sailboats of peacetime familiarity, but in the nomenclature of our Navy, they may also be fishing craft, tiny freighters, or the ships specially built for inter-island supply which sneak back and forth by night and hide in coves, camouflaged, by day. Before the war, the Japs began to go in heavily for Diesel-engined ships, and today some of their sampans have auxiliary Diesel power. Most of them, however, are not powered and are towed in strings of half a dozen or so by fifty-foot naval auxiliary craft, which our fliers call "spit kits"—Navy for spittoons. Such a train of sampans, piled high, as they usually are, with cargo, makes a far from negligible target. Its total tonnage is somewhere between five hundred and fifteen hundred. The Japs are thought to operate sampans, barges, and everything else with a minimum crew, but it's hard to be sure, for Jap merchant crews are never captured. They're as hidebound as the Army in the do-or-die-for-the-Emperor stuff.

The other elements of the Jap merchant marine can be figured as follows: small coastal freighters—up to 500 tons; small cargo ships—500 to 1,500 tons; medium cargo ships—1,500 to 4,500 tons; large cargo ships—over 4,500 tons; small tankers—1,500 tons; medium tankers—1,500 to 5,000 tons; large tankers—5,000 to 10,000 tons. Those are the figures you might keep in mind when you read the communiqués.

Our airmen in the Central Pacific and South Seas rarely spot anything of more than five hundred tons nowadays; the rest of the merchant marine is at the bottom of the ocean or else is hanging back fairly close to the reluctant Japanese Navy. Merchant ships of all sizes are prized targets among our fliers; they rate right behind aircraft carriers, which have top priority, and destroyers, which are especially important because they are getting scarce and because, along with cruisers, they form the primary protective screen for the main battle fleet. The terrific casualty rate among Jap destroyers is one reason for the reluctance of the bigger boys to come out and fight. On October 18th, the losses of the Jap merchant fleet, at the hands of our Navy, stood at 1,747—more than two-thirds the prewar total of Jap merchant ships—not including several thousand barges and other small craft sunk, or what the Army has sunk.

At the time of Pearl Harbor, the Jap merchant fleet is supposed to have contained about the same number of vessels as ours—2,337, as compared to 2,345—but we had the Japs licked on gross tonnage, 9,000,000 to 5,500,000. The 5,500,000-ton figure, though, can be considerably augmented by adding whatever tonnage they have since built and an estimated eighteen thousand sampans and another million tons of assorted shipping the Japs probably seized in Chinese, British, and Dutch East Indian ports. In 1941, many of our merchant vessels were antiquated models left over from the last war, but the Japs, during the twenties and thirties, built a lot of new ships, all designed for eventual war service. Their peacetime tankers, for instance, have turned out to be fast enough to keep up with and supply their battle fleet. The present Jap merchant-shipbuilding capacity is thought to be only about 500,000 tons a year (Halsey got 250,000 in a couple of weeks), and we have lately produced as much as 1,000,000 tons of ships in a month. The Japanese facilities for building steel ships are only about a twentieth of ours, and they are hard pressed for steel and other metals. They haven't the raw materials at home. They've probably already run out of the scrap steel they bought in enormous quantities in this country, and they haven't the ships to go elsewhere to get raw materials in any large amount. A vicious circle, for them. It has been reported that, in desperation, the Japs have been constructing wooden ships of less than a hundred tons in Burma, Indo-China, and the Indies; that all the inter-island luggers and freighters of the South Seas have been commandeered; that sunken ships have been salvaged, wherever found, whatever the cost; and that Chinese river junks, even those used as houseboats, have been appropriated, the occupying families presumably having been dispossessed without formal approval from the O.P.A.

Source

A FELLOW who lunched the other day at a place across from the Pennsylvania Station reports that the cashier, as she handed him his change, apologized for giving him so much "old dirty money." Our friend replied that, as far as he was concerned, legal tender was legal tender. "Yes," the girl said, "but I get it all the time." Waving her hand toward the people crowding into the terminal, she wearily added, "They're always going out and bringing it back with them from the country."

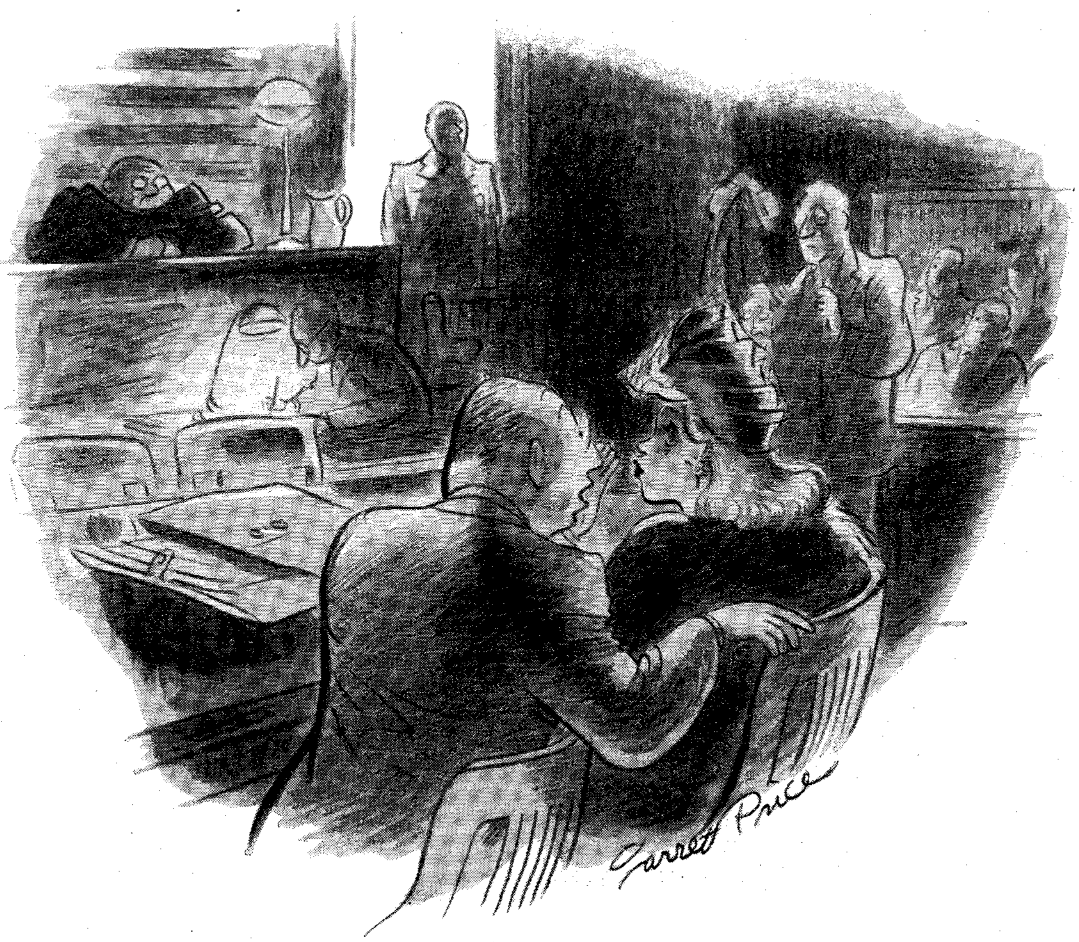
Art for Everybody

EUGENE LA FORET is the only artist in town who paints in full view of the public in his own store, in which he sells his creations hot off the easel. Or we *think* he is. He owns and runs the Studio Store, on the west side of Lexington Avenue just below Fifty-seventh, and it was there that we found him last Thursday, a sad-faced, elderly gentleman in a brown smock, perched on a high stool directly in back of the store window. He was painting a country lane with a barn in the background, unbothered by four or five watchers on the sidewalk. "Man ordered this rural upright for Saturday," he told us. "One dollar down and nine on delivery." Then he hopped off the stool and led us through his place. In addition to a window cluttered with pictures, it contains some two hundred La Forets, mostly vivid oils, ranging in price from two dollars for miniature still lifes to five hundred dollars for more ambitious canvases, such as waves breaking on a rocky shore. We gathered that the larger works move somewhat slowly and that the bulk of La Foret's business is in the less expensive items. "I am a general artist," he said, "and I give the people birds, portraits, flowers, scenery—anything. For example, I have a line of romantic and popular New York scenes—vistas of Central Park, the skyline from Hoboken—at two dollars and fifty cents. They're out of stock just now, but I'll paint a new batch next week." Mr. La Foret excused himself to wait on a customer, a middle-aged woman with a Pomeranian. "My still life ready?" said the customer. "Ah, yes," said La Foret. "Yesterday I finished the lovely purple bowl filled with fruit. Shall I wrap it?" "Yes," said the customer, with an appreciative look at her purchase. She handed La Foret six dollars and fifty cents, mostly in silver, and walked to the door. She paused there and said, "If you paint something nice and reasonable, leave it in the window for me to see."

La Foret told us that he was born in Dallas, of Alsatian parents. When he was twelve, the family moved back to Europe, and he studied art in Berlin, Paris, and Munich. "In Munich before the last war," he said, "I had the Kaiser Wilhelm Scholarship, the English Institute Scholarship, and the State Scholarship, as I recall. Always in art one person tells another, and in Paris I had a scholarship at the Louvre." La Foret returned to America after the war, and, conventionally shielded from public view, painted in a succession of studios from the Fifties down to the Village and back again, without much success. "Once in a while you would sell a picture," he said, "but always to a dealer, and the artist got next to nothing." Four years ago he decided to deal directly with the public, and rented a store on Fifty-eighth Street, near Third Avenue. Last year he moved to the place he is in now, where he has done well. These days he sits behind his window painting almost continuously from nine in the morning until nine at night, seven days a week, knocking off occasionally for quick trips into Central Park or New Jersey to make sketches. He keeps hundreds of photographs of trees, lakes, piers, boats, and mountains in a black box near his easel, and refers to them frequently for ideas. "Whatever you don't have, people want," Mr. La Foret said. "Whenever I run out of bearded men or horses, they want bearded men or horses. Used to be everybody wanted water colors. Now it's oils. Some like them tiny, for the foyer; others want them big, for over the couch. Some like them painted rough with heavy strokes, others like them smooth."

When Mr. La Foret first appeared before the public, young artists would drop into the store and ask him for advice. He invariably invited them to take a seat. They always fell asleep, so now he makes them stand outside, like everybody else. Generally, a half-dozen people are peering through the window while he's working. "They see something they like," he said, "and they come in and buy it wet." As we were leaving, an elderly gentleman entered

DEWEY
DEWEY
DEWEY
DEWEY
CARL ROSE



"Now, try to remember, Miss Green, it's 'gun,' not 'gat,' 'the police,' not 'the bulls,' and 'Mr. Morgan,' not 'that lousy punk.'"

• •

the store with a young girl, introduced her to La Foret as his daughter, and asked how much he would charge to paint her portrait. "Fifty dollars," said La Foret, "delivery guaranteed in two weeks." The gentleman wondered whether his daughter would have to sit or could La Foret work from photographs. La Foret said he preferred to work from photographs. "The photograph," he said to the girl, "is you, *exactly*, and no kicks later. Otherwise, I paint you as I see you, and maybe you won't like it that way." "Splendid," said her father. "Naturally, you use quality paint and first-class canvas?" "Only the best," said La Foret. "You are wise to have a portrait. They are practical, and they are washable."

Gift

A LADY we know gave a young sailor a lift in her car the other day and took advantage of the opportunity to get some first-hand advice on what sort of presents would be welcomed by a man on a battleship. He said you couldn't make any hard-and-fast rule. For instance, last year one of the boys got an electric train. He was a rather young sailor, who had joined up a little early, with the consent of his parents, and the electric train turned out to be exactly what he wanted.

Search

THE Committee for the Rebirth of Distomo, of which Maxwell Anderson is chairman and Mrs. Roosevelt, Henry Wallace, Herman Shumlin, and Helen Hayes are members, has got itself stranded on an odd streak of human perversity in a rather interesting manner. As you probably read in the papers, the idea was to get at least one of the twenty-odd American towns called Berlin to change its name to Distomo, in memory of the Greek village of that name destroyed by the Nazis on June 10th last, two years to a day after they had destroyed Lidice. The committee began by sending telegrams suggesting this tribute to the mayors, councilmen, or other officials of sixteen American Berlins. Not one of them even so much as acknowledged receipt of the telegram, possibly fearing a slick city stunt. The Chamber of Commerce of Albany, Oregon, however, got busy and said it could produce a suburb called Berlin whose people favored the change and that since it was unincorporated, and only a suburb anyhow, no referendum or other complex move would be necessary; a simple court order would suffice.

The committee set to work on plans for a name-changing ceremony to be held in Berlin, or Distomo, Oregon, on October 28th, which is the fourth anniversary of the Axis invasion of Greece. Committee members and other well-known folk were to make speeches, a number of Greeks were to come down from Portland and stage an old-fashioned Homeric barbecue, a national hookup was arranged for, and so on. Then it turned out, sadly, that the Chamber of Commerce couldn't deliver. It hadn't figured on the Burrell boys, John, Elmer, and Lyman, aged sixty-six, seventy, and eighty-eight, respectively, the surviving male offspring of one Josiah Burrell, who crossed the plains in 1868, settled on the site of the town, and became its patriarch, in recognition of which the local saloon, around which the town apparently grew up, was called Burrell's Inn. The younger Burrells pointed out that that's how the town got its name, with never a thought of Berlin, Germany. Frequenters of the establishment tended to slur the name; that was all. The saloon is gone, but the Burrell boys aren't, and they beat the Albany Chamber of Commerce to the courts, claiming nonsense and publicity stunt. Mr. Anderson and his fellow-committeemen learned of the impasse through the Associated Press. Mr. Anderson is a hard man to down, and he has been shopping around for a more tractable Berlin, with no success so far. Berlin, Alabama, a flag stop of three houses, feels, perhaps soundly, that any change would be a waste of time. Berlin, New Jersey, having once changed its name from an Indian word meaning "long a-coming," is damned if it's going to change it again. One Berlin asked cynically what would happen if it changed its name to Distomo and we later went to war with Greece. Berlin, Connecticut, feels that it is without taint because its name is pronounced with the accent on the first syllable; Berlin, Wisconsin, says it went through the same sort of business back in 1917 and just wants to be left alone. Mr. Anderson says that if worst comes to worst the committee will try to persuade a town that *isn't* named Berlin to change its name to Distomo.

Terra Incognita

THE other morning, just before S. Klein's opened its doors, a preoccupied lady was plunging across Union Square with a small boy. As he lagged behind, she grabbed his sweater and said anxiously, "Now stay *close* to Mama. You're not in Brooklyn now."

Wardens, Inc.

THE Hotel Pennsylvania was recently the scene of the seventy-fourth annual convention of the American Prison Association. We called in during one morning of the three-day session. Aside from a few non-partisans like ourself, those in attendance were mostly psychologists, doctors, health officials, social workers, and wardens. No prisoners. In their absence, the association had felt free to permit the display, among other accessories recommended for the up-to-date jail, of a tear-gas gun ($215.20) and a Reising sub-machine gun ($74.50). The Reising, according to a sign posted beside it, "packs more fear psychology than rifles or shot guns." Its salesman, however, was evidently a member of the old school, for as we passed by he was looking around feverishly and muttering, "Damn it! Where *are* those leg irons?"

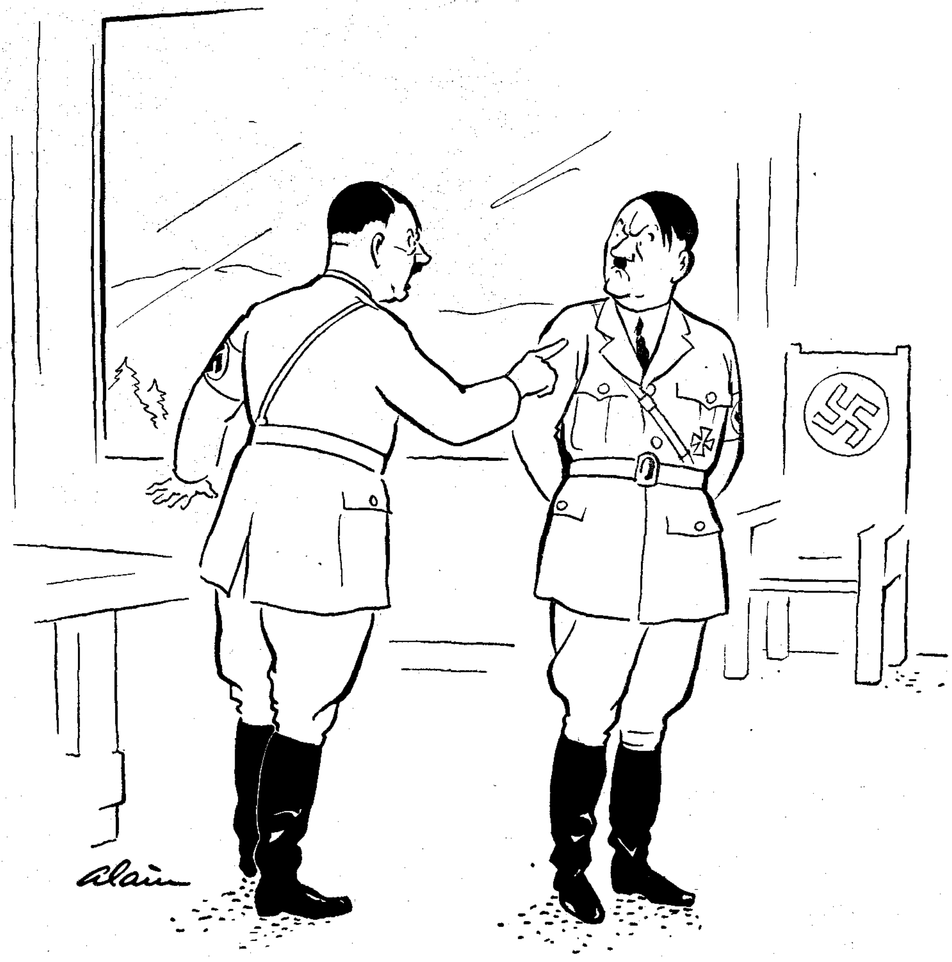
The prison men and women, some three hundred strong, had taken over three ballrooms on the second floor. We were started on our tour of the premises by Mr. Clement J. Wyle, a short, bald man, the publicity director of the association. "Ask me the wildest question about crime or criminals," he said challengingly, "and I'll match it with a truthful answer." "Who is that?" we asked, pointing incriminatingly at an intent, dark-haired fellow in a blue uniform. Mr. Wyle introduced him. He was Dr. Robert Lindner, psychiatrist at the prison in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, an exponent of hypnoanalysis, and the author of "Rebel Without a Cause." "A hypnoanalysis takes only fifty hours," Dr. Lindner said, giving us a long look. "When I come across a resistance layer in a patient, I dive under it and break up its roots and weeds." We thanked both Mr. Wyle and Dr. Lindner and moved on.

In one of the ballrooms, Judge Jonah J. Goldstein of the Court of General Sessions was making a speech. The two other rooms were largely given over to exhibits of prisoner handiwork. We spotted Warden Lawes, formerly of Sing Sing and now prison-industries consultant for the W.P.B., standing guard near some pots and pans turned out by inmates of New York prisons, along with a few lengths of rope—thick enough, we noted, to be of some use to a determined man. We spoke briefly with Warden Lawes, who told us that the postwar crime wave should be occupying everybody's attention. Among the other exhibits, some with attendant officials and some without, were clothing and preserved food from Ohio; bomb cases and more food from Michigan; shoes, signs, and farm implements from Maryland; salvaged wire and metals from Washington; and blankets, license plates, wire, and dried apricots from Tennessee. We neared two lady social workers who were looking at some photographs of life among the women prisoners of the South Carolina Prison. "We have a few severe patients, Mrs. Moorehouse," one was saying, "yet not one of them, thank the Lord, is an hysterical." "Splendid," said Mrs. Moorehouse. Judge Goldstein's voice carried in from the next room: "After a certain length of time, the normal prisoner can derive no benefit from further incarceration." "You'd be amazed," whispered a lady who popped up at our side, "at the complexities and surprises in the normal prisoner." The Judge finished up and the prison folk strolled out for lunch. As we started to leave, too, Mr. Wyle rushed up. "Zilboorg is coming tonight for six minutes," he said triumphantly. "That cookie knows pretty near *everything*." We nodded our agreement and departed, noticing, on our way out, that the sub-machine-gun salesman was still looking for his leg irons.

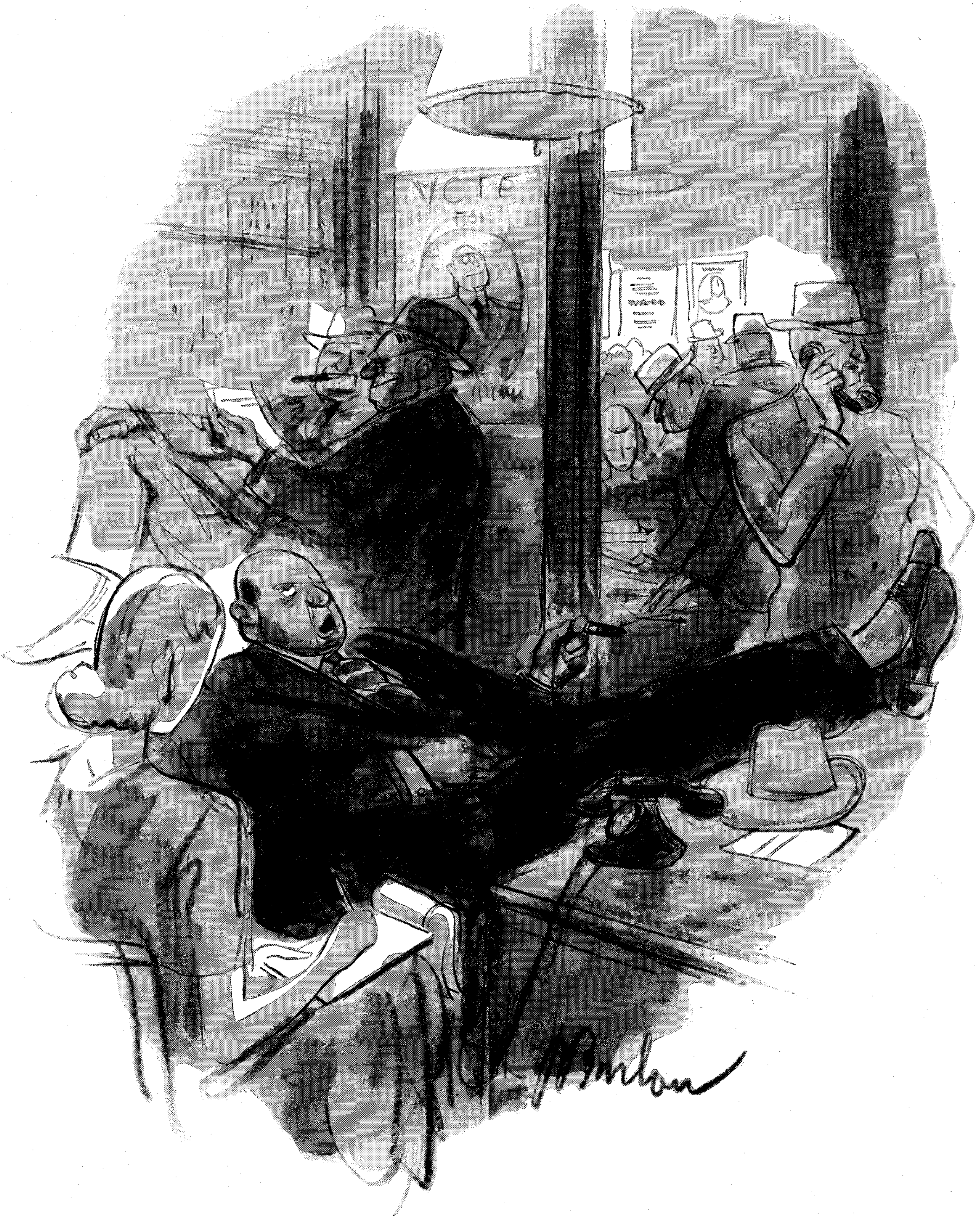
Big

THE editor of our Ho Hum Department being away on a belated vacation, we are making room in these columns for a tidbit which one of our contributors found in the 1941 edition of the Japan Year Book, published by the Foreign Affairs Association of Japan:

> The World War
>
> Japan's contribution: When the World War broke out in August 1914, Japan, in the spirit of noblesse oblige, by virtue of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, sided with the Allies....



"Oh no! You're the real one."



". . . and our opponents must be taught once and for all that self-seeking boss rule cannot indefinitely oppress an enlightened electorate, period, new sentence. We plain citizens will tolerate just so much corruption in high places and then we rise in our might and turn the rascals out, period, new sentence. The man I present to you tonight is not the mere tool of a political gang, period, new sentence. He stands before you as a crusader, a knight with no armor but his integrity and no weapon but the sword of truth, ready to do battle with . . ."

BOB ACRES AND SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

As the train got nearer to John Carmody's old home town, it wasn't his mother he was thinking of but the kids he had gone to school with. Especially of Jack Rollins, who had played Sir Lucius O'Trigger in "The Rivals," as presented by the senior class in high school. That had been more than twenty-five years before. John Carmody had been Bob Acres, the comic character who has a lot of big scenes with Sir Lucius.

Carmody had not been back there, to the town (pop. 80,000) where he was born, in all those twenty-five years, and he had lost track of nearly everybody there except a few relatives, and he didn't know much about them either. His mother had lived with him or his brother, in New York or Providence, at different times in that quarter of a century. Then, when she got past eighty, she said that she would like to go back where she came from to die, and that's how it happened that she was there and Carmody was going to see her.

They certainly had tried to make a big thing out of "The Rivals," Rollins and Carmody. Rollins was just the boy for Sir Lucius O'Trigger, too. He was tall and, even though he was only sixteen or so, he had a kind of grand air about him. He wore nattier clothes than the other kids and more rakish hats. Sitting in the train, Carmody remembered that later, when they were about eighteen, Jack Rollins showed up one Easter wearing a gates-ajar collar, one of those standing collars with wings. And that winter Jack also wore spats. They caused a commotion, but everybody said it was like Jack to blossom out in spats.

It was being in those two important parts in "The Rivals" that had made Carmody and Rollins such close friends. Carmody could remember how they had gone to each other's houses for private rehearsals of scenes. Regular rehearsals, supervised by Miss Stanchfield, the elocution teacher and director of the play, had been held three times a week after school. Jack and John had been all wrapped up in "The Rivals" and they had wanted to surprise everyone by making their two parts and the scenes about Bob Acres' duel stand out so that the local paper would say they were the best in the show.

And Carmody could remember, too, the night when the play had finally been put on. It was still clear to him how odd it had felt to go into the high-school building at night, and how strange the familiar schoolrooms had looked just because it was after six o'clock and for four years he and the others had seen those rooms only in the daytime. And oh, yes, about the crème de menthe. Carmody remembered that after he and Jack had put on their costumes, with embroidered jackets, and their wigs (from the costume shop which was usually patronized only for Halloween parties), Jack had signalled to him to come down the corridor. "Look," Jack had said. "I got this from my father's den. I think it will pep us up just enough, but it's powerful stuff and we got to be careful. This is enough for the two of us." And Jack had shown him a tiny bottle of crème de menthe, about the size of the individual portions of whiskey they have on trains nowadays. Jack had opened the vial with a knife. It had been difficult to get the sticky green stuff through the minute neck of the bottle, but they had managed at last to drink it all. Carmody remembered his surprise that it didn't seem to have any immediate effect, and Jack's reassurance: "I tell you it's powerful stuff, John. They say some of the best actors use it to keep from getting stage fright. Even the big New York actors get stage fright, they say, but this stuff will fix us all right. Now let's go back, but be sure don't let anybody get a whiff of your breath."

Now, even after twenty-five years, John Carmody didn't think it funny about the crème de menthe. He merely remembered it. And even if he knew now that Jack had made up all that about some of the best actors using it, why, he also remembered that it had sounded authentic when Jack had said it. Jack had always successfully pretended to know about matters far beyond the ken of the other kids, and especially about the goings on in faraway New York. He had made a trip there once, when he was sixteen. Jack always had had big ideas and had given the impression that he wasn't going to be long in town after he got through school. It was to be New York for Jack.

Funny thing, Carmody couldn't remember about their presentation of "The Rivals"—the actual performance, that is. It must have been all right. Presumably nothing went spectacularly wrong, anyway. Everybody said Jack Rollins and John Carmody had taken their parts fine. But they said that about everybody in the class play. Nothing special was said about Carmody and Rollins.

Carmody figured his relatives would know where Jack Rollins was—Chicago, perhaps San Francisco, possibly, but not likely, New York. If he had been in New York all these years, Carmody would certainly have bumped into him or heard of him, big as the place was. But he never had. And there had been no letters between the schoolboy friends. The other war, in 1917 and 1918, was what got Carmody out of the home town. After France, it hadn't been long before the government let him, as a wounded guy, go to school in New York free, and from then on he had been drifting along, with a lot of good luck. A few years around newspapers, and then a move onto magazines, and now this radio job he had. Two hundred bucks a week.

The train was getting into the town and Carmody was thinking what a hell of a lot of money two hundred a week was—lots more than he had ever figured on making when he had left this town. Lots of radio people around Radio City made hundreds more, though. The two hundred looked big only because he was getting back home, getting off the train, and no place around the station looked as if it housed people who made two hundred a week. Carmody was puffed up about it for a minute or two, but only that long. Then he was absent-mindedly saying hello to relatives.

"You've got a mustache!" one of them was saying.

"But he hasn't changed at all, has he?" another one said, talking to somebody else but looking at him.

Carmody was chagrined to find that there was nothing to talk about to these people. "I'm fine," he kept saying, and adding lamely, "How's everybody?"

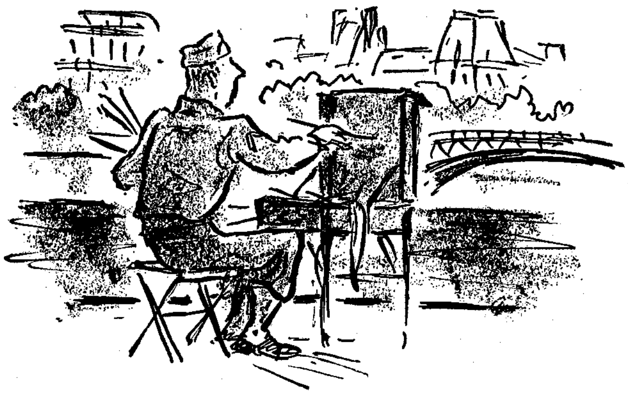
Carmody's mother was all right, and after he saw her and talked to her, he was hard put to it to find something to do. His relatives didn't seem to be interested in anything that he was interested in, and they didn't seem to hear when he started to tell them about New York or famous people he knew.

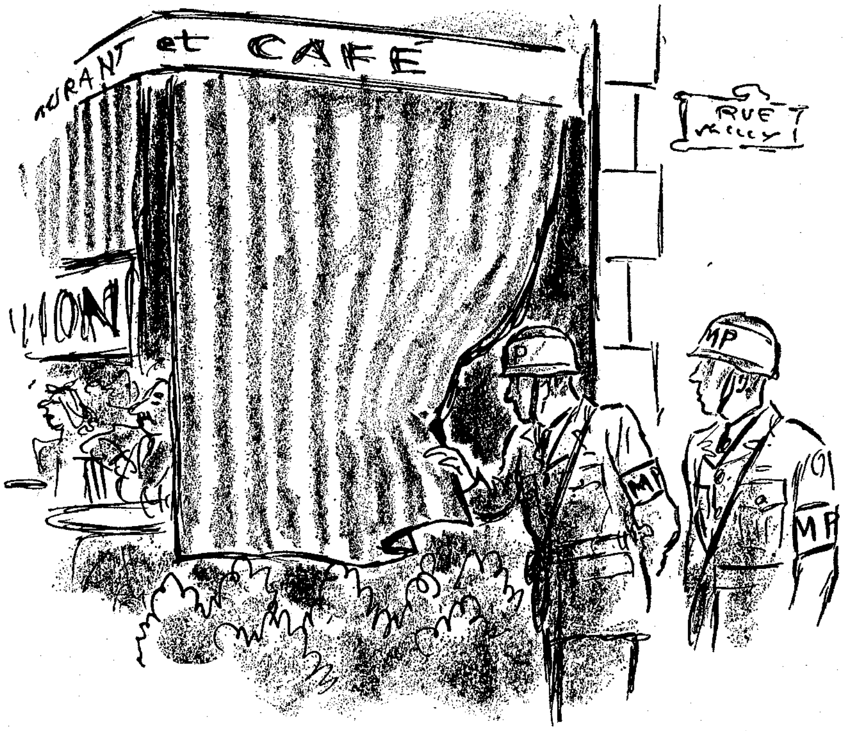
"You must like it there in New York, you stayed so long," one of them said. That jolted him, because he didn't think of himself as staying in New York, away from here; he thought of himself as visiting here from New York, where he lived.

On the second afternoon of his visit,

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

TRAVELERS
CHECKS
ACCEPTED
GRAND
MAGASIN
de
OCCASION





as he sat in the parlor of his cousin's house talking to the family, he realized that he must have sounded grouchy to them. To make up for that, he suddenly began to force some amiability.

"I'd kind of like to see some of the old gang while I'm here," he said. "I suppose they're all scattered around. Where's Davey Carroll?"

"Davey's here. He's a dentist, you know. Got an office in the Odd Fellows Block. You knew that, though, I guess."

"No, I didn't," Carmody answered. "But that's great. Getting along fine, huh? Tell me, where's Jack Rollins? He's the one I really want to know about. He's not in New York, I know."

John was puzzled by the way they looked at each other when he asked that. Then they laughed.

"Daffy old Jack Rollins!" said one of them—it was Margaret, Carmody's cousin.

"Why, what's the matter?" Carmody asked quickly. "Is he home?"

"Sure he's home," Margaret answered. "Never been anyplace else except that one trip he made to New York. You remember when he went there. He never got over talking about that. Nobody pays any attention to him any more. He's a joke."

"Where is he?" John asked. "Where can I find him?"

"Probably find him around Caldwell's drugstore," Margaret said. "Outside of that job he has, he hardly goes anyplace else."

CARMODY left the house and walked along streets that seemed narrower than they used to. He didn't see anybody he knew in the drugstore when he went in. So he bought a pack of Chesterfields, and when he was paying for them he said to the girl, "I thought maybe Jack Rollins was around. They said he might be here."

"Rollins?" the girl repeated, zinging the cash register. "Probably in the back. May be in there. I don't know. I don't keep track of him. You can look if you want to. Around that counter, down at the end."

"Thank you," Carmody said, and he walked around the counter, pulled aside a crummy old portière, and looked into the back room, the prescription part. He saw Rollins.

Jack was sitting in a Morris chair—not doing anything, just sitting there. He looked awfully old. His face was skinny and gray and his eyes were sunk in deep. He got up when he saw Carmody. "John Carmody, as I live and breathe!" Rollins said as he shook hands.

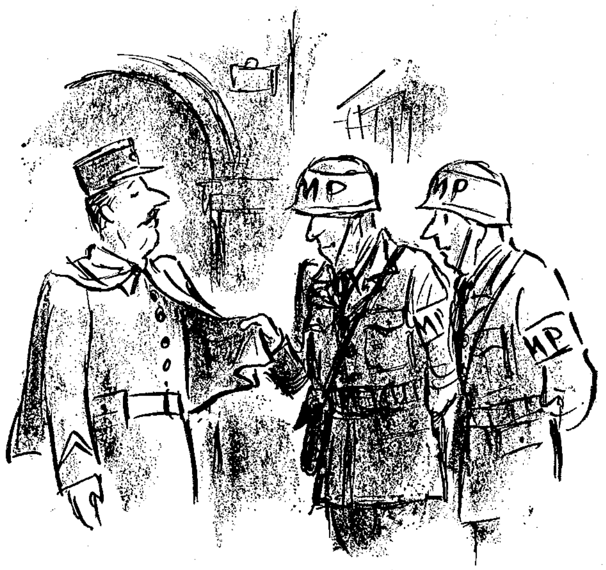
Carmody was shocked by the change in Sir Lucius O'Trigger. But he heard himself saying, "You look fine, Jack. How are you, anyway?"

"Can't kick," said Rollins. "You're just in all the way from New York, huh? I could tell that looking at you. Here, sit in my chair. It's real comfortable. I hang around in here a lot."

"That's what they told me," Carmody said. "How are you, anyway?"

"Can't kick," Jack said again. "Here, let me take your hat."

Rollins took Carmody's hat from his hand, turned it over, and looked at the firm name in the inside. "That's a great store, isn't it, John?" he said. "I went in there that time I was over in New



York. All the big men buy their clothes there, don't they?"

"It's all right," Carmody said, for some reason feeling that he had to depreciate the store a little. "They have good stuff."

Carmody could see Jack's pleasure at the meeting, and he was disconcerted at seeing how admiringly his friend was sizing up his clothes.

"I guess you get your suits there, don't you?" Rollins asked. "That's an awfully nice herringbone you got on. I bet it really cost something."

"Oh, it wasn't too expensive," Carmody said. "Sixty-eight bucks, I think."

"Sixty-eight bucks!" Rollins said, almost reverently. "I guess that's not much for you, is it? I hear you're a pretty big man in radio. Work right in Radio City, don't you?"

"I got a job, yes, I got a job. It's just a pretty good job—not such a hell of a lot. Say, remember how we used to come here for sodas, with two scoops of ice cream? What do you say we have one now?"

"Gee, I didn't think you'd remember that," Rollins said. "Sure, we can have one. I can get it myself. I'm pretty much at home in this store. I'll go out to the fountain and make you a real soda. Make yourself comfortable there. . . . Say, those are *some* brogues you got on!"

Carmody noticed how bent Jack's shoulders were as he pushed through the dusty portière into the outside shop, and he noticed the stringy threads dangling from the cuffs of Rollins' worn pants. Carmody felt bad. He felt that he could murder his cousin for saying "daffy old Jack Rollins." Because he saw what had happened in twenty-five years. He, Carmody, who really didn't care a damn whether he made good or not, had become a big shot—in Jack's eyes, anyway, although in reality he was just another cluck in an office on West Forty-ninth Street, New York 20, N. Y. And in the twenty-five years, Jack Rollins, who cared very much about making good, had not gone anywhere. There were lines in his face and people called him daffy because he couldn't take the difference between the dreams he had had and the reality that came to nothing. Carmody wished for a moment it was Rollins who was getting the two hundred a week. He felt bad, and half ashamed of having left the town at all.

"Here's the best soda you ever had," Rollins said as he came back into the room with the glass, a spoon sticking out of the ice cream that bulged over the edge. "They can't top this, even in New York."

Carmody got up from the chair, took the soda, and began on it. "It's certainly swell," he said.

"Do you eat in that hotel, ever, where I saw John Barrymore when I was over there?" Rollins asked. "It's on Forty-fourth Street."

"Once in a while," Carmody said. "Tell me, what are you doing nowadays, Jack?"

Rollins looked straight at his old friend. For a moment there was the old look of Sir Lucius O'Trigger about him. "John, I work in a big defense plant, almost twenty-six miles from here," he said, and it sounded mysterious and important. "Start off every morning with four other fellows and come back every night—except Saturday, like today, I'm home soon after noon. Thirty-two thousand men in that plant, John."

"Gee!" said Carmody.

"Yes, sir, start out every morning from this corner," Rollins said. "Say"—he hesitated a moment and then went on—"I know it's awfully early, but if you're here Monday, I'd sure like to have you see us. We ride every day, starting from here, John, in a big, massive Buick! I'd certainly like to have you see us."

"I'd like to, Jack, but I got to get back," Carmody said.

Rollins looked old again. He sat down in the Morris chair. "That's right," he said. "Sure you do. You got to get back to New York."

—John McNulty

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FIRST CALL

Wake up, wake up, you cannot keep
yourself forever hid in sleep.

Now roll your stubbled, swollen face
to where the clock ticks in its place,
and slowly know the flowered wall,
and hear the baby in the hall.
The flat is full of coffee smell.
A breeze has made the curtain swell.

The bed is empty there beside
(you hear the reason: eggs are fried).
You know the ceiling cracks and stains;
you recognize the woodwork grains.
This is the stuff—the same old way
of waking to the everyday.

Wake up, wake up, you cannot hide—
if sleep has promised, sleep has lied.

The clearing eye moves here and there,
then stops at what lies on the chair:
the furlough form, the O. D. shirt.
Now feel the slow descending hurt
as that which had been such a wall
is shattered and begins to fall.

—Marshall Smelser

LOCKED IT WITH THE KEYSIDE OUTSIDE

LAST week our suburban community was warned, through the medium of a prominently displayed newspaper interview with the chief of police, that a dangerous burglar, "perhaps a potential murderer," was at large and had already made two daring nocturnal forays in our neighborhood. This character, said the chief, had entered his victims' houses by way of unlocked downstairs doors, had gone up into their bedrooms, and, while they slept, had helped himself to a total of some two hundred dollars in cash as well as to a diamond ring valued at $345.50. "The man carries a gun and will stop at nothing," the chief told a representative of the *North Shore Star-Express*. "Residents are urged to lock all doors and windows at dusk and to report any suspicious noises immediately. No clues have been found as to the identity of the dangerous prowler."

Although I wondered just how the sleeping home owners had managed to find out that the burglar carried a gun and would stop at nothing, I was very much impressed by this interview, mostly because it was on the front page of the *Star-Express*, which, as everyone in our town knows, is not a journal to be lightly accused of sensationalism. On the contrary, it is a family paper, so carefully edited that an eight-year-old could read himself to sleep with it unless, by some chance, he happened to be a type that is overstimulated by accounts of the fund-raising activities of the Eastern Star or by the gladsome news that "Cub Pack 8 Plans 12-Mi. Hike."

Since my husband happened to be away on one of his frequent business trips, it was up to me to defend our home and our ten-year-old son, Paul, against this sinister interloper, so, as soon as I had laid down the *Star-Express*, I made a hurried survey of our downstairs doors and windows. As I feared, the lock on the front door was broken. I didn't actually have to look at the back door, because I knew the key to it had been lost at least three years before. The windows, to my untutored eye, seemed safe enough—at least they all had catches on them—but I was a bit apprehensive about the two remaining doors—in fact, they were pairs of doors, French ones—which led from the dining room out onto an open side porch. They had often been unlocked by the skeleton keys which Paul and his friends all carried around at the time when skeleton keys were fashionable in their set.

As a result of my survey, I summoned a locksmith, who miraculously arrived that very afternoon. He turned out to be no ordinary locksmith but a key-and-bolt specialist and the inventor, he proudly informed me, of an absolutely burglarproof lock. This man, who was elderly and slightly deaf, shook his head dismally over our front and back doors, both of which had glass panels through which any marauder could thrust his hand in case he wasn't able to force the lock on the outside. The dining-room doors were, of course, practically nothing but glass panels.

The only solution for this, the locksmith said, was his burglarproof lock. I agreed, and then watched with interest while he started to put one on a dining-room door. Unlike most locks, this contraption had a keyhole for only one side of the door—in this case, the inside. When I fastened the door for the night, the locksmith explained to me, I was to turn the key twice in the lock, withdraw it, and put it in a safe place. Then, if the burglar broke the glass and put his hand through, there would be nothing there for him to turn, and no other key on earth would fit the lock.

"That's fine," I said, "if I don't lose the key."

"I'm giving you two keys," said the locksmith. "You can't lose both of 'em."

I HAD my doubts about this, but went off into the kitchen without expressing them, leaving the locksmith engrossed in his work as heaps of shavings mounted on the rug beside him. He had finished the two dining-room doors and the back door and was engaged in boring a large hole in the front door when Paul arrived home from school—rather fortunately, as it turned out.

"You putting that lock on the *inside* of the front door?" he shouted at the locksmith, when the principle of the thing had been explained to him.

"Uh huh," said the locksmith.

"What I don't see," said Paul, "is how we're going to get *in* the house if none of the doors can be opened from the *outside*."

The locksmith put down his tools and looked thoughtfully at the door. "You mean if you're *out?*" he asked.

"Yup," said Paul. "Then we can't get *in*."

"If we're *in*," I added, "we can't go *out*, either. That is, if we want to lock up after us."

The locksmith glared at Paul and me. It was apparently the first time that his system had ever been challenged. "Well," he said finally, "since the other three locks are on the inside, I'll put this one on the outside. Then, if you go out, you can lock the front door behind you."

"Fine," I said, relieved by this simple way out of what had seemed an impasse.

Paul, however, kept on staring at the lock in a manner which seemed to irritate the key expert a good deal.

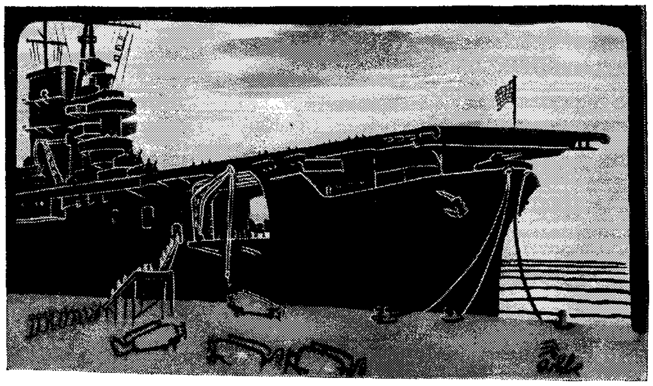
"Look here," my son said presently. "When one of us gets *in* the house, how on earth is he going to—"

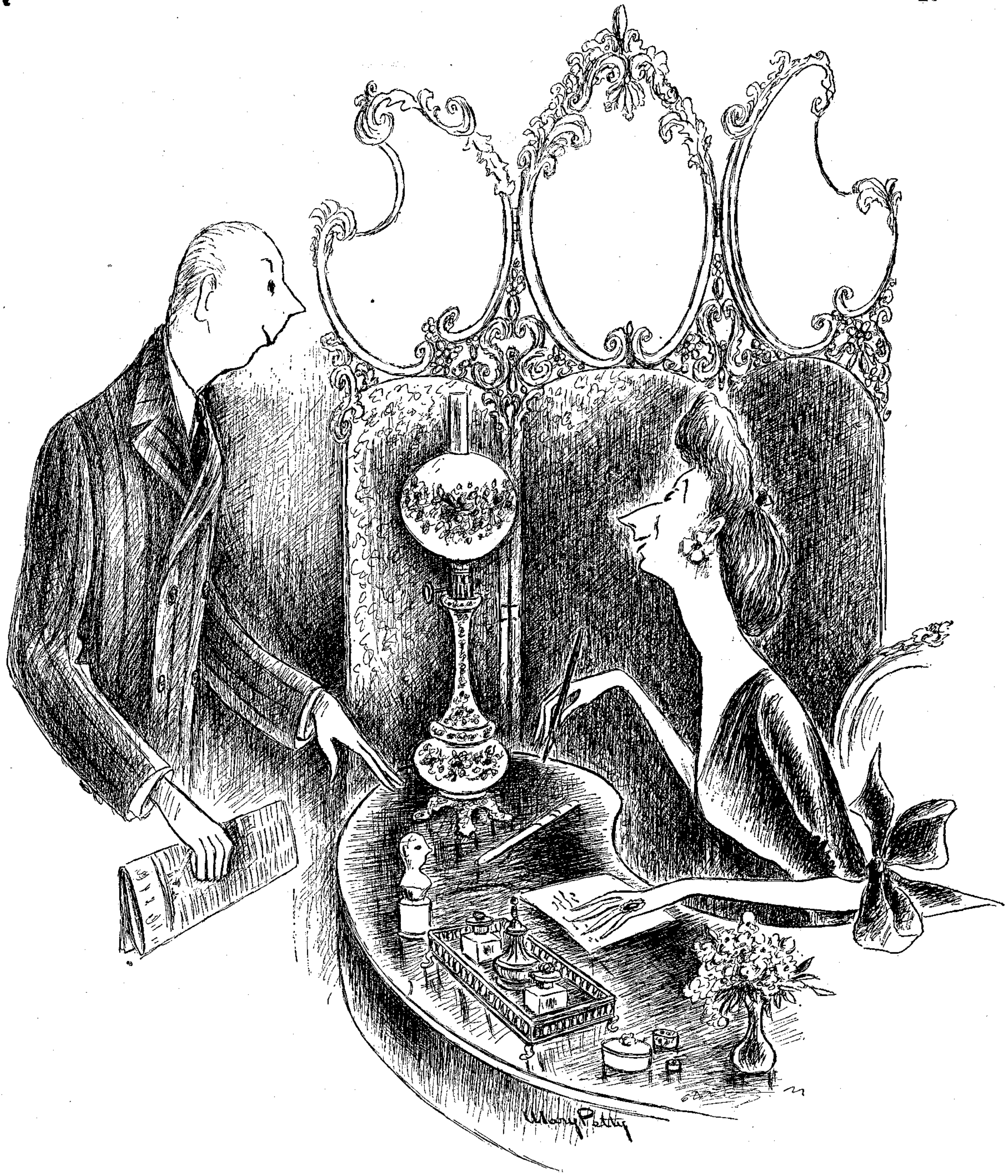
"You'd better run along and play, dear," I said quickly.

"I only want to ask a simple question," said Paul. "What I mean is, when we've been *out*—"

"Run *along* now," I said, and, alarmed by the homicidal look in the locksmith's eye, I took Paul by the shoulders and pushed him through the open door and into the yard.

BY five-thirty the locksmith had not only finished the four locks but had put gadgets on the fastenings of the downstairs windows which, he told me, rendered them burglarproof, too. He then locked the front door from the outside, the dining-room doors from the inside, presented me with eight keys and a whopping bill, and left by way of the back door. After I had spent some time sweeping up the heaps of shavings he had left all over the house, I found some tags and tied them on four of the keys. These I labelled respectively "Front door (out-





"Agnes called to say that dear old Mrs. Pulsifer passed away at ten this morning and that maybe we could get her apartment."

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side)," "Dining room (left, inside)," "Dining room (right, inside)," and "Back door (inside)." I hung these carefully on a hook in the coat closet under the stairs, tossed the four duplicates into the drawer of a nearby table, and went out to hunt up Paul. I found him sitting in an apple tree, looking morose.

"It's getting dark, Paul," I said. "You'd better come in now."

"I don't mind the dark," said Paul. He was, I could see, still brooding over his brusque eviction from the house.

"We're supposed to lock up after dark," I told him.

Paul came down from the tree and watched me while I locked the back door and returned the key to its hook in the closet.

"You worried about that burglar?" he asked scornfully.

"Not particularly," I said.

"He shoots on sight," Paul said, his face lighting up.

"He won't shoot us if he can't get in the house," I said smugly, and went into the kitchen to get our dinner ready.

Paul followed me. "You know, there's one thing that still bothers me," he said thoughtfully, leaning against the doorjamb, "and that's how on earth we're going to get *in* after—"

"Oh, *Paul!*" I cried, and sent him to answer the front doorbell, which providentially, I thought, started ringing just then.

Paul returned shortly to report that a neighbor, Mr. Everett, had come to collect the dollar which I had promised to donate to the police benevolent fund. "At least, I think that's what he said," Paul reported. "I couldn't hear him very clearly through the door."

"Why didn't you open it?" I asked.

"It was locked on the outside," Paul said.

"Look, dear," I said. "Just get a dollar from my pocketbook and ask Mr. Everett to come around the house to the porch outside the dining room. Then take the key marked 'Dining room (right),' open the door, and give him the dollar."

Paul ran off obediently, but was back in almost no time. "'Dining room (right)' doesn't seem to open it," he said.

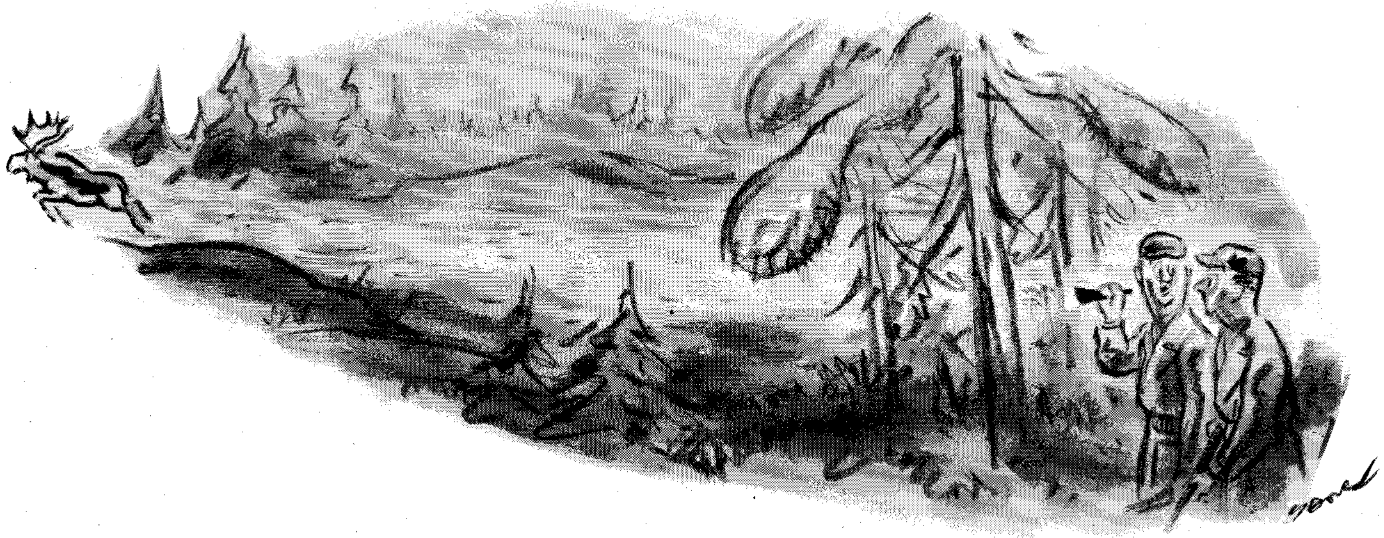
"Try 'Dining room (left),' then," I said.

"That doesn't work, either," said Paul, grinning happily. "I tried it."

I put down my paring knife and went into the dining room, where I could hear a voice, somewhat muffled but still recognizable as Mr. Everett's, calling from outside, "Any trouble in there?"

"Not at all!" I shouted back. I pushed aside the curtain on one of the doors and peeked out. Mr. Everett was standing on the porch, looking puzzled. I smiled foolishly and called, "We'll have this open in a minute, Mr. Everett!"

As I struggled with the four keys which Paul brought in from the closet, it became apparent that I must have



"He must have had an unhappy love affair at some time."

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been more than a little confused when I labelled the tags on them. Since Paul had already tried the keys in the locks which they presumably fitted, I attempted a few variations. "Dining room (left)" did not, as I hoped, open dining room (right). Nor did "Front door (outside)" fit dining room (left). Forgetting, in my haste, that I had locked the back door with what, by some miracle, had been the right key, I now tried "Back door (inside)" on dining room (right), with no fruitful result. By this time, however, Paul had managed to release the burglarproof catch on one of the windows and was climbing out, dollar in hand. A bit later, when I stepped out onto the porch through the dining-room (right) door, which I found could be unlocked by the key marked "Front door (outside)," Mr. Everett had already collected the money and was walking down our driveway through the dusk, shaking his head like a dog troubled with a flea in its ear.

I FINISHED cooking dinner while Paul relabelled the keys for me, locked up the house again, and set the table. He tactfully refrained from talking to me, however, until I had downed about a third of a stiffish highball, and then he touched only on football and other non-controversial subjects. I was finishing the highball and mentally planning a diplomatic career for Paul when the telephone rang. The call was a long-distance one from my husband, in Washington.

"I'll be able to get away a day early," he told me joyously. "I'm catching a late train out of here this evening. Don't wait up for me, though. Just leave a door unlocked."

It was only then that I realized the significance of what Paul had been trying to tell me all afternoon. I gasped rather loudly.

"Can't you hear me?" Harry asked, a little irritably. "I said I'll be home tonight, late. Leave a door open."

"I can't," I said frantically. "There's a burglar at large around here. The police say he'll stop at nothing."

Paul, standing nearby, looked at me thoughtfully.

"Well, I don't want you sitting up till two in the morning," Harry said. "Can't you lock the back door and hide the key somewhere for me?"

"No," I said. "It locks only from the inside."

"It never did before," Harry said.

"It does now," I told him wearily.

There was a long pause. Then Harry asked, "Are you all right?"

"I'm a little tired," I said.

"So am I. Damn near dead, in fact," Harry said. "How about locking the front door and hiding that key for me? I want to go to bed tonight."

"If I lock the front door," I said, "I can't get back into the house myself. It locks only on the outside."

"My God!" said Harry. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Perfectly," I said, and began to cry.

"Is Paul there?"

"Yes, he's here."

"Let me talk to him," Harry said.

I handed the receiver to Paul and ran upstairs, my knees shaking, and into my bedroom. As I lay down on the bed, I could hear Paul's voice, clear and confident, from the hall below.

"Look, Pop," he was saying. "I have it all worked out. Before I go to bed, I unlock the back door from the inside. Then I go around and lock the front door from the outside and bury the key under that azalea bush. Well, then I come back around the house and in the back door and lock it. Then you come home. You dig up the key, unlock the front door, and get a key marked 'Dining room (right)' from the hall closet. After that, you go out the dining-room door, leaving it unlocked, and around to the front, and lock the . . ."

I put a pillow over my head to shut out the sound of his voice.

—ANGELICA GIBBS

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN AD MAN

[From an adv. in Life]

WELL, ANN, I guess this is it.

Fifty-two minutes from now, I'll be reporting in to Uncle Sam. And for the first time since we've been married, I won't be taking the 5:40 home.

If it weren't for leaving you and our sons, Ann, I'd be really happy. Not even you guessed how helpless I felt when I first tried to enlist and everybody kept turning me down.

Now that I'm finally going, promise not to let it make too much difference, will you?

I'd like to think things will go along almost the way they did before.

Keep right on wearing these cute flowered jobs in the morning, even if I'm not here to see them. Spank the kids when they need it, and once in a while sit down and tell 'em about their dad in the Army.

Get yourself a real dinner at night, not just a snack. Put a flower in your hair, and use our International Sterling. . . .

BREAKFAST ON QUAKER HILL

[The Hon. Thomas E. Dewey Addresses His Wife on an Important Domestic Issue]

GOOD morning, my dear, I am indeed delighted to be with you in this magnificent dining room and to greet our two fine boys—who will be returned to school when it goes into session again on Monday.

I have come all the way down here to the dining room for breakfast because I know that the members of this household will no longer tolerate the bun-gling and con-few-zhon in the kitchen, where our cook has grown old and quarrelsome in service. I know that the members of this family realize that there can be no hope of lasting peace unless we can set our own house in order. In 1932, when our cook took over the kitchen, there were ten dozen dirty dishes piled high in the sink. And now, after twelve long years of washing dishes, there are *still* ten dozen dirty dishes in the sink. Everywhere there is con-few-zhon and bun-gling, and the kitchen when last I saw it was full of little people rattling around with big pans.

My dear, is there any reason to believe that we can create a healthy environment in this household when the cook herself has lost faith in Quaker Hill? Only yesterday, pausing for a moment at the kitchen door, I heard one of her assistants say, and I quote: "We could leave these scrambled eggs right where they are on the stove about as cheaply as we could create an appetite for them in the dining room." My dear, is that remark typical of the spirit we want in our kitchen? Must we go on living with a tired and worn-out cook, grown old and quarrelsome in service, amid a hopeless con-few-zhon of strange utensils with even stranger names—P-O-T-S, P-A-N-S, K-E-T-T-L-E-S, and so on indefinitely?

I have heard it said (and it is a common remark in the pantry) that this cook is an in-dis-pen-sa-ble woman. In fact, she has said so herself. I reject such an idea. I say there is no such thing as an in-dis-pen-sa-ble woman. The very principle on which Quaker Hill is founded is that no woman is in-dis-pen-sa-ble. We need a cook who will appoint competent assistants in whom she can trust and who will then leave them alone to do their work undisturbed by the constant bick-er-ing, bun-gling, and con-few-zhon which has characterized our kitchen since 1932. Let us look for a moment at the record. In 1932, when this in-dis-pen-sa-ble woman took service here, we were being served oranges (whole, not squeezed), bacon, and Sanka and milk for breakfast, and now, after twelve long years of bun-gling and con-few-zhon, we are *still* being served oranges (whole, not squeezed), bacon, and Sanka and milk for breakfast—and this in the midst of the greatest war the world has ever known.

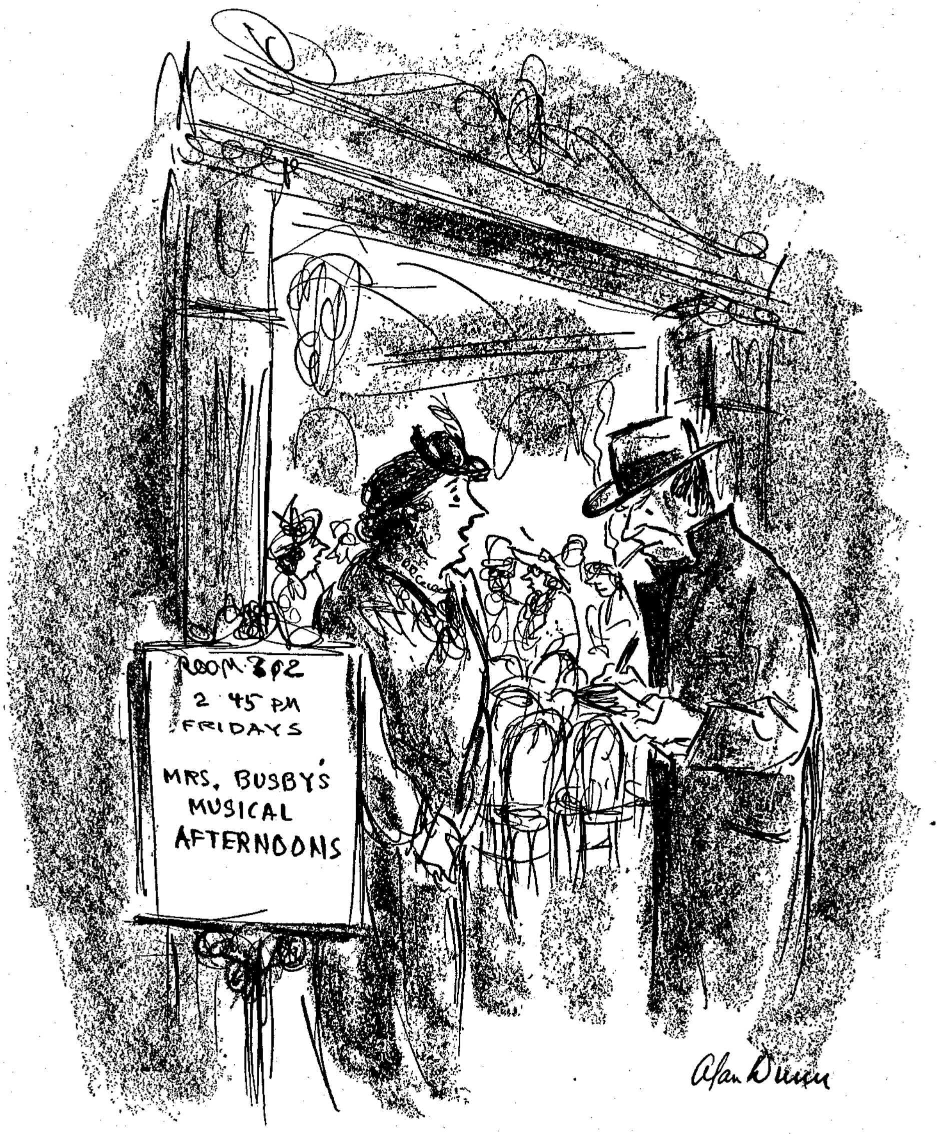
Must we all go back to raking leaves? Or will we give this household the benefit of a calm, efficient management in the kitchen, and of a cook who is competent to perform her duties and who has faith in the Quaker Hill system of free enterprise and early breakfasts? I do not for one moment advocate that we shall abandon the progressive measures and improvements which have become deeply rooted in our household; not for one instant would I suggest that we give up the present recipe for blueberry muffins. Naturally, we shall retain the Deep Freeze and the Mixmaster. But I know that when November seventh comes, the members of this household will make known their wishes and will see to it that, under God, we have a new cook so that we can invite the Lowell Thomases to dinner without bun-gling and con-few-zhon, and all sit down to a decent meal that will carry us forward to our great goal.

—E. B. White

•

Mr. Evers promises to pay $1 per poem on publication for free verse and rhymed verse just good enough to publish, $2 each for very good and correctly rhymed and constructed poems, and $3 each for poems that he considers to be masterpieces.—*Author and Journalist.*

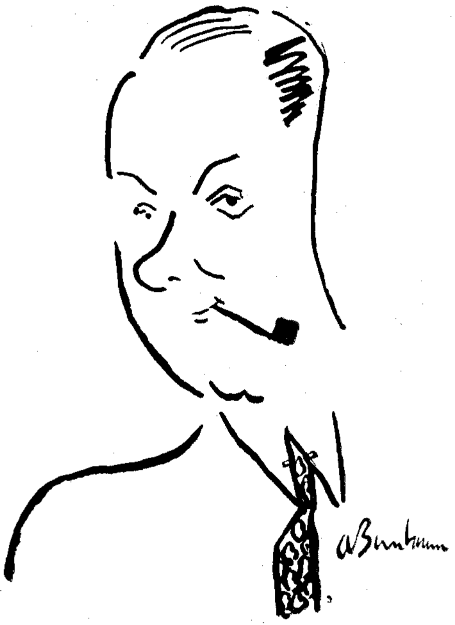
It certainly pays to take a little pains.



"You might stress the fact that there is absolutely no charge for admission."

PROFILES

GOOD CITIZEN—I



Newbold Morris

NEWSPAPERMEN and politicians who keep a close check on City Hall are generally agreed that Newbold Morris, President of the City Council, is the most ardent, intractable, and energetic evangel of municipal uplift in New York's current uplift administration. They give him an edge even over his friend and boss, Mayor LaGuardia. The Mayor, they point out, expends a considerable part of his unquestioned energy and ardor on national, international, and cosmic affairs that have little bearing on his job as head of the city government. Morris, whose ancestors became active in local politics about three centuries ago, is so single-mindedly devoted to the improvement of New York that even his most cynical colleagues believe him when he says, as he frequently does, that he would rather be Mayor of this city than President of this country. Once, after hearing Bill Robinson, the tap dancer, say that he would sooner be a lamppost on the streets of New York than a mayor anywhere else, Morris, recognizing a kindred spirit, offered to endorse him if he would run for the City Council. Reformers of the true faith, in such organizations as the Citizens Union, regard Morris about as unalloyed New Dealers have regarded Henry A. Wallace during the past four years: as the watchdog of their interests in an administration that is dedicated to virtue but sometimes falters. Most of them feel that the Mayor, who has often made rather ignominious concessions to expediency, may let them down at any moment. Morris's record for unworldliness is almost unblemished, and his presence in the administration is their assurance that virtue will, at the very least, get a hearing.

If the heroic mold for the New York reformer, in appearance and moral ferocity, is the one in which the Reverend Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, the Calvinist clergyman who fought and bested Tammany Hall in Richard Croker's regime, was cast, then Morris is most unheroic. Dr. Parkhurst's purity was so manifest that a specialist who had been hired to disguise him before he embarked upon a fact-finding survey of the New York underworld finally abandoned the notion that a change of clothes, no matter how authentically contrived, could make the parson look evil enough for his own safety. It would also be difficult to make Morris look evil, but even in his working clothes he looks more like a refugee from the Stork Club, which in a sense he is, than a man bent on leading seven million New Yorkers toward the more abundant life. Morris, now forty-two, has a formidably erect, athletic figure, six feet three inches over all, and an oval, boyish face, with gray eyes, an olive complexion, a receding hairline, and features that could qualify him for the puckishly debonair Hollywood rôles that are usually assigned Cary Grant. He is a gregarious, enthusiastic man, whose interests, until some time after maturity, were conditioned in the main by his Groton and Yale background. Before he went into reform politics ten years ago, because of a sudden metamorphosis of character which he is still trying to explain to his own satisfaction, he was an estate lawyer, with Morris & McVeigh, and had a comfortable practice which had come down to him through several generations of Morrises. Since the work was not burdensome, he spent a large part of his time with his wife and two children and on his hobbies, among them tennis, sculling, dancing, golf, antiques, travel, the theatre, a half dozen of the city's best clubs, and the Republican Party. He ran once around the Central Park Reservoir every morning for exercise until a friend suggested that figure skating might offer him more intellectual scope. Morris took it up and devoted enough time to it to become a Middle Atlantic champion in 1935 and to rank sixth in a national competition the following year. Although association with Mayor LaGuardia, whom he considers one of the great men of our time, has had a slightly corrosive effect on his orthodoxy, Morris is still a Republican—the ranking Republican in the city today—but the pressure of his work and the comparatively small income it brings him have caused him to abandon most of his other pursuits. The pleasure he got from them, however, has given his philosophy of reform some refreshing twists. The classic Dr. Parkhurst found the fight against graft, corruption, and vice a highly stimulating end in itself. Morris, on the other hand, considers it a rather painful business. Like the late Lincoln Steffens and many other men who have encountered the forces of municipal evil in the flesh, he finds the more roguish elements in politics an engaging lot, and he occasionally enjoys a few hours of bipartisan roistering with some of the most unregenerate members of Tammany Hall. All traffic with the enemy, however, ends there, and during office hours Morris smites Tammany with any weapons that come to hand. But to him this warfare is only the negative, though wholly necessary, side of a long-range program whose ultimate objective seems to be the more equitable distribution of theatre tickets, Hepplewhite chairs, instruction in figure skating, and membership in the River Club. Each year he awards a loving cup to the winner of a golf tournament open only to those who do all their playing on municipal links. "But damn it all," he said not long ago, after describing to a friend his part in a parliamentary maneuver that resulted in the unemployment of several hundred Democrats whom he considered an unnecessary burden on the taxpayers, "I think I get more kick out of presenting that tin cup every year than from anything else I do around here."

ONLY a man of the most rugged optimism could endure what Morris goes through during the sessions of the Board of Estimate and the City Council, which are, loosely speaking, the upper and lower houses of the municipal government. In theory, these two bodies make laws for a government that is in many ways as complex as that of the nation. Their legislative power, however, is surprisingly narrow, a fact for which the framers of the Constitution, most of whom feared the power of the urban populace, are largely responsible. Under the Constitution, the division of authority leaves cities completely at the mercy of state legislatures, with the result that municipal governments have never been much more than subcontracting firms authorized by the states to collect garbage and protect local life and property. These limitations have been a greater hardship for New York than for most cities. Its judicial system, for example, is larger than that of the federal government, and its payroll, tax revenue, and number of employees are very nearly as great as those of the entire federal government anytime before the twentieth century. Nevertheless, the most important decisions affecting all this are made not in New York but in Albany, by the State Legislature, which tells the city how and when it may tax, what it must pay many of its employees, and how much debt it may incur. Moreover, New York, unlike most cities, shares its powers not only with the state but with the archaic county and borough governments inside it. Consequently, the city legislature—aside from its routine and often useful work in committee—spends most of its time deliberating on such problems as dog licensing, parking restrictions, and the naming of streets. The last item accounts for more than half the legislation in every session of the City Council. Naturally, this situation is frustrating to Morris and his reform colleagues on the Council, but it does not unduly disturb the Democratic majority. The Democrats, who outnumber the opposition ten to seven, take a workmanlike pride in naming streets, and are constantly making little improvements such as changing Elk Street to Elm Street, or Bush Street to Bush Walk, and seeing to it that the hundreds of city streets which so far exist solely on the maps of unimproved sections are named with due regard for the city's racial and religious groups. Four years ago the Council was considering two suggestions for naming a certain small park in Brooklyn. The Irish residents on one side of it wanted it to be called Callahan-Kelly Park. The Italians on the other side wanted it named Amerigo Vespucci Park. The councilmen could not find it in their hearts to offend either group. They finally decided to throw the whole matter into the lap of the Mayor by passing and sending him two bills, each approving one name. The Mayor vetoed both, and the park is still officially nameless. Another subject of great concern to the councilmen is beer. The record shows that they have made many efforts to prescribe standards for the content of glasses, bottles, and other containers. Joseph Sharkey, the majority leader of the Council and an intrepid defender of the rights of the thirsty, once proposed that all beer kegs be fitted with bungs of glass or celluloid so that the purchaser could see for himself that he was getting full value.

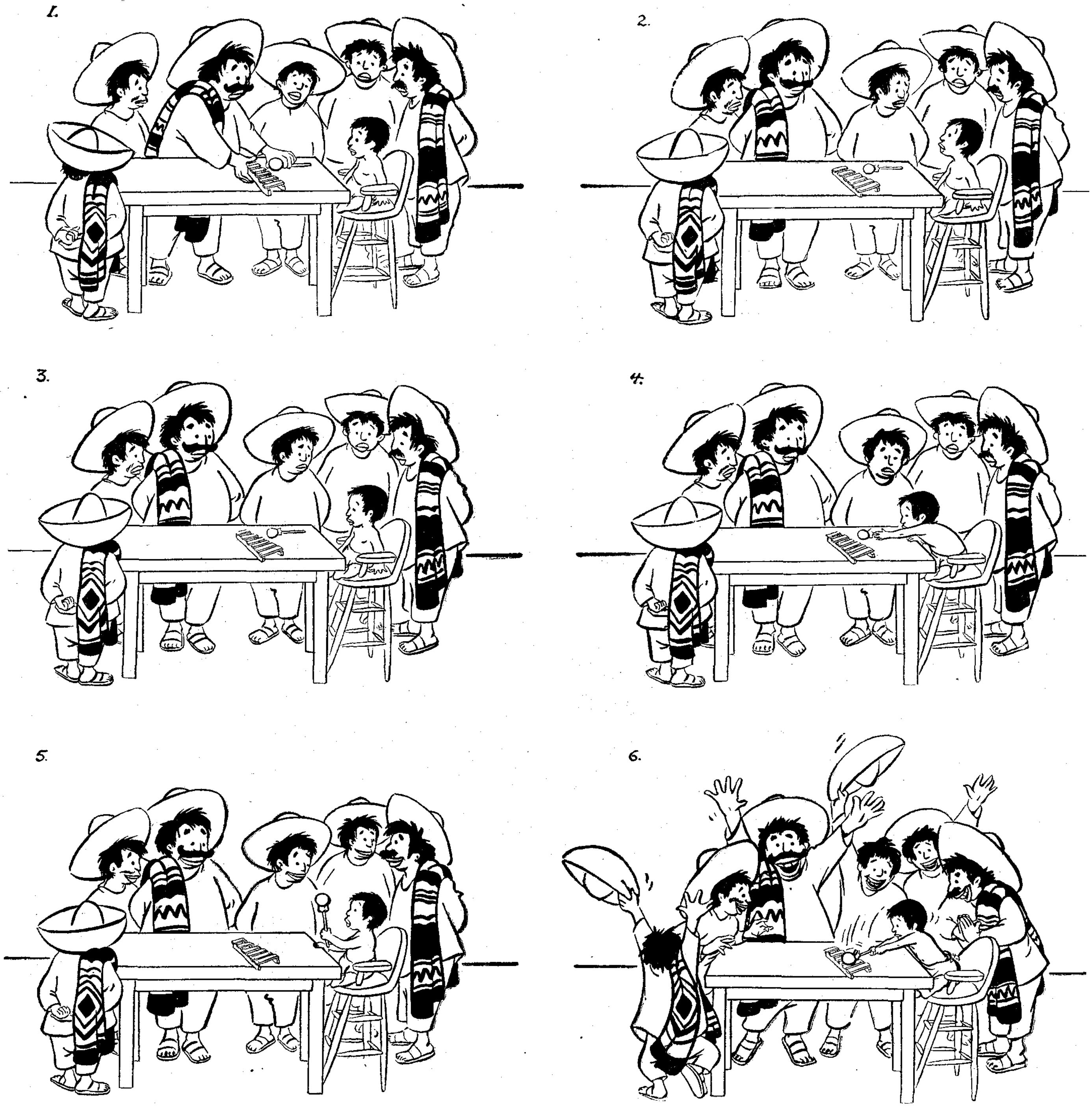
The Council varies in its susceptibility to pressure groups. For four years it refused to pass legislation, demanded by the electorate in a referendum, to abolish certain useless offices in the county governments. At the end of that time, the impatient electorate took matters into its own hands and passed the laws by means of another referendum. Last summer, however, the Council hastened to pass a bill whose only visible support came from the *Mirror* and the *Journal-American*. A number of babies had died in a Connecticut hospital after they were mistakenly fed boric acid, and William Randolph Hearst, still keen enough to know a good issue when he saw one, wired his editors to demand a law requiring that all containers of boric acid be labelled "poison." An alert Democratic councilman from Brooklyn drew up a bill to exactly that purpose. His colleagues at first showed only mild interest in the proposal, but they rushed to his support when flattering pictures of the sponsor began to appear in the *Mirror*. The Council was informed by medical authorities that boric acid is fatal only to infants who are given it in large quantity and that the effect of the poison

Robt Day
12 34

"Heavens! What can that tire be made of?"

label would be weakened if it were used for so mildly toxic a substance. Don Irwin, the *Herald Tribune's* City Hall reporter, publicly demonstrated the validity of this contention, in the City Hall press room, where he downed spoonfuls of the stuff without untoward results. But Hearst and the councilmen were adamant. The *Journal-American* ran a lurid editorial-page drawing of infant wraiths "RISING FROM THEIR GRAVES" to dispute the callous doctors. After several meetings, in which every Democrat—except Frederick Schick of Staten Island, who in his four terms on the Council has not once opened his mouth except to yawn or insert a cigar —championed generations as yet unborn in long speeches, all of them liberally quoted in the Hearst press, the bill was passed, and, like most frivolous bills, immediately vetoed by the Mayor.

While the Council is engaged naming streets or debating the merits of a proposal "requiring that 'JUNK BOAT' be painted in large, white letters on all junk boats," Morris, leaning back in the Council President's chair, uses the time to catch up on his reading and correspondence. At meetings of the Board of Estimate, however, which deals with such financial matters as the state sees fit to allow it to handle, and whenever the Council is working on legislation in which he is interested, he takes part in the proceedings. Then the Democrats direct at Morris a chorus of abuse more shrill and violent, perhaps, than that to which any other man in public life has ever been directly exposed. This is provoked less by any dislike of Morris—in fact, in their off hours, Morris and his colleagues enjoy one another's company—than by the well-founded belief that Morris is the legislative voice of the Mayor and that buried somewhere in even the most innocent-sounding proposal from the Mayor's office is some attempt to undermine the Democratic Party in city politics. "You're a big ape!" one councilman recently shouted at Morris, who is physically something of a credit to the human species. "I can tell by the length of your arms and the shape of your head!" And, whereas his friends sometimes chide him for his sentimentality,



Morris has been loudly compared by colleagues on the Board of Estimate with Simon Legree, Scrooge, and "the headmaster of an orphan asylum." Various members of the Council, speaking from the floor, have called him a crook, a halfwit, a hamhead, a bum, a slimy, sneaky, snaky operator, a blubberbrain, a Boy Scout, a drunk, a Ku Kluxer, a jackass, a brat, a goon, a jerk, and a good many other things which the Council's official stenographer, trying to stick to essentials, did not record. During his first years in office, Morris always rose to any bait and tried to retort in kind, but he was not quite up to it. After a long string of idiomatic epithets had been hurled at him, he would pause for an agonizing moment while he racked his brain for something rare with which to reply. The replies he coined—of which "peanut," an early favorite, and the more literary "pie-eyed piper" are fair samples—were so weak that his friends finally begged him to suffer in silence. He found this hard to do until Pearl Harbor gave him an easy out. Then he announced that for the sake of national unity he would refrain from name-calling in public and intimated that he thought the opposition might do the same. Morris now suffers in silence, as he was advised to do, but the opposition feels that the war on the home front is important, too.

MORRIS's services to reform are, for the most part, far above and beyond the call of duty. His principal official duties, as prescribed by the City Charter, could be fulfilled in a few hours a week of light though harrowing parliamentary work. He is required only to be on hand for the weekly meetings of the Board of Estimate and weekly sessions of the City Council, and he is expected to keep himself reasonably well informed on the business before them. Also, during the absence of the Mayor, he serves as Acting Mayor. When Morris took office as President of the City Council for the first time, on January 1, 1938, the Mayor told him that the job was not a particularly taxing one and suggested that he might wish to fill in his time by taking on a few administrative assignments. The Mayor had been President of the predecessor of the City Council, the Board of Aldermen, eighteen years before, and he had found it necessary to stave off boredom by joining a national crusade against daylight-saving time, stumping the country for the feminists, and carrying on a transatlantic brawl with Vittorio Emanuele Orlando, the Italian premier. Morris moved into his office, which is a large room in the east wing of the City Hall, and after quickly taking the measure of his new job and rearranging the office furniture (which his predecessor had arranged so as to accommodate a Manhattan branch of his Queens real-estate business in one corner of the room), Morris went to the Mayor and told him that he was ready for more work. LaGuardia, who tended to regard Morris as a Park Avenue dandy and a lightweight, gave him some of his overflow correspondence and appointments. Much to LaGuardia's surprise, Morris handled the chores with competence and speed. Before very long, the Mayor was relying so heavily on Morris that, according to City Hall experts, the Council President deserves the credit for many important achievements which the press consistently attributes to LaGuardia. For example, the City Center of Music and Drama—the municipal palace of the arts which quickly became known to subway riders as a LaGuardia institution because its doings are reported on posters over the familiar scrawl "F. H. LaGuardia, President"—is Morris's work. Again, the Mayor, in his first term, got Congress to authorize the establishment of a free port on Staten Island, but it was Morris who put this promising project into operation. Together with Joseph D. McGoldrick, the Comptroller, he represented the city in negotiations through which the city became the owner of all the subway systems, and he is largely responsible for such colorless but fiscally important details as putting the Fire and Police Department pensions on a sound actuarial basis and fairly distributing the assessments for improvements like new parkways and elevated highways. He serves on twenty-nine boards and committees, ranging from the Queens Borough Public Library board to the City War Manpower Committee and the City Civilian Defense. In addition to all this, he has been Acting Mayor off and on for a total of about a year and a half during the past seven years. However, his spasmodic incumbency has been uneventful on the whole, since LaGuardia seldom leaves with any important business unfinished. The Mayor ducks in and out of town so fast that Morris often is in charge of the city without even knowing it. The only serious problem that has come up during one of these absences was a trucking strike in 1938, which Morris efficiently mediated. If LaGuardia is sent to Italy next month on an assignment for the Army, as it is rumored he will be, Morris may have the city on his hands for a period of months.

Morris is on the job eight hours a day six or seven days a week. Since 1938, he has left the city only three times on business that could be called his own—once, a few weeks ago, on his first real vacation, and twice in 1940. One of the 1940 trips took him to Plattsburg, for a month of military training, of which the Army subsequently declined to avail itself; the other trip was to northern Quebec, to recover from the exhaustion caused by his labors on the administration's night shift. This work consists of showing the city to eminent visitors and of putting in an appearance at all banquets, conventions,

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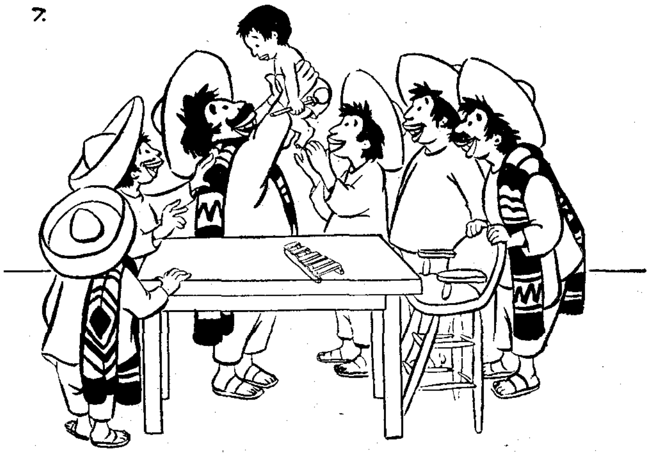

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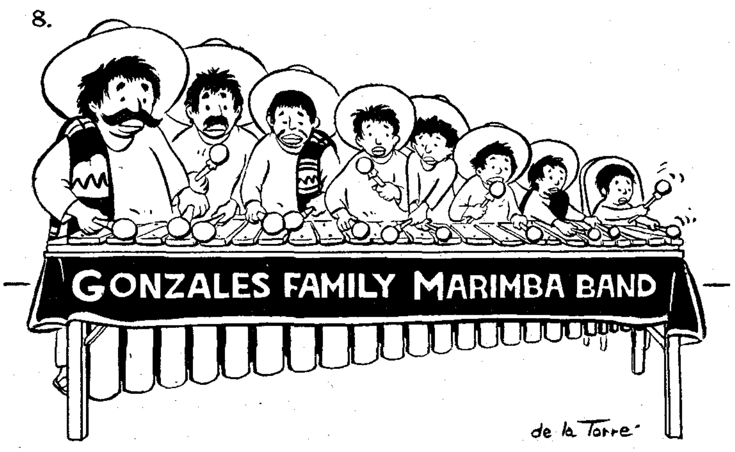

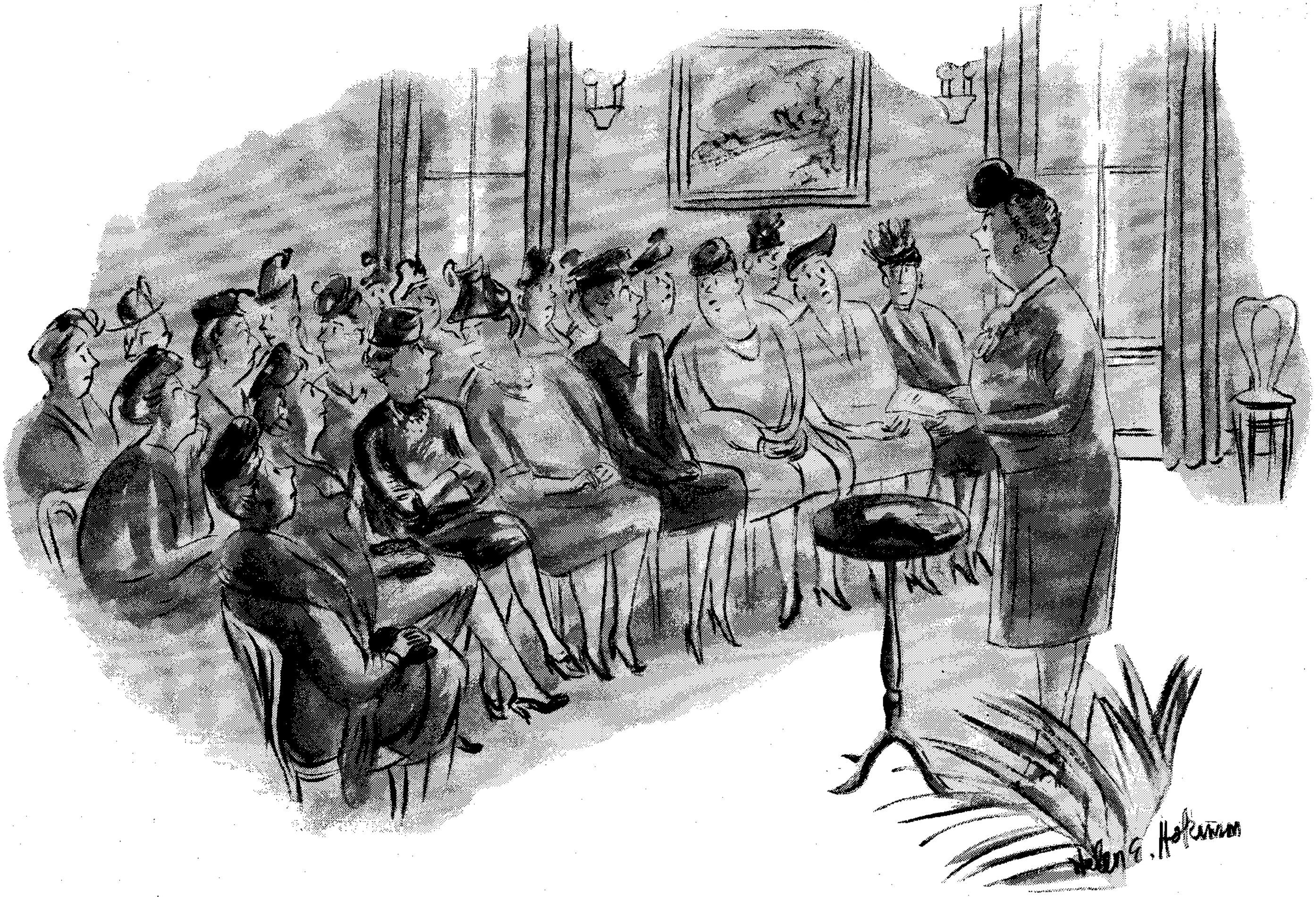

"Our straw vote has resulted in nineteen votes for Mr. Dewey and one for Mr. Roosevelt."

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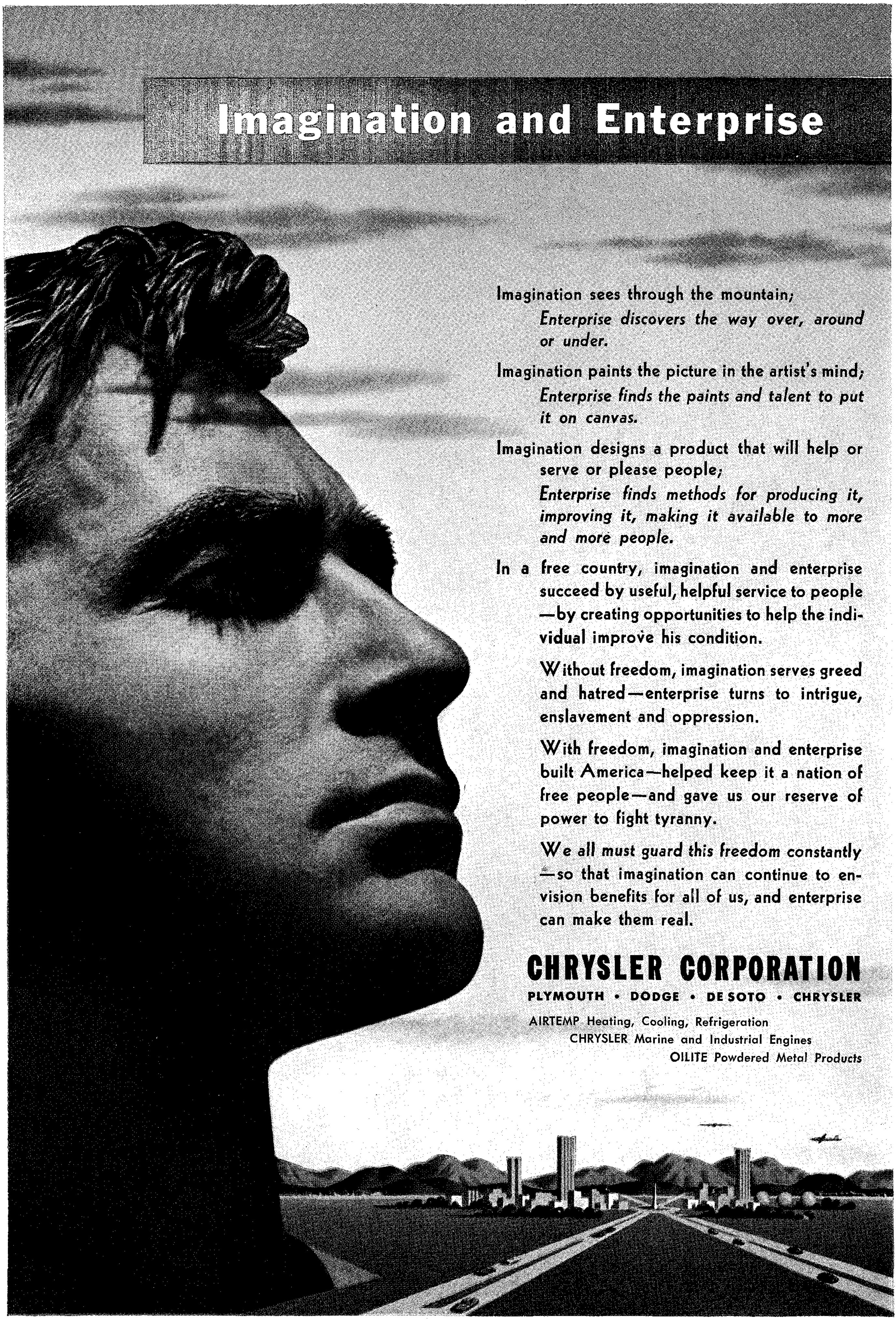
and other local celebrations that call for the presence of an official personage, preferably the Mayor. Some time ago, LaGuardia decided that nothing less inspiring than a four-alarm fire would take him from home after sundown and that he would not in any case attend an affair at which formal dress was required. The night assignment fell to Morris, who is next in rank and wears evening dress with as much ease as General Eisenhower wears khaki. Morris thought that this duty—which may take him, in the course of a single evening, to a soirée given by the Daughters of the American Revolution, a Department of Sanitation ball, and a rally to raise funds for sharecroppers—had only a tangential relationship to his real mission, but he took it on and soon established a record. In 1928, Jimmy Walker, a hardy man in the small hours, spent twenty-six consecutive evenings acting as the city's host. In 1940, Morris ran up the remarkable but disastrous total of sixty-five evenings in a row, and he seldom attended less than five or six gatherings a night. As a result of making his entrance at the ice-cream course at one dinner, the oysters at another, and the *arroz con pollo* at another—frequently dissolving such erratic combinations in beer or champagne at some later party—he temporarily lost the sight of one eye and did lasting violence to his digestive system. After recovering in Quebec, he returned to the job, but with a somewhat more circumspect approach to his occupational diet.

In all of his work, a good deal of which is fairly tedious or unpleasant, Morris is sustained by a vision of a future New York which has achieved a glory like that of Periclean Athens. This city, which he will describe to any sympathetic listener, apparently need not have the social, economic, or military organization of classic Athens, but spiritually and intellectually it will be a place in which life for the humblest citizen is a pagan round of Dionysian holidays at the theatre, festivals of music and the dance, metaphysical reflection at the feet of philosophers holding forth in Central Park, and great athletic ceremonies on Randall's Island or at Jones Beach. Morris has dedicated himself to the promotion of this endless carnival of joy. He got his first chance in 1938, when the Mayor, dumping one more assignment on him, made him the city's representative on the local W.P.A. Music Project. Morris was expected merely to find high-school auditoriums and parks where the luckless performers could perform and, conceivably, attract audiences. Instead of passing the work on to a subordinate, who might have attended to it by telephone, Morris took care of it himself. He even got into the habit of attending the concerts. He was shocked to learn that a symphony orchestra was being shunted from one school auditorium to another on no apparent schedule and was playing to small, casual audiences, most of whose members just happened to be passing by and heard the music. He reasoned that if music lovers paid to stand up in Carnegie Hall, it was absurd for men who had played there before they fell upon hard times to be performing in remote corners of the city for people who wanted nothing more than a chance to rest their feet.

One night, at a W.P.A. concert, Morris got to talking with a performer, an elderly W.P.A. violinist, who spoke of his days as concertmeister under



Imagination and Enterprise

Imagination sees through the mountain;
Enterprise discovers the way over, around or under.

Imagination paints the picture in the artist's mind;
Enterprise finds the paints and talent to put it on canvas.

Imagination designs a product that will help or serve or please people;
Enterprise finds methods for producing it, improving it, making it available to more and more people.

In a free country, imagination and enterprise succeed by useful, helpful service to people—by creating opportunities to help the individual improve his condition.

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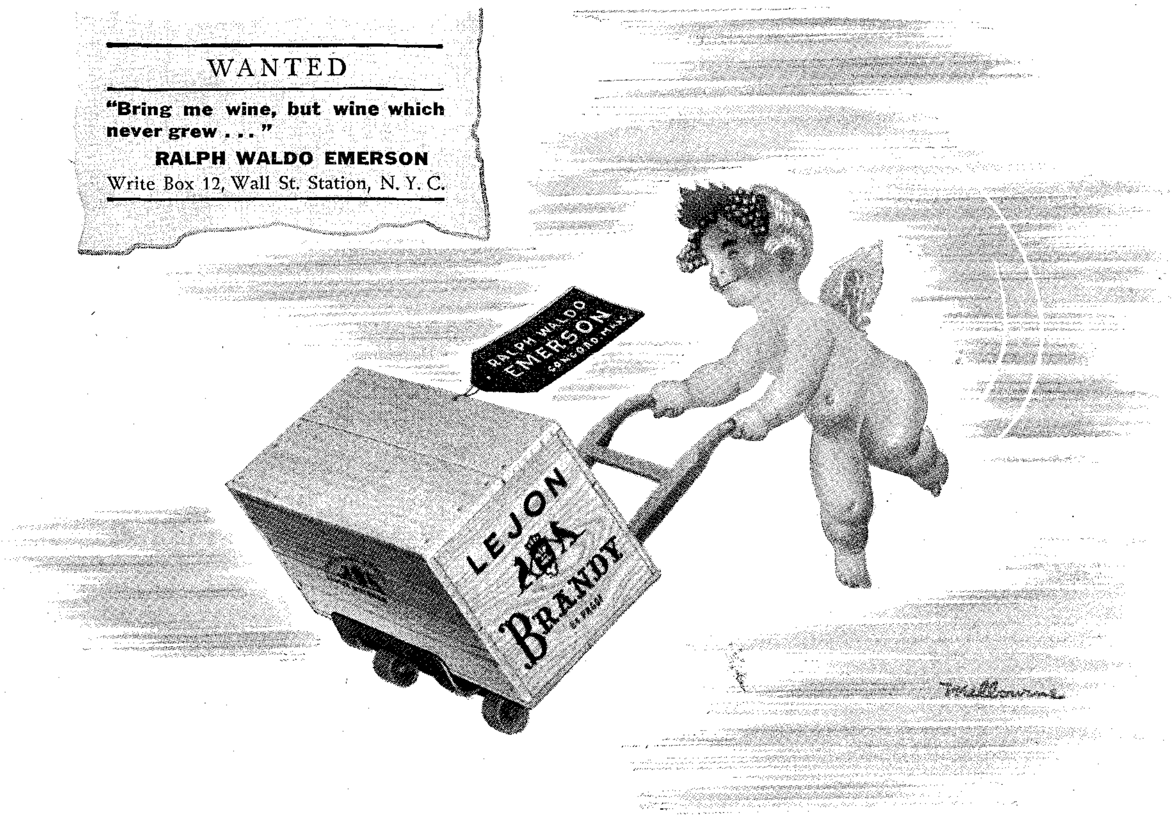
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84 PROOF

Tchaikovsky in the St. Petersburg Symphony. Morris decided that it was pure waste, no more excusable than Tammany's use of Carrara marble in police-station lavatories, to let such talent be expended on accidental audiences. The next day he called on Nelson Rockefeller and asked him for the use of the Center Theatre, in Radio City, for eight Sunday nights, rent free. Rockefeller asked why, and, upon being informed, said that Arturo Toscanini had told him the acoustics in the Center were so bad that it could not be used for concert music. Morris said that the Center's acoustics were doubtless better than the Washington Irving High School's and that if Mr. Rockefeller would kindly give his permission, the people of New York City, a sovereign host in whose name Morris often speaks, would no longer be denied their birthright of great music. Rockefeller assented. Morris next dropped in on Lauritz Melchior. "You gave a command performance for the King of Denmark last year," he said. "I have come to ask you to give a command performance for the people of New York City." Staggered by the implications of refusing such a request, Melchior did not refuse. In similar fashion, Morris lined up Rose Bampton, Albert Spalding, and Josef Lhévinne as guest soloists. He had placards placed in the cars of the Independent Subway and announcements made over WNYC. When he arrived, a half hour early, on opening night, the Fire Department had already closed the doors on four thousand people inside and sent twice that many home. The series of concerts, at prices ranging from a quarter to a dollar, ran not for eight weeks but for four years, first at the Center and later at the Metropolitan Opera House and Carnegie Hall. In fact, they ended only when the W.P.A. was abolished last year.

Emboldened by his success in what he calls "bridging the gap" between musicians and music lovers, Morris became eager to do something of the sort for the other arts. His chance came early last year, when the city acquired Mecca Temple, a nine-story chunk of Manhattan Byzantine on West Fifty-fifth Street. It had been built in 1924 by the Nobles of the Order of the Mystic Shrine at a cost of three and a half million dollars, but the depression had dealt harshly with the Nobles and by 1943 they were eight hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars behind in their taxes. The city foreclosed. In the line of duty as a member of the Board of Estimate, Morris inspected the building to get an idea of what sort of tenants the city, as landlord, should solicit. He found that Mecca Temple contained, in addition to a huge auditorium, three lodge rooms, two stories high, four thousand square feet in area, and fitted out with expensive pipe organs; a number of smaller rooms used for purposes not disclosed to the uninitiate; and a ballroom which Morris often describes as "the largest in New York without columns." Except in the ballroom, which was incomprehensibly decorated with eight-feet-high murals showing dozens of movie stars dressed up as delegates to the Continental Congress, the building was covered from top to bottom with the greatest collection of bric-à-brac, gingerbread art, and all-around rococo gathered in one place since Victoria's Prince Consort conceived the Crystal Palace in 1851. A less fanciful mind than Morris's could only have urged that the Temple be converted into a garage, garages being the principal business of one block on which it fronts, and that its curious properties be auctioned off. Looking the place over and mentally stripping the walls of their exotic trappings, Morris beheld a ready-made Athenaeum. The auditorium could be turned into a legitimate theatre. The lodge rooms, with their organs, could become rehearsal halls. The other rooms could be used for offices, art galleries, and classrooms. Being an ice-skating champion and a devotee of the ballet sufficiently advanced to write for the technical journals, Morris has long been entranced by the notion of a ballet on ice; he saw enticing possibilities, perhaps far in the future, in the ballroom without columns. He rounded up enough votes in the Board of Estimate to authorize leasing the building to a public corporation—set up like a museum or library, say, and headed by the Mayor—which would assume financial responsibility, pay rent to the city, and operate without private profit. For the necessary renovations he got sixty-five thousand dollars from the city, which was about what would have been spent to clean up for any tenant, and proceeded to rip out whatever bric-à-brac was not built into the place.

The City Center, like Morris's earlier

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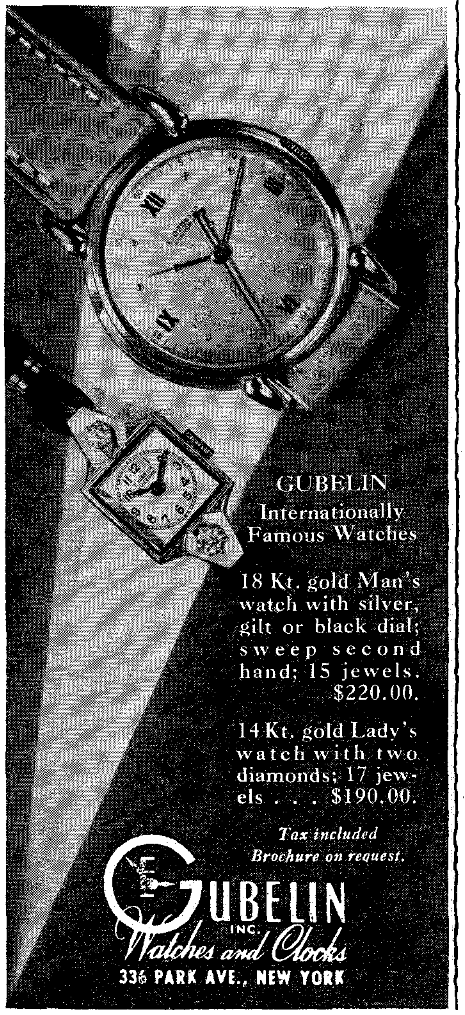

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venture with the musicians, is a tribute to his ability to interest others in his vision of the new city. In a month he raised seventy-five thousand dollars by the simple method of dropping in on wealthy citizens and offering to sell them shares in the cultural renascence that was about to burst on New York. Prospects, who at worst could lose their entire investment in the corporation and at best could break even, were made to feel that if they did not help to underwrite the project they would in effect be forcing soap opera on millions who yearned for grand opera. (Professional money raisers rate Morris's powers of persuasion very highly, and he is considered a prize catch for ways-and-means committees; he has served on more of them than he can remember and is at present directing the Home Front Mobilization of the National War Fund.) He raised the money for the City Center and then, late in the summer of 1943, went about the matter of getting bookings in as haphazard a manner as the American theatre has ever known. He met Gertrude Lawrence at a cocktail party and startled her with the information that, although she was a household name in the city, not one New Yorker in a hundred had ever been privileged to see her. She signed up on the spot for a week's revival of "Susan and God" at the City Center and got John Golden, the producer of the play, to hunt up the scenery and take care of putting on the production. The night Morris learned that a musical comedy produced by the C.I.O. had folded on the road, shortly before it was due at the City Center, he ran into Jed Harris in a midtown bar. Explaining what dire straits the people of New York would find themselves in if the City Center had no show the next week, he got Harris to consent to put on a revival of "Our Town" at the Center. Martha Scott and Frank Craven, who were in Hollywood, were engaged to play the parts they had played in Harris's original production. When it turned out that Craven could not get away from Hollywood in time, Morris got hold of Marc Connelly and persuaded him that he could not only learn Craven's part in five days but that he could even learn to act. The girl who had played the church organ in "Our Town" was also engaged. The musicians' union threatened to make trouble because she was no longer a member in good standing. Morris explained, irrelevantly but effectively, that the girl had been living in a lighthouse off the coast of Maine for several years. As a lighthouse dweller, she presumably was too detached to think of unions. The show went on.

When Morris conceived the idea of using the Mecca Temple auditorium as a theatre, he planned to lower its eighty-five-foot ceiling and make other alterations necessary to convert a convention hall into a playhouse. The War Production Board refused to allot the necessary materials. The auditorium was suitable enough for concerts and ballet, but for actors accustomed to small Broadway theatres it was far too large. It became impossible when the actors found that they had to compete with certain balcony patrons (Morris believes that they were planted by commercial producers who feared his competition) who insisted on shouting to their neighbors that they couldn't hear what was being said onstage. The suspicion that they were stooges grew when the same line was shouted from the balcony during several performances. "I came here all the way from Yonkers," a man would yell, "and I could have heard just as much if I'd stayed there! I'm going to get my money back!" For a time it seemed as if the acoustics might be the ruin of the City Center. Further appeals to the W.P.B. were unavailing; no amplifying equipment could be had. One day, backstage, Morris overheard a sound engineer muttering that it was a pity a theatre couldn't get microphones when the Connecticut State Legislature had one on every desk. Morris immediately made forceful representations to Hartford. Now four excellent microphones, set among the footlights, carry the actors' voices to every part of the theatre, and will continue to do so until the Connecticut Legislature holds its next biennial meeting.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Morris.*)

•

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[*Humphrey-Weidman Studio dance program*]

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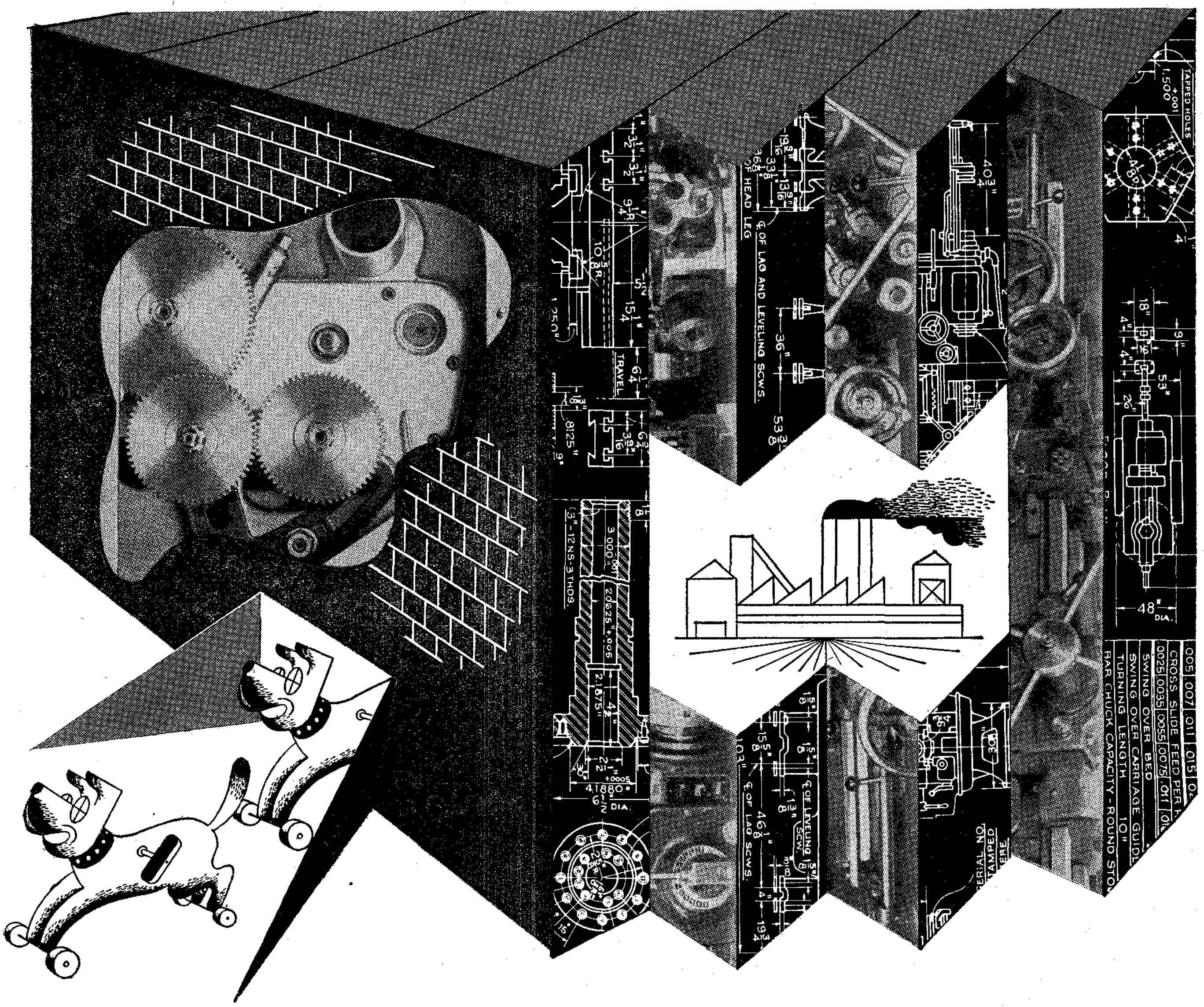
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1.500"
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CROSS SLIDE FEED PER
SWING OVER BED
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BAR CHUCK CAPACITY - ROUND STO
℄ OF LAG AND LEVELING SCWS
℄ OF HEAD LEG
TRAVEL
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THE THEATRE

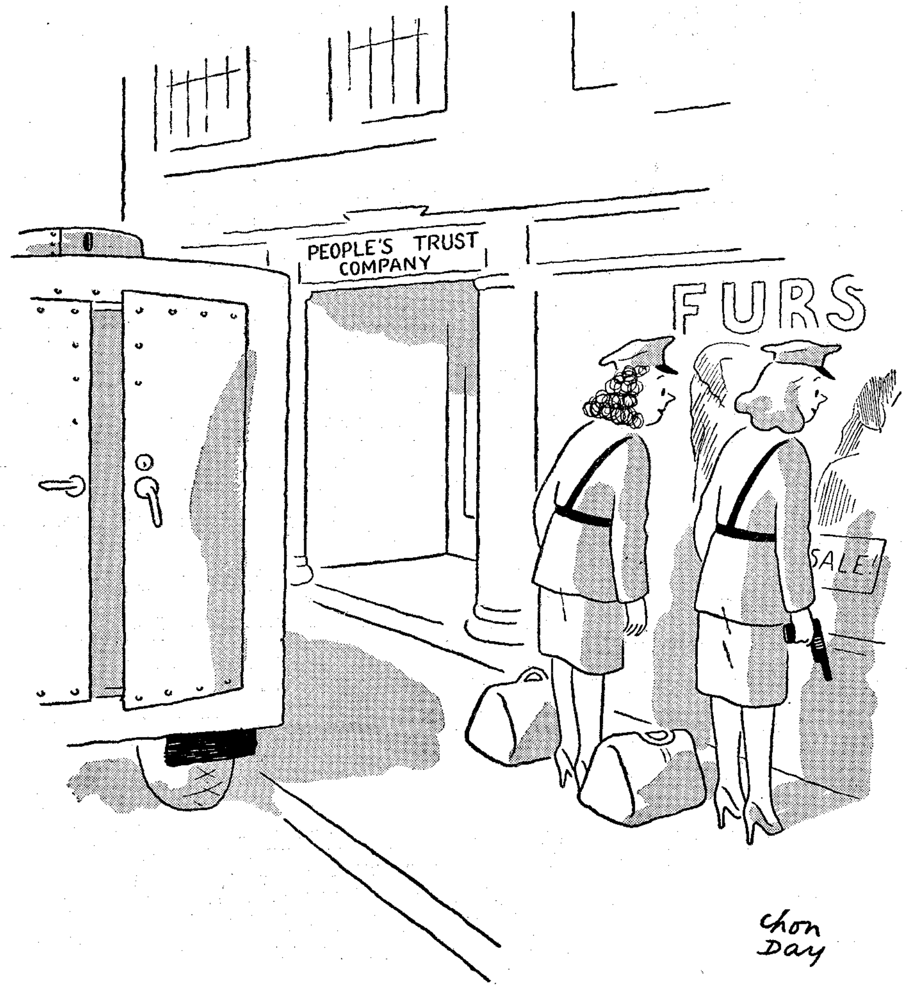
MAMA IS O. K.

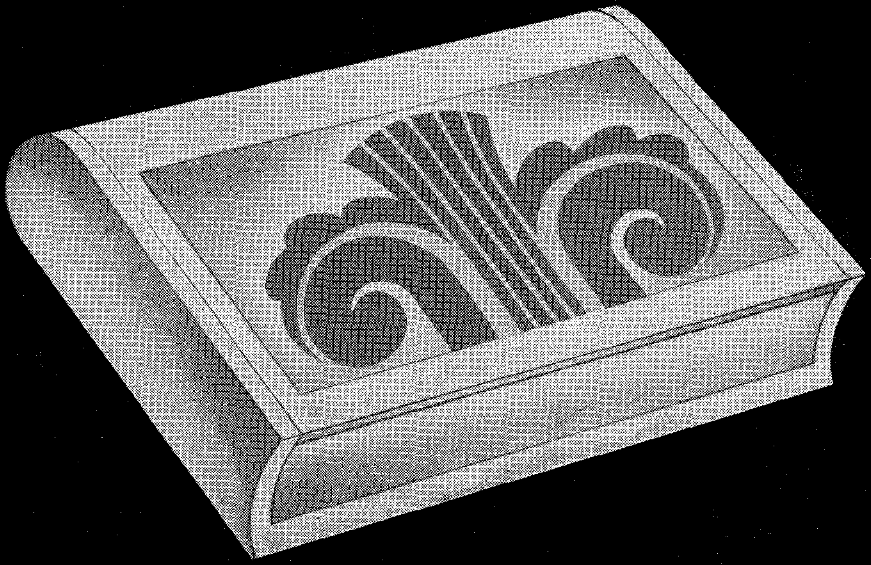
HAVING been seriously depressed for more than a quarter of a century by titles of a too homely nature, I never quite got around to reading Kathryn Forbes' novel called "Mama's Bank Account." John van Druten's dramatization of the piece, known as "I Remember Mama," came to me, therefore, as a complete surprise, bordering on the miraculous. I don't know exactly what I expected to see at the Music Box, except perhaps something to do with "Pigs Is Pigs," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and conceivably even "Pollyanna." What I did see was one of the most engaging comedies in town, one of those blendings of humor and pathos and sure definition of character that turn up just often enough to keep the reviewer resigned to his barren calling. There are too many flaws in "I Remember Mama"—principally, I think, somebody ought to have done a little editing on Mr. van Druten's script after *he* got through with Miss Forbes'—to make it a pure delight, but it is so far superior to anything else we've seen this season that it certainly deserves all our respect and gratitude.

Mr. van Druten was up against a rather intricate problem of adaptation, since Miss Forbes' story about a Norwegian family in San Francisco apparently consists of a lot of almost totally disconnected episodes, without even as thin a thread of plot as the baptismal theme in "Life with Father." He has solved it by introducing a sort of interlocutor, who plays the part of a young authoress, Katrin, the literary member of the family. She provides a brief preface to each of the series of short stories on the stage and then steps out of the wings and into the story. This is substantially the same device that Thornton Wilder used in "Our Town," of course, and it is just as effective here.

For the most part, the incidents and characters are simple and touching, though lending themselves very badly to synopsis. Mama, in her determination to visit her youngest child, who is being operated on for a mastoid, pretends to be a charwoman and scrubs her way diligently around the hospital floor nurse who has been instructed to keep her out of the ward. Aunt Trina, a spinster at forty-two, is proud at last to settle for an undertaker. Mama trades Norwegian recipes for literary advice from a famous authoress, so that Katrin can get on with writing the family saga (she gets $500 for her first accepted piece, which sounds like pretty good going to me). Dagmar, the youngest daughter, dreams of being a veterinary and keeps the house agreeably supplied with a variety of small livestock. Uncle Chris, the sport of the family, and next to Mama by far the most arresting person, has a fine red automobile and a woman, and dies in the end quite cheerfully of drink. He is a good man in spite of his gaudy behavior, though, having spent most of his money to help crippled children. It is a tribute to everybody's skill and reticence that this episode is never maudlin, especially as Uncle Chris takes nearly as long to die as Little Eva. In fact, the only complaint I have to make about these fascinating scenes is that they are all just a bit too long, carrying superfluous little postscripts that I found mildly irritating. There are one or two things in the play that I could do without altogether—notably the introduction of a broken-down Shakespearean actor, a singular old party out of either Saroyan or a comic strip, who beats Mama out of a board bill but leaves behind some mystic legacy of culture. On the whole, however, Mr. van Druten's selections from his material are obviously admirable, and if a touch of foolishness creeps in from time to time, I am quite content to let him get away with it. Incidentally, you don't have to worry about the dialect spoken by the elder members of the family. After you get used to the fact that transplanted Norwegians use neither definite nor indefinite articles and apparently rearrange the order of words in a sentence to suit themselves, it is practically no trouble at all.

The advertised stars are Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as Uncle Chris, with an assist credited to Joan Tetzel, the little girl who keeps telling the audience what's going on. They're very nearly perfect, but so are the nineteen other people in the cast, and in this space we won't discriminate. Mr. van Druten's direction is, as always, impeccable; George Jenkins, with the help of three revolving stages, has ac-





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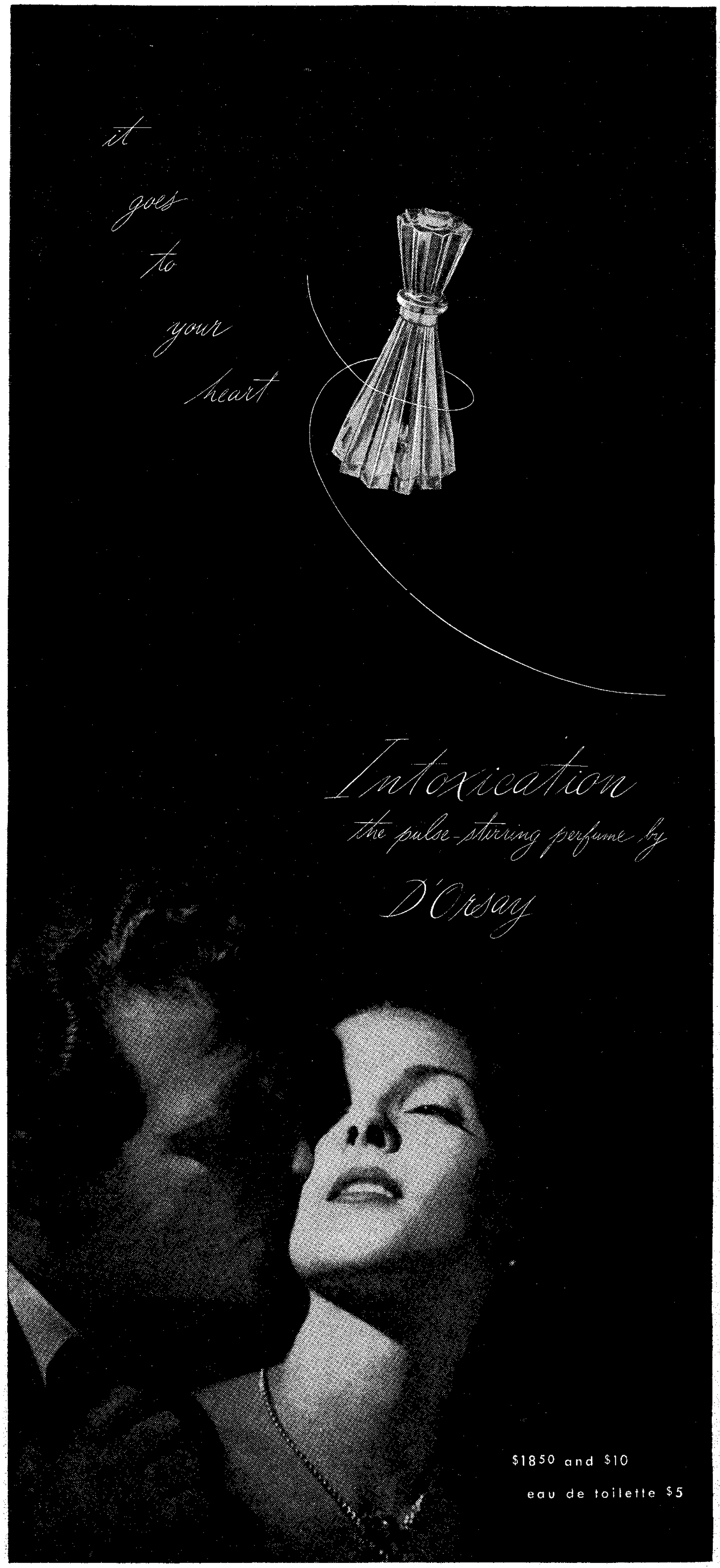


complished some really wonderful sets and lighting effects; and Lucinda Ballard's costumes are bright and clearly authentic, without that rather desperate quaintness that so often besets the designer of a period piece. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, who abandoned song and dance temporarily to produce "I Remember Mama," should never have cause to regret it.

WHEN Herman Shumlin makes a mistake, he is apt, like Mayor LaGuardia, to make a beaut, and "The Visitor," momentarily on tap at the Henry Miller, certainly proves it. There was no reason, I suppose, that the Leane Zugsmith-Carl Randau novel about the hypothetical drowning of a fourteen-year-old boy and the appearance three years later of another boy who may or may not be the same one shouldn't have made an acceptable play. The fact, however, is that the version contrived for the stage by Kenneth White is confused, desultory, talkative, and not much more exciting than ladies' field hockey. Since the actors, under Mr. Shumlin's usually rational direction, behave sometimes as if they had been tutored by the late Robert B. Mantell and sometimes like a flock of mountain goats, it can be safely said that an evening at the Miller will hold little for you but suffering.

"The Visitor," fondly classified by its management as a "psychological mystery," is actually one of those simple, old-fashioned affairs in which everybody in the cast falls under suspicion until about three minutes before the final curtain, when it turns out that the villain is the only conspicuously noble member of the cast. I won't go into the authors' plot—about the most elaborate mess of red herring I can remember—but some of its trimmings may approximately indicate the quality of the whole performance. There are, then, a funny maid who insults her employers, a stage drunkard of the old school, a telephone that rings and rings on an empty stage, and more running up and down a flight of rickety stairs than I have ever seen before in my life. The cast includes Ralph Forbes, Frances Carson, Walter Greaza, Richard Hylton, and Thomas Chalmers. They will all go on, I trust, to better things.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

●

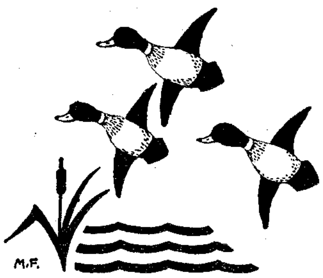
The residents of the district, mostly small orange flowers, were terror-stricken.—*Spokane Chronicle.*

Too frail for this world.

MOROCCAN MULTIPLICITY

Casablanca, French Morocco (where there was no such place as Rick's until the management of the Allied Officers' Club saw the movie at the Red Cross theatre and started a cabaret called Rick's in the club basement), is really a small city. Its normal peacetime population is about a hundred and seventy thousand, but the wartime transient population is estimated at anywhere between half a million and a million. I spent seven months there as a so-called "uniformed civilian." After the first few weeks I began to be conscious of the small-town quality of the place. The transients blew in and out of town, the troops and sailors and Wacs came and went. But the same faces showed up in the cafés and restaurants and bars every day, and before long I felt that I knew by sight most of the permanent European residents, as well as the American, French, and British military who were stuck there on long-term jobs. Of course, I knew many of them personally, too.

Every day after lunch I would sit on the *terrasse* of the Café La Comédie, the nearest thing to the Café de la Paix in Casablanca, and have coffee—with brandy on the days when brandy was permitted to be sold. I carried sugar around in a British Erasmic shaving-stick container, there being no sugar in Moroccan establishments. (There was no butter or milk either.) The café was in the shape of a V. One side of it was in the sun and grilling hot; on the other, one shivered in the shade. Marshal Lyautey's often-quoted remark on the Moroccan climate is both succinct and accurate: "*Le Maroc est un pays froid où il fait chaud au soleil.*" The competition for sunny seats was terrific, but by gobbling my lunch I usually managed to get to the *terrasse* in time to grab one. While I was sitting there one afternoon last winter, my meditations interrupted every few minutes by having to bow to someone, or wave, or get up and shake hands in the exhausting French manner, it came to my mind that there were apparently several persons sitting in my seat, not just one. Who was sitting there in my clothes depended on who was passing by the café, on how much he knew about me, on what his politics were, his station in life, his race, creed, and color. I began to take note of a few of my personalities.



That day the first acquaintance to go by was a French doctor, an embittered old man from Lyon who was a violent health faddist and an anti-alcohol, nicotine, and caffeine fanatic. My nationality, appearance, occupation—none of these things interested him at all. To him I was just someone wantonly bent on destroying himself. I was simultaneously absorbing alcohol, nicotine, and caffeine. He gloomily shook hands and cast a bilious glance down at my coffee, cigarette, and brandy. "*Tch, tch! Quelle folie!*" he muttered, and walked off.

Next came a young Arab, a *chaouch* from the hotel where I was billeted, very dapper in a clean white burnous and a new fez. He gave me a charming smile and threw a smart military salute at me. To him I was a paragon of generosity, a millionaire member of a race of munificent millionaires, who asked for little and gave much, who—unlike the masters he had previously known—did not snarl at him, abuse him, and treat him as a member of an inferior and exasperating race. All this because I tipped him on the same scale as I would a hotel employee at home and occasionally gave him tobacco, candy, an old shirt or handkerchief, needles and thread, and used razor blades.

He was followed by a twenty-five-year-old Air Forces lieutenant colonel, with whom I had a barroom acquaintance. He gave me a good-naturedly contemptuous grin and a wave of the hand. To him I was old (I am forty-two), fat, incompetent (this merely because civilian), a grossly overpaid and overfed character who wore a uniform without bars on the shoulders. He had no more idea what I did in Casablanca than the Arab valet. I had tried to tell him once over vile cocktails in the Bar Nolly and he hardly listened to me. Who can blame him? He had been in the Army since 1939 and had flown God knows how many combat missions before getting his current rear-area job.

Close on his heels came Mr. Monte Carlo. His name was not actually Monte Carlo but something very like it, and everyone called him Mr. Monte Carlo. He was a man of about seventy, a former colonel of Spahis, and had been a liaison officer with the Americans in 1917-18. He still wore a beau-

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tiful, sweeping, white cavalry mustache and carried in his pocket a miniature set of all his medals and decorations. He loved the Allies, simply and with utter devotion. He loved all the Allies but particularly the Americans, and he pooh-poohed and forgave all the things we did that so furiously annoyed most of the North African French. To him I was a young American soldier. I had told him fifty times that I was a civilian, but he simply brushed that aside. He had found out somehow that the people who were doing my sort of job in North Africa and Italy were issued an "assimilation paper," directing the enemy, in case of capture, to treat the bearer as a major. The paper had no other significance whatever and did not in the least affect the bearer's civilian status. But from that time on, to Mr. Monte Carlo I was *Le Commandant.* He spent most of his small income giving dinners in his little house for American officers, soldiers, and sailors, with plenty of apéritifs, wine, and brandy. He would sing the "Marseillaise," the "Sambre et Meuse," and the "Chant du Lépart" all through the meal. Afterward he would weep and kiss his departing guests on both cheeks. A sweet old man, and I often wished there were more like him. To him, I and all the others who represented the Allied Forces were Galahads, heroes who would save France—not only from the Boche but from her own traitors as well.

While I was having my second glass of coffee, along came a major in a French native regiment. He was a reservist who had recently been called back into active service. In private life he was a colonial landowner, with big properties near Meknès, and he owned a cement works in Casablanca. He wore a tight, smartly cut uniform and carried a riding crop. He wore a very tall kepi, and though his tunic was stained and dirty and he had a polka-dotted muffler tucked into his collar, his boots were always beautifully shined. I knew what he thought of me. He hated and loathed the Allies and most particularly the Americans. He considered me some sort of spy—I think possibly because he had run into me once or twice when I was in civilian clothes. That was an odd thing: lots of people, mostly people thoroughly sympathetic to the Allied cause, simply assumed that American civilians in Casablanca were spies, and the fact that I usually wore a uniform made no difference at all. This man disliked me especially because he connected me with propaganda

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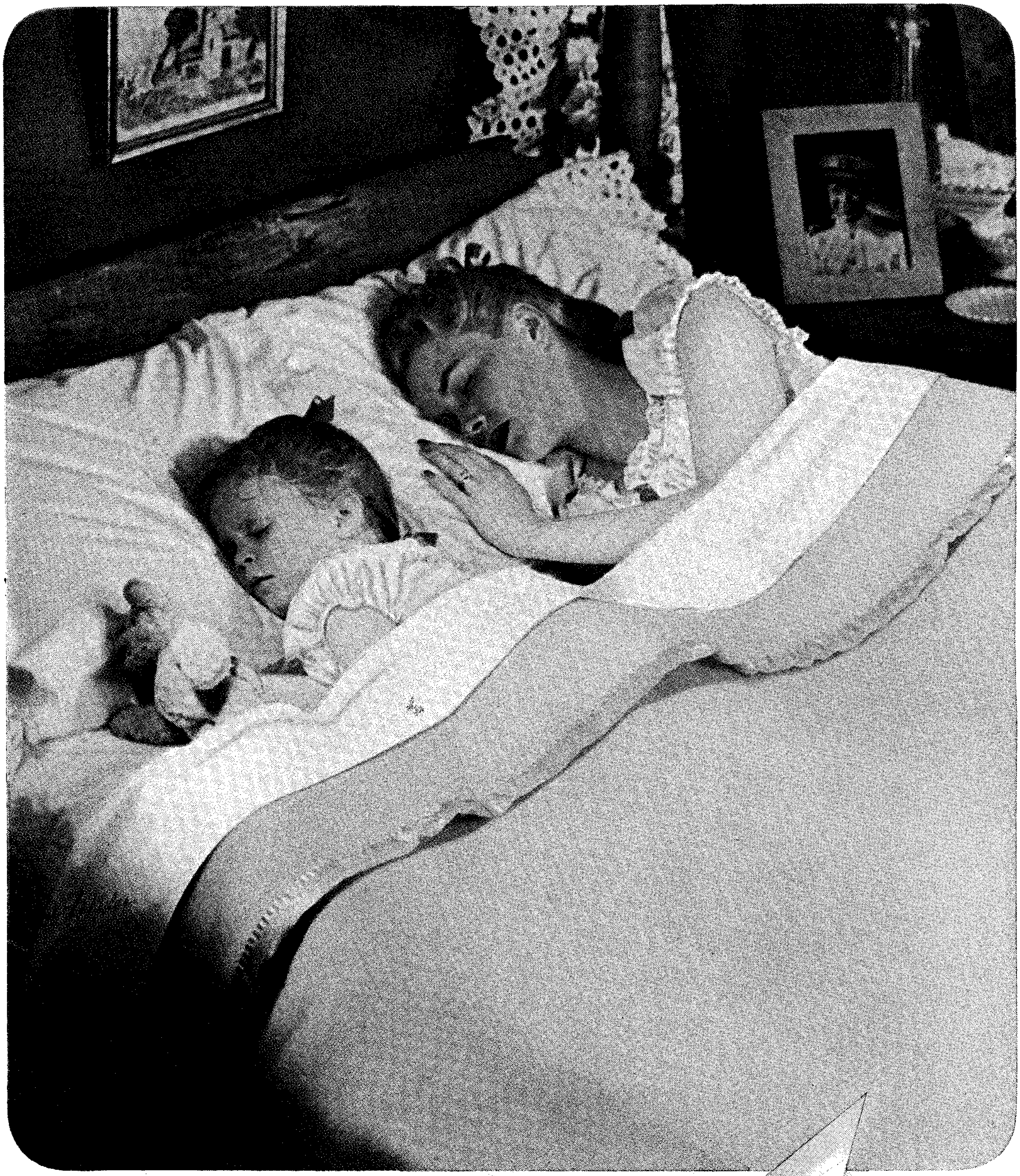

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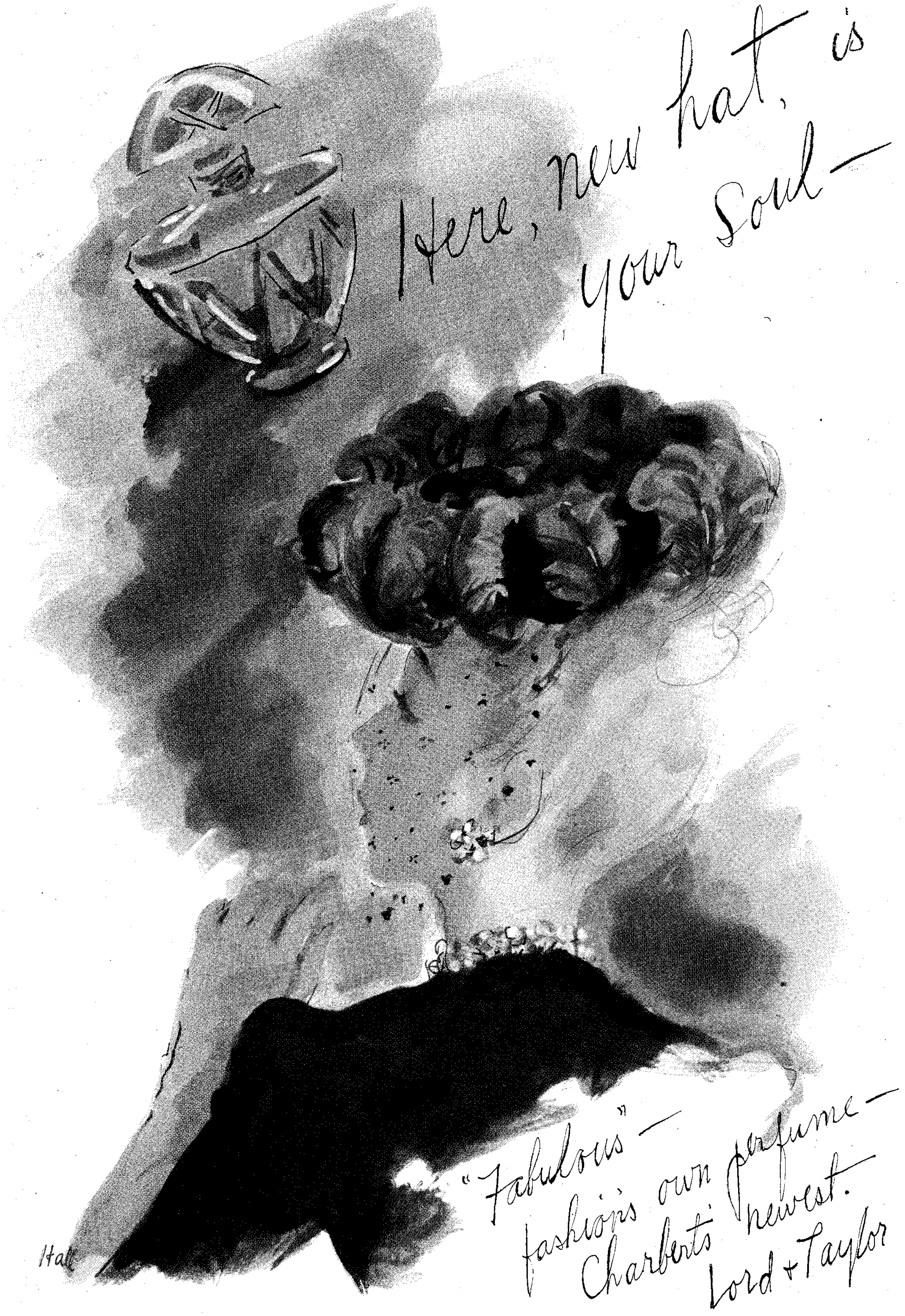
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Charbert's newest.
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Hall

work. He was a hardened Vichyite and collaborationist and had done very well during the Vichy regime, like many other wealthy *colons.* Officially he had turned his coat and he now wore the Croix de Lorraine, but he was frequently quoted to me, with sniggers, by other French officers to whom our presence was welcome. To him, I was an enemy, an interloper, a busybody, a pluto-democratic Jew-and-Arab lover, and probably a Communist into the bargain. This did not prevent him, however, from sitting down with me and offering me a brandy and tenderly asking whether I had good news from home.

While he was still sitting there, a Moorish friend of mine from the city of Fez went by. He would have joined me, but when he saw who was with me, he bowed deeply, raised his right hand, and went on. This man I will call Si Amar Abderrahmane ben Larbi. He was a cotton merchant who had lived in England for twenty years and carried a British passport. Si Amar had three houses in Fez—one in the European town, furnished half in Moorish and half in Manchester style, and two wholly Moorish houses in the native city—as well as his large store. He also had a big country place at Ifrane, a resort town in Morocco, and a house in Altrincham, near Manchester. He had two big, shiny limousines with very smart Riffian drivers. I will never know how he managed to keep his cars from being requisitioned or how he got new tires. He pretended not to be able to speak French, which was irksome, because one gets into the habit of speaking to Moors in French, and he was always slightly offended when I did it to him. He was an Arab Nationalist (though racially, like all Moroccans, ninety-per-cent Berber) and had for years been a highly articulate anti-Fascist writer. He showed me articles he had written and had had translated into various languages, which had appeared in papers all over Europe, including one or two in London and Paris, since 1935. Also articles in Arabic journals, which I could not read. To him, I was an enigma, and a rather disappointing one. Since I was outspokenly friendly with him and all the Moors I met, he got an odd impression and was always trying to wring out of me an encouraging statement about the possibility of the Americans and the British helping to free the Protectorate from French rule. Obviously I was not able to give him any satisfaction here. He liked me in spite of my reticence on this subject and was amused by the fact that I could never get comfortable sitting on the hard, low divans in his houses, and he laughed at my obvious claustrophobia in Moorish surroundings. To him, I was a good guy who was too timid to commit himself—a fallacious interpretation. I hope he is all right now. When I last saw him, in Fez, some native demonstrations there had just been suppressed and many of his friends had been arrested and some of them probably executed. He was very nervous. He said the authorities had been arresting a lot of the wrong people. He was the only native whose wife (or one of whose wives) I ever met socially. She wore Moorish costume but no veil, and was extremely good-looking. He called her "loaf," which at first I did not realize was the English word "love." Two of the three slave boys who waited on us at his Moorish dinners were his spit and image, though dark-skinned. He was fair.

When the Kollaboro major had finally left and I was about to leave myself, an old gentleman I knew, a French textile-mill owner from Roubaix who had been caught on a business trip by our invasion, came over to my table and asked me to have dinner with him that evening in a fine outdoor restaurant in the native town. I accepted and we walked back toward my office together. As usual, he began to berate me for my treatment of General de Gaulle. My acquaintance with the General consisted solely of having once shaken hands with him at a very large function, but as far as this old man was concerned it was I myself who was giving him the cold shoulder and thereby discouraging all true French patriots. He was a Gaulliste in the same way, and with the same blind, blithering passion, that a Roosevelt hater is a Roosevelt hater. He hardly thought about anything else, and I, the only American he knew, was in my person the government that was mistreating de Gaulle. Occasionally he would take time out to get annoyed with me because I did not keep him constantly supplied with cigars, socks, toilet articles, and other objects which were strictly rationed at the PX. He had plenty of money and never could understand why I wouldn't sell him a tube of rationed toothpaste for ten times what I had paid for it. He also had been a liaison officer in the first World War and kept saying "*Ah! Les Américains de cette guerre-ci ne sont pas comme ceux de 'dix-sept-'dix-huit.*" He carried around a flashlight snapshot of his family and friends in Roubaix, taken in the cellar of his house, toasting de Gaulle,

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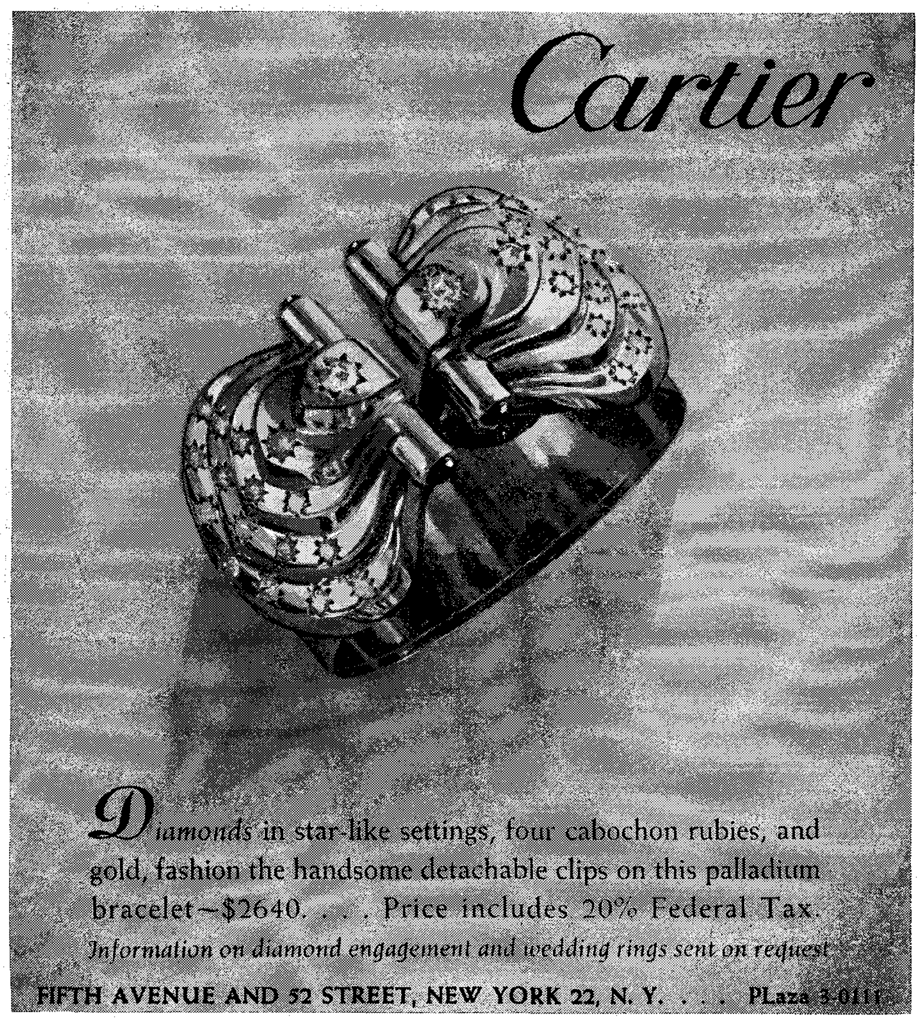
Additional Amusement Advertising on pages 48 & 50



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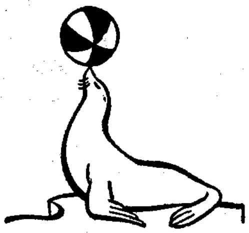

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the R.A.F., and liberation, while German officers were at mess in the dining room above. He was a fine, tall, well-preserved old man, who sometimes drank three bottles of strong Beni-Amar wine from Meknès at one meal. He always paid for our very expensive dinners and, over the third brandy afterward, would begin to forgive me for not having given de Gaulle a better break. Gaulliste and all, he nevertheless had a very low opinion of other races, particularly the Arabs. He did not think of me as did the Vichyite major, but he thought it too bad that a good convivial fellow, *instruit* and of *bonne famille*, who liked to drink wine and brandy as much as he did, should be what seemed to him some sort of wishy-washy Socialist. He had once been rifle champion of the whole world.

ON my way back to my office I passed, in front of the bus terminal, a party of half a dozen Berber chieftains from the Chleuh region, in the High Atlas range of southern Morocco, with their entourage of veiled women and slaves carrying baggage. They were all over six feet tall, and varied in color from black to blue-eyed blond. They wore magnificent handwoven striped wool *djellabahs*, with the hoods draped over their turbans, embroidered yellow slippers, and curved three-foot knives in wrought-silver scabbards looped over their shoulders by red woollen cords. It was easy to tell from their disdainful glances what they thought of me. I was simply a dog of an infidel, a *roumi*, a foreigner, a scheming outsider, whom, were it not for the express orders of their supreme overlord, the Prophet's descendant, Si Mohammed Thami El Glaoui, Pasha of Marrakech—the one man who must be placated by authority to an even greater extent than the Sultan of Morocco—they would gladly chop into mincemeat with their scimitars.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Biddeford (Me.) Daily Journal*]

It may be of interest to hear that Wells will soon be graced with the presence of a very distant relative of Egbert, the first king of England from 827 to 839, so that in a way York county will be entertaining royalty. Reference is made to Mrs. Caroline Haskins, who is soon to visit Mrs. Grace Lyman at Eaton Manor, Wells. Mrs. Haskins is not only related to King Egbert but also to several others of the early Danish kings of England after their conquests in the olden days.

OF ALL THINGS

THE invasion of Leyte, in the Philippines, is heart-warming news. We are, however, now quite accustomed to rooting for the speedy conquest of islands we have never heard of before.

•

Tokio's claim of a great naval triumph off Formosa proved to be completely false. Japanese victories, like Japanese houses, are frail affairs made entirely of paper.

•

Admiral Horthy's request for an armistice for Hungary describes in detail how badly he was treated by Hitler. Most of us find the trials and tribulations of the Hungarian ex-dictator remarkably easy to bear.

•

All the old French political groups are becoming active again. Apparently the war has by no means destroyed France's faith in the eighteen-party system.

•

A Congressional committee suggests that the national debt be paid off at the rate of three billion a year. This plan would retire the troublesome fellow at the ripe old age of a hundred.

•

Democratic leaders have become aware of the danger of over-optimism. They warn people not to assume that anyone who gets the Republican Presidential nomination is automatically doomed to defeat.

•

Dewey, in his Pittsburgh speech, described the troubles of white-collar workers under the New Deal. He may have chosen the wrong audience for this. After all, the lot of the white-collar wearer has never been a happy one in Pittsburgh.

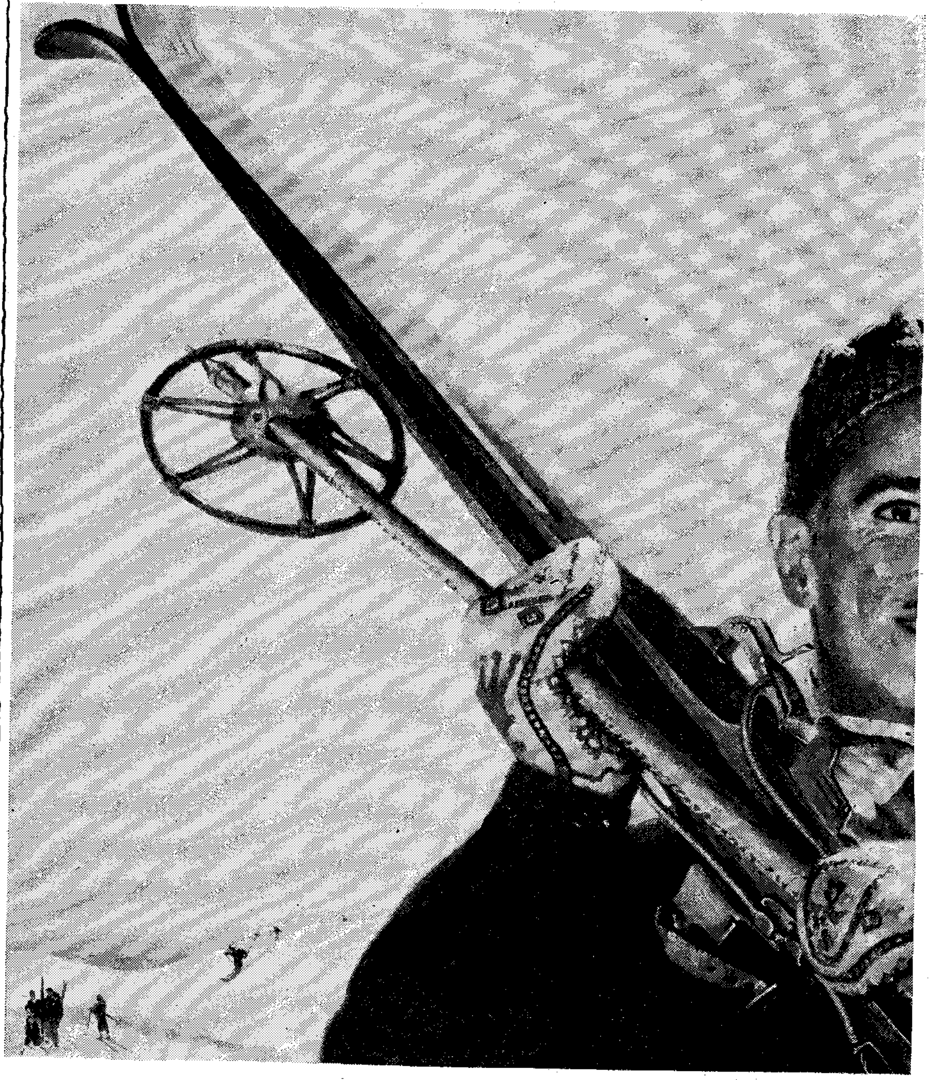
•

Senator Truman was assured, on his trip to Texas, that the local anti-Roosevelt Democrats, who have their own ticket of electors, will be hardly noticeable on election day. Apparently almost no one but the families and close friends of the administration's electors are expected to show up at the polls.

•

The return of Frank Sinatra in a stage show has caused widespread truancy in the New York schools. Perhaps that young man should confine himself to the radio and thus keep girls from leaving home.—HOWARD BRUBAKER

Dear Sir The story of Sportsman Cologne is told in four words . . . "*Distinctly masculine, decidedly correct*" . . . A delicate recollection of outdoors in just the right proportion to be personally refreshing and socially correct. At better stores.



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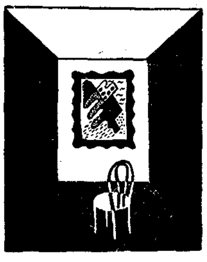
THE ART GALLERIES

Delacroix and Some Moderns

THERE was a Delacroix exhibition at the Art Institute in Chicago in 1930, and there may have been one or two smaller ones about the country since then. But New York, until now, has never had one, which is odd, for the man was certainly one of the great figures of early-nineteenth-century French painting and a source of at least intermittent inspiration, besides, to the past two or three generations of American artists—from John Sloan, say, up to the present. Perhaps the reason for the lapse is simply that Delacroix is hard to show. He was a Romantic, a painter very much in the style of Rubens (whom, incidentally, he admired), and he had all the faults and virtues of the school he belonged to—the turgidity and the dashing, clashing movement, the high color and the striking, oblique design. These are qualities that in the long run tend to be wearing. You have to be in the mood to enjoy Delacroix, especially when you see him in quantity, and the Wildenstein Galleries were taking something of a chance, both with his reputation and in a way their own, in arranging a big loan show of his works.



Both he and they come off rather well in the matter, but I think the selection had something to do with it. Delacroix's really big set pieces—the allegorical and historical studies and the murals—are for the most part in France, and unavailable. That is no great loss, for if they are the paintings on which his contemporary fame chiefly rested, they are also the ones that have least well survived the period in which they were painted. What Wildenstein had to draw on were the smaller, more compact canvases in the hands of American collectors, and though, as a result of all this, the show may be, in the strict sense, one-sided, the side presented is the one most likely to be appealing to modern eyes.

To be sure, of the fifty paintings listed, there are a half dozen or so that are "big," at least in subject if not always in size. (There is, for instance, a scene of the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, called "The Return of Columbus," very red plush and brassy and, I'm afraid, slightly silly now; and a "Death of Sardanapalus," showing the dying tyrant's courtesans dutifully being slaughtered around his bedside, that is only one step this side of Cecil B. De Mille.) The focus of the collection, however, is on his smaller pieces, and in these, particularly in his studies of Arabs and the desert country, Delacroix often rose to real heights of poetic accomplishment. He was in Africa only once, and then for hardly more than a couple of months, but he had a flair for the Oriental all his life, and there was something about the half-savage pageantry and wild freedom of the Moors that suited completely both his style as a painter and his temperament. He couldn't have known much about the Arabs, and it is on record that most of his pictures of tigers and other African fauna are the result of studies he made at the zoo in Paris. Yet there is a realness, an intensity of understanding, about these paintings that transcend mere verisimilitude and put the work on the level of very high art. Note particularly such pieces as his "Horses Coming Out of the Sea," "Arab Rider 'En Vedette,'" "Arabs Travelling," "Tiger Playing with a Turtle," and "Arabs Resting." These may not have the richness of design or the complex motivation of his larger pictures, but they'll do, for my taste, just the same.

AT Pierre Matisse, through this Saturday, Loren MacIver has a set of new oils, half of which show definite progress over her earlier work and half show the opposite. This would seem not to add up to much, except that in general the mood of the paintings is broader and freer and the approach surer. For a long time, Miss MacIver was unabashedly under the influence of Paul Klee, so much that latterly it was becoming a handicap to the maturing of her talents. She shows signs now of throwing off this bond (which is a good thing), but for the moment she appears to have nothing much else to cling to (which is bad). Since she always had a tendency, if she let herself go, to fall into mere misty sweetness, there are times, as in "Cape Summer" and "A Fall of Snow," which are in the show, when her work comes as close to complete meaninglessness as it can come and still remain expert painting.

She had a basic kinship with Klee in her ability to see, as he did, occult patterns in the most ordinary subjects, and now that she is beginning to develop this quality on her own hook, there is a strength in her pieces that the earlier ones often lack. "Pushcart," for instance, may be too patterned for its own good, but the delightful "Panorama Egg" is not, nor is the carefully organized, friezelike "The City." Her color has grown richer, too, and in this respect, at least, "Red Votive Lights" and "Blue Votive Lights"—strictly stylized studies of rows upon rows of altar candles—are about the best things she has ever painted.

REGINALD MARSH, who is showing a group of large wash drawings and water colors at the Rehn, is one of those moderns I mentioned earlier who must surely have been influenced by Delacroix, and it has not been entirely to his advantage. The result has been to give ornateness and volume to his work, but it is an ornateness that does not always sit well with his subject matter, which runs generally from the Bowery to Coney Island to the waterfront. New York just isn't as baroque as Marsh sees it, and when that side of him is uppermost, as in the turgid "On the Ferry" and the even more involved "Central Park Lake," you get something that is far removed from reality. He is better when he tackles the really lowdown; "Bowery and Pell, Looking North," "Hudson Burlesk," and "Fat Men's Shop—Sig Klein" have considerable value, both as documents of the city and as painting.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

P.T.A. Rummage Sale Friday and Saturday, October 29 and 30 in the Kelly Building. Good chance to get rid of everything not worth keeping, but too good to throw away. Bring your husbands.—*Shelbyville (Ill.) Daily Union.*

All right, ladies, we heard you.

•

It gripes me a lot that, while I have the kind of humor that keeps a whole party going at times, and people remember for twenty years what I said once, I cannot find a market for my humorous writings.
—*From a letter in the Villager.*

That's hard to believe. Must be a slip-up somewhere.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Washington Post*]

FARRAGUT, Idaho (AP)—Puzzled personnel in one office at Farragut Naval Training Center did some investigating after a dignified examining officer wrote "NUTS" in his report on their office.

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Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

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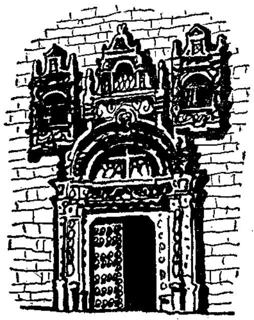
LETTER FROM MADRID

SEPTEMBER 15 (DELAYED)

THERE was no dancing in the streets of Madrid to celebrate the liberation of Paris. If the members of the battered Left did any rejoicing, they wisely did it behind closed doors. The Right, aware that this liberation meant the loosing of forces that might threaten the Spanish state, had nothing much to rejoice over. Later, when the Allies landed on the southern coast of France, General Franco ordered thirty thousand troops to the eastern frontier, just in case any enthusiastic French Maquis or vengeful Spanish Republicans happened to spill over the border. These troops had nothing much to do beyond escorting several hundred German customs guards and garrison troops, who had quickly jumped across the frontier, to an internment camp, where they were made comfortable. Later still, when the Allied armies were beginning their march into Germany, Franco was off in the northern provinces dispensing medals, the Foreign Minister was in San Sebastian, and most other responsible members of the government were vacationing on the Catalan or Basque beaches; Madrid, the capital, was, for all practical diplomatic purposes, a deserted city. This nice demonstration of apathy was typical of the General, who recently referred to the second World War as a conflict between "village nationalisms."



The Germans in Madrid seemed to accept their isolation from the Fatherland with equanimity. Some of them gave the impression of being distinctly relieved at having been provided by the enemy with excellent alibis for sitting out the disaster that is impending at home. They would no longer even be able to send back reports. One German agent was overheard saying, "Thank God the paper war is over!" The end of Vichy France brought the de Gaullist French mission here into public life and closed up the officially recognized Vichy Embassy. The de Gaullist group, headed by M. Truelle, a suave career diplomat, and animated by an extraordinary priest named Boyer-Mas, had operated in a dusty palace lent them by a sympathetic Spanish duchess. The atmosphere of the mission had, before the liberation, been forlorn and slightly wistful. Truelle had said to a friend, "I would like to be made an honest woman." He was. Overnight the building was given a noticeable sprucing-up, the number of clerks multiplied, and appointment slips were brought out for callers to sign before they could confer with members of the staff.

The doors of the embassies and legations in Madrid are guarded by Spanish militiamen. At the Allied missions, these men sprawl on chairs, usually half asleep, their guns hanging from their shoulders. They do not rise, even for ambassadors, and in fact seldom bother to look up when someone enters or leaves. At the German Embassy, they snap to attention and raise their right arm in the Fascist salute when officials appear. Madrid is still the most Prussian place in Spain. It is by no means Berlin, however. The Nazi pattern in Berlin came from the people themselves; the Fascist pattern in Madrid has been imposed from without. The Spaniard is essentially a nonconformist. He conforms only under great pressure, and at the moment he does so because of his profound fear of another civil war. Those Spaniards afflicted with the Fascist virus are a minority. This minority, however, is armed.

Franco is the generalissimo of this band, but the spiritual leader is the late José Antonio Primo de Rivera, eldest son of the former dictator. Franco is the object of more and more criticism from the majority of his countrymen, who seem weary of his vanity, his lush rhetoric, and his apparent ignorance of the serious issues Spain should be, but is not, facing. José Antonio, being dead, is not losing favor. His photographs, which are displayed beside Franco's everywhere, show that he was a handsome young man who wore an open-necked white shirt and had the baffling, liquid stare expected of a visionary and a mystic. He started the youth movement that flowered into the Falange, the Spanish equivalent of the National Socialist Party. He was an idealistic, not very intelligent man, and he appears to have believed with great sincerity in the vision of a new and revitalized Spain that could be achieved with a handful of inspirational slogans and a few simple physical exercises. He was executed by the Loyalists during the

Civil War and thus became, in the eyes of his followers, a martyr. He is buried, a few steps from the crucifix on the High Altar and not far from several Spanish kings, in the church of the Escorial, and his slogans, full of references to work and sacrifice and to the blood-brotherhood of the Falange, appear on the walls of government buildings and in the mastheads of the newspapers. This idolatry shocks not only many foreigners but many Spaniards as well. Equally shocking, at least to American visitors, is the manner in which the aristocracy of Madrid evades the twentieth century. The aristocrats live much as their ancestors lived a hundred years ago—idle, superior, profoundly oblivious of anyone but themselves. Their fear of Communism is pathological. Their family life, so glorified in Fascist dogma, takes the form of an endless series of cocktail parties, dinners, infidelities, and fittings. Madrid makes one think at times not only of Nazi Berlin but of Versailles before the French Revolution. You cannot, of course, speak of these things here. You cannot speak of the prison under the Seguridad Building, in the Puerta del Sol, Madrid's Times Square, in which political suspects are confined in cells belowground, where the roar of the traffic overhead is so loud that conversation is impossible. You cannot speak, either, of the thousands of *rojos* (Reds) who are hiding in the hills of the northern provinces.

At first glance, the capital of Spain has a calm and prosperous look. The city, built on a high plateau, is spacious and attractive, with fine, broad avenues shaded by big trees. The town is full of pretty young girls walking in twos and threes, their hair in long bobs, their legs bare, their handbags slung over their shoulders. They dress in skirts and blouses and wear four-inch heels because they are so short. In the summer most of the men wear white coats, gray trousers, and black glasses, which makes them all look alike. There are few beggars. The crowds are orderly; people cross the streets only where the signs tell them to. The food in the restaurants is plentiful. You can have every variety of meat and fish. The only shortage is of bread.

These first impressions make you receptive to the talk of government spokesmen who try hard, with statistics, to show you that Spain has prospered under Franco. It is difficult not to feel that the liberal newspapers and magazines in England and the United States

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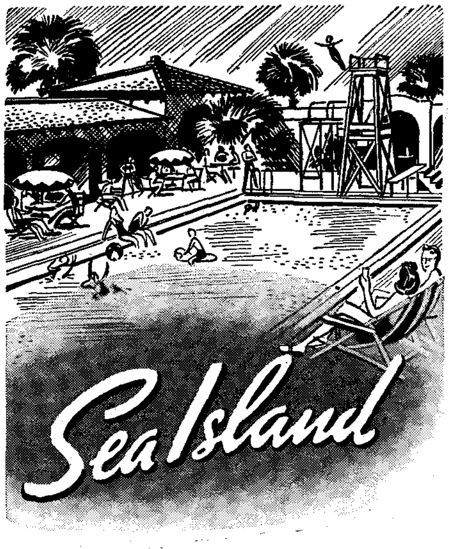

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may be mistaken about the economic condition of Spain. Then you begin to notice things, and hear things. You learn that the brilliantly uniformed Army officers who stride down the avenues have to make money on the side to live up to their station. Many of them operate little businesses, usually on the black market. You find that the enlisted men, in their crumpled khaki, earn twenty-five centimes a day (around two cents), which happens to be the Madrid streetcar fare. The ceiling on a laborer's wages is fifteen pesetas, or a dollar thirty-five, a day.

The Ritz in Madrid is one of the few great luxury hotels still operating in Europe. It is managed by a Belgian family of distinctly German orientation; the members of this family, attired always in funereal black and seldom speaking above a whisper, are conspicuously rude in a profession famous for its arrogance, and in spite of the elegance of the rooms and the impeccable service, the atmosphere of the place is, to an American, uncomfortable and hostile. The Ritz is part of Madrid's façade. At the other extreme are the queues, blocks long, of ragged people waiting outside the British Press and O.W.I. offices for news of the war. When you ask who they are, some people will tell you that they are the porters and messengers of business houses waiting for the mimeographed Allied news releases to take back to their employers. Others will shrug and say, "They're only *rojos*." Whatever they are, they snatch the bulletins with almost frightening avidity, stand around on the street reading them, then stuff them in their pockets and shuffle away.

THERE is enthusiasm for the Allies among the workers in Madrid. Their faces brighten when they learn that you are British or American and they warmly shake your hand. There is some enthusiasm among the employers, but you get the impression that they are for us only because we are winning now. There have always been a few Anglophiles among the rich and aristocratic, but most well-to-do Spaniards were until recently either indifferent to the war or impressed by the Germans. Now these people appear to be reluctantly impressed by us. British and American war news is finally being given generous space in the Spanish papers, particularly in two called *Ya* and *ABC*. Relatively little space is given in these two papers to German and Russian communiqués; the grudging respect the Spanish Right has for the Allies does not include the Soviet Union. The government has stopped jamming the B.B.C. Spanish-language programs. (The best music on the air, most Spaniards feel, is still being broadcast from Berlin.) Censorship continues to exclude all American magazines and books. American movies are shown, but the censorship imposed by the Church causes most of the films to be heavily cut, which often distorts the story fantastically. The Madrid exhibitors of "Wuthering Heights," for example, were required to delete the scene in which Cathy dies in Heathcliff's arms. The Church considered the situation adulterous because the two were not husband and wife. In another film, two lovers were transformed by the Spanish subtitles into brother and sister, because they were shown on several occasions alone together in a room.

The Spanish aristocrats continue to regard Germany as a Christian and civilized country and a bulwark against Communism. They think America is powerful and they like our products, but they do not consider us either very Christian or very cultured. This is partly the fault of our propaganda, which concerns itself almost entirely with military might, whereas the Germans, until recent events made it difficult, shipped in publications full of articles on art and music and philosophy. The Spaniards in power respect the British, but they cannot forget Britain's intervention in their Civil War. Americans are accepted as victors but are not wanted as friends.

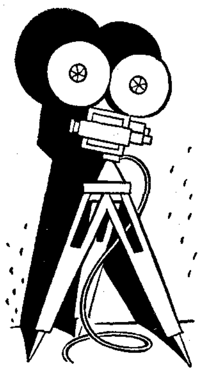
The Germans have been here so long and have handled their propaganda so skillfully that even their total defeat will not immediately break their hold on Spain. Their influence goes deep, economically and culturally. You can see their mark everywhere—in the shape of the Spanish Army helmet, in the German marching songs that are sung to Spanish words by the Falangist youths, and in the outstretched-arm salute. The police still work in close coöperation with the Gestapo. Every hotel room is regularly and thoroughly searched. Picked hotel employees, equipped with skeleton keys that will open any luggage, assist the police in their work, and telephones are tapped.

But what some misguided porter does for the Gestapo in a hotel room is a trivial thing. The important, the profoundly serious thing is that Madrid under the Falange is not Spain. Part of Spain is in the Prado: in El Greco, Velásquez, Goya. The rest is in ambush, waiting.

—MARYA MANNES

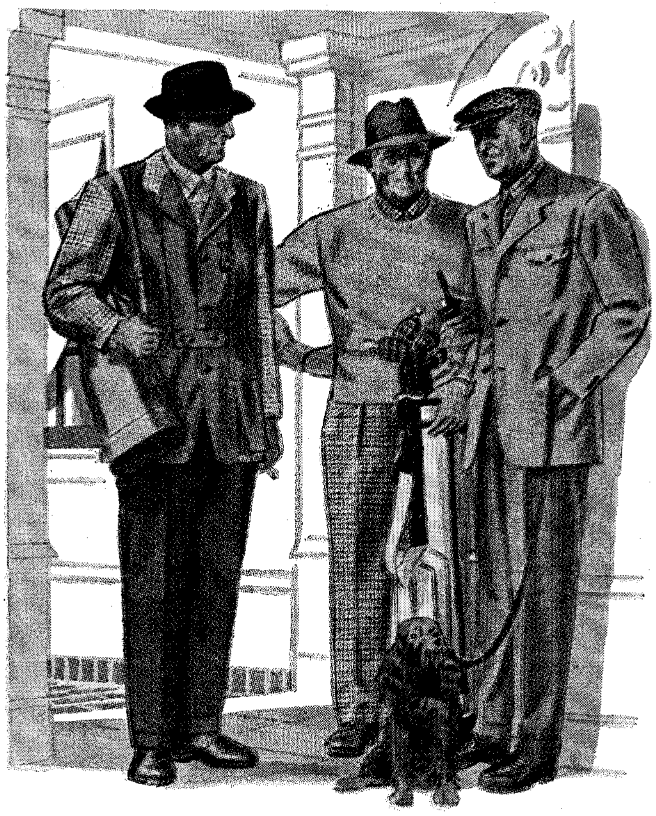
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Almost Nothing



THE sort of time you'll have at "The Conspirators" depends on just how worked up you can get at the sight of Hedy Lamarr. Since she is looking as well as ever, this aspect of her new picture is worth mentioning. Certainly no other aspect is. "The Conspirators" is a routine spy film, wasting the talents of Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Joseph Calleia, and maybe of Paul Henreid too, though I haven't seen enough of the latter to be sure. The novel by Frederic Prokosch which inspired this film was also routine spy stuff, with its own Lamarrlike accompaniment in the form of consciously beautiful prose. It had, though, a few adult phases, which have, of course, been bowdlerized. There is something about wartime Lisbon, teeming as it does with refugees and secret agents of all nations, that stirs up novelists and scenarists, but, despite all the activity, nobody has succeeded yet in bringing Lisbon to life. Another recent film view of Portuguese intrigue, "Storm Over Lisbon," was almost a duplicate of "The Conspirators," except that it lacked Miss Lamarr. Or perhaps it is fairer to call "The Conspirators" a duplicate of "Storm Over Lisbon." Either way, it is no compliment.

THE weather was cooler this last week or so, but Hollywood insisted on sending along what used to be considered hot-weather entertainment. I searched the neighborhood circuit for "Take It Big," with Jack Haley, on the theory that Mr. Haley is a good enough comedian to offset the weaknesses of any but a hopeless vehicle. He can't offset the weaknesses of this one, however, and nobody else could, either. . . . "The Merry Monahans," featuring a young man named Donald O'Connor, who is advertised as the logical successor of Mickey Rooney, is slightly better. Memories of Mr. Rooney seem to work to Mr. O'Connor's advantage, and a few nice old tunes—including "Rose Room"—are tossed in, and that's about all I can



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say for "The Merry Monahans." . . . "Sweet and Lowdown" naturally has musical patches in it, Benny Goodman being the star, but it is in some respects an attempt to sketch Mr. Goodman's character and background apart from his clarinet. It turns out that Mr. Goodman has a heart of gold but that he's capable of playing some fine jazz anyway. —E. T.

•

POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Addison* (*N. Y.*) *Advertiser and Woodhull Sentinel*]

A CIGARETTE SPEAKS
TO A YOUNG GIRL

I'm just a friendly cigarette—
  Don't be afraid of me.
Why; all my advertisers say
  I'm harmless as can be!
They sometimes call me your "best
    friend"
  (I like that cunning lie!)
And say you'll "walk a mile" for me,
  Because I "satisfy."

So come on, girlie, be a sport!
  Why longer hesitate?
With me between your pretty lips
  You'll be quite up-to-date!
You may not like me right at first,
  But very soon I'll bet
You'll find you cannot get along
  Without a cigarette.

You've smoked one package, so I
    know
  I've nothing now to fear;
When once I get a grip on girls,
  They're mine for life, my dear!
Your freedom you began to lose
  The very day we met,
When I convinced you it was smart
  To smoke a cigarette.

The color's fading from your cheeks,
  Your finger tips are stained;
And now you want to give me up,
  But, sister, you are chained!
You even took a drink last night—
  I thought you would ere long;
For those whom I enslave soon lose
  Their sense of right and wrong.

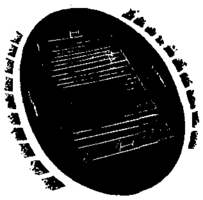
For three years I have fettered you,
  And led you blindly on,
Till now you're just a bunch of
    nerves,
  With looks and health both gone.
You're pale—I think you have a
    cough—
  The doctors say "T. B."
He says you can't expect to live
  Much longer, thanks to me.

But it's too late to worry now;
  When you became my slave
You should have known the
    chances were
  You'd fill an early grave.
And now that I have done my best
  To send your soul to hell,
I'll leave you with my partner,
    Death,
  He's come for you! Farewell!
—ELIZABETH HASSEKK.

FOOTBALL

Midseason Doldrums

THERE were a number of reasons for scrambling up to Ithaca last weekend for a look at the Cornell team. (The chilling, driving cloudburst that swept down the valley of Cayuga Lake on Saturday was not one of them.) In the first place, most of the squads nearer home were either in the midst of examinations or else had gone even further afield than Ithaca. In the second place, last Saturday looked like almost the end of the Cornell team; because of the exigencies of war, fourteen men were playing their last game for the squad. There was also a natural curiosity about Paul Robeson, Jr., who began his career as a lineman for Cornell this fall, a good many years after his celebrated father was a lineman for Rutgers. Furthermore, there was the visiting team, representing Sampson Naval Training Station, a team made up of one of everything, from boys just out of high school to venerable gentlemen in their thirties. As for the game itself, everyone played with great spirit and occasionally with skill, despite the smallness of the crowd and the antics of the elements. There was a difference of opinion about the merits of the ending, some of the bystanders claiming that it had already been used in at least three Warner Brothers' pictures, others holding that it was a fairly neat touch. It went something like this: the score was 6–6 and Cornell had the ball on Sampson's fifteen-yard line, with only five seconds of playing time left. Dekdebrun, Cornell's hero of the day, dropped back to pass, found no one to throw the ball to, started to run with it, and then, seeing that his way was blocked, let fly with a pass after all. A Cornell man, pursued by two obviously leg-weary and waterlogged Sampson men, leaped into the air, caught the ball, and fell over the goal line for the winning touchdown. Things being what they are these days, that touchdown may well have been the climax of Cornell's season.



YOUNG Robeson is only sixteen, and in a normal year he would still be playing high-school football, but he has the height (nearly six feet), the weight (180 pounds), and the rugged frame of the average college player. He plays either right or left end, is a good pass receiver, and carries the ball on the end-around play, just as Brud Holland, Cornell's Negro star of some years ago, did in his time. Robeson banged up one knee in the game with Yale two weeks before, so he was used sparingly last Saturday. From what I saw, though, he should be quite a credit to Cornell before he's through.

There were players of note on the visiting team, too. Sampson, however, is not the team it was last year, when it had to promise not to use its first team in the game with Cornell. One of this season's backs, Manning, was around Sampson last year, but he was considered too slow and too old (he's twice Robeson's age) to be even on the second team. This year, he played most of the game against Cornell and did all right. Manning is not the only Sampson veteran. There is Raye, a small, chunky quarterback, who calls the plays and runs interference. Small, or no, he runs nice interference, which he was taught to do by Lou Little, the Columbia coach, back when Sid Luckman was seventy per cent of the Columbia team. There is no reason you should be able to recall the name, because Raye was called Sposato when he played for Columbia; the Raye came along afterward, when he went into vaudeville, as bottom man in one of those human-pyramid acts, and decided that Raye would look better on the posters and in *Variety*.

Life at Sampson begins before dawn, and there is not much campus atmosphere. Football is, understandably, an elective, chosen by the participants without moral or economic suasion. There is no training table, and in between meals the players eat as many Hershey bars, drink as much Budweiser, and smoke as many White Owls as Navy custom permits. Also, they give you the impression that they would just as soon play the Green Bay Packers as they would Cornell. All this is, in a sense, a return to the age of the old-fashioned football player, the man with the mustachio, the hair parted in the middle, and the turtleneck sweater. It was an age for which there are a number of good things to be said.
—J. W. L.

•

BUNCH OF NICE CHESTER White pigs for sale. Home evenings.—*Clark County (Kahoka, Mo.) Courier.*

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

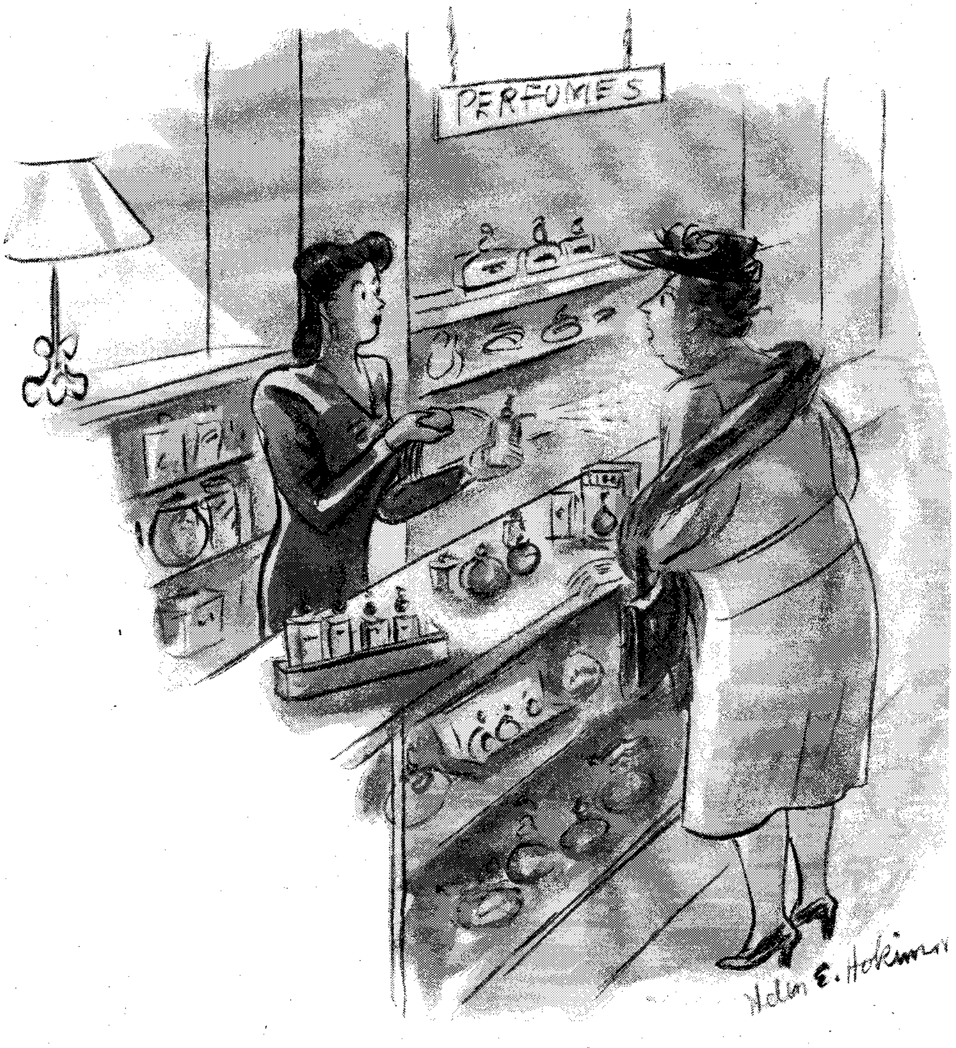
ABOUT THE HOUSE

THE newborn interior-decorating department of Georg Jensen, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd), is off to a flying start with an exhibition of fabrics by Dorothy Liebes, which sets a keynote and is in keeping with the store's tradition of excellence. The department has been born with a gold spoon in its mouth; you may as well know straight off that things there are expensive. Miss Liebes, who already has made a considerable contribution to American fabric design, is in top form this year, especially with acetate yarns, although she also has made the most of what cottons, silks, and wools are available. Her fabrics are quiet and rich, in tints that seem mixed with cream, or they are made dramatic with horizontal or diagonal stripings of shaggy fringe, plushy chenille, or clustered loops, or they are vivid, flamboyant eye catchers in colors that put the Mexicans to shame—pinks and fuchsias, clear, sharp, lemon yellows and blazing greens, used alone and in combinations, and often lit with sparkling metal thread or occasional thin bands of gold or silver foil worked into the weave, the way ribbon is run through old-fashioned beading. They come to order, and it will take some eight weeks to complete a job. You can even have curtain panels the height of your windows and with patterns in scale with the size of the room.

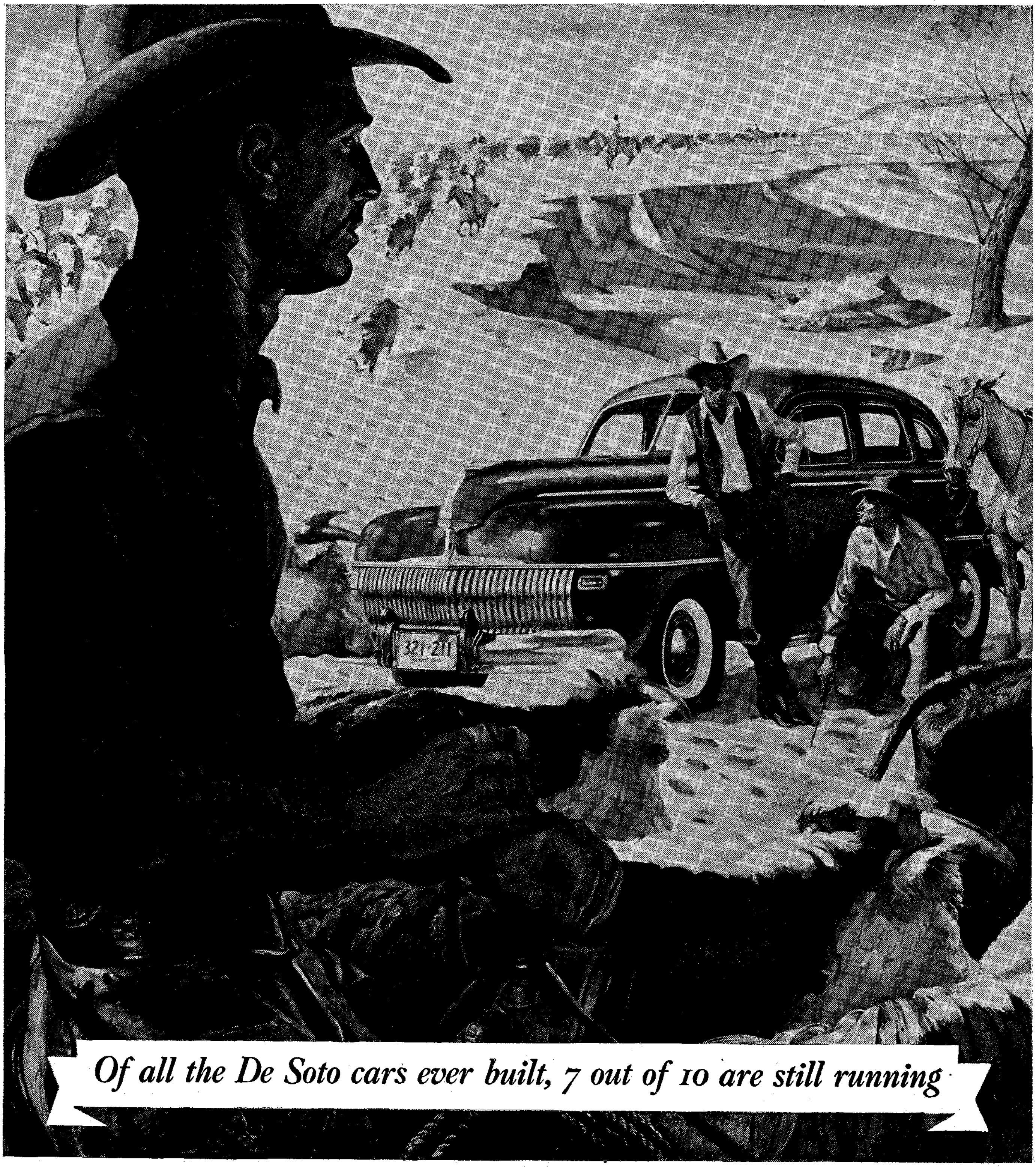
Miss Liebes is not the only contributor to the collection here. You might ask to see some fabrics by Dan Cooper, whose textiles and printed designs have a forthright character, or something, that men in particular seem to like. They are not on exhibition now, but they are worth looking at. A good one is the cream-colored rayon-and-wool mixture in a twill-like weave. It can be dyed any color and printed with one of two patterns which have been worked out for three-yard window panels. One is a repeat peacock design, the other a single, gigantic, night-blooming cereus plant; both of them are spectacular. Another good fabric is a heavy, spongy cotton, to be printed with a swirling leaf pattern. There are also some dark and handsome plaid woollens that are perfect for covering heavy modern upholstered pieces. Then there is a dyeable white acetate rayon, for lightweight curtains, that drapes like a dream. This is printed to order with designs by someone who knows how to get every bit of life possible into simple things like shell and vegetable motifs.

The department has done a thorough job on furniture—a fact that is not likely to startle anybody who knows the establishment—by getting hold of some excellent period reproductions. I think, for instance, that it would be hard to improve on the regal dining-room furniture or on the springy, deep-cushioned upholstered chairs and sofas. A sofa in the camelback Chippendale style, upholstered in muslin, is the showpiece of the group. Along with these traditional things are such high-style capers as antiqued-mirror coffee and cocktail tables and a three-panel screen of basket-weave mirrored strips. Several nice floor coverings have found their way to Jensen's new department, among them a shaggy carpeting done in wool and one in the more customary cotton, but unusually plushy and with a deep pile. There is also hooked all-wool carpeting in a choice of patterns, the most appealing of which is a stiff, wallpaperish rose repeat.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S fourth-floor gift shop is full of things that would make lovely presents for anyone's house. There is once again an assortment of things in lucite: wastebaskets, magazine racks, and boxes. Any of these can be painted with initials or flower decorations. Photograph frames, on which this place always does a good job, are on hand now in a new brocade, all in pale, gilt-touched champagne tints; $20 and $25. You will find here a travel alarm clock, and I *did* say alarm—an eight-day, radium-dial business in a sheepskin case; $35, plus tax, of course. As for glassware, there are sparkling new short highballs, with heavy, rounded bases that sit well in the hand ($9 a dozen), and stemmed cock-



"Is it really dangerous?"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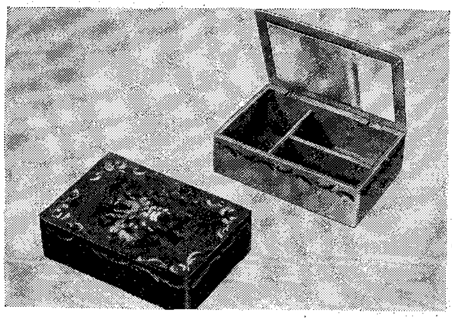

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in a convenient package

At your FOOD STORE

tail glasses to match, also with the weighted bases ($12). As always, there are hanging shelves and curio cabinets of all sorts. A new cabinet, tall and slim and completely enclosed, has a mirrored back and glass sides and door; $30 in mahogany, $27.50 in pickled pine, $40 in Chinese-red lacquer. This place has also managed to produce a tea tray and stand arrangement which is not only made entirely of metal (all right, go look for yourself) but handsome as well; $45. It's a black tin tray, decorated with a painted flower bouquet and held firmly on a curly-legged wrought-iron stand by suction cups. Can't slip, they say.

ALICE H. MARKS, 6 East 52nd Street, pays great attention to the lighter side of home life. One of her bright new ideas is a console table of Chippendale leanings which has a swivel top that unfolds to expose a tooled-leather surface exactly the right size for a gin-rummy twosome; in mahogany with red or green leather. Those little low tables with under-glass tops made of old samplers were such a success when they appeared at the Marks shop some months ago that she has had them turned out in quantity, in mahogany, maple, and pickled pine. Size and price are determined by the size and antiquity of the samplers. The Lowestoft platters mounted in tailored-to-measure tables, from which they may be lifted when you pass the canapés, are back again, for shipments from England are coming in once more. Old china supper sets of covered dishes fitted into round and oval wood trays are also being provided with table stands. They're elegant, as they should be at $250 or so.

There are now bar trays (the three-sided, open-front kind) on tall, folding stands, built by a cabinetmaker and covered on the outside with leather, in the shop. This is apparently because Marks got tired of turning away people who wanted the familiar old factory-made, leatherette-covered ones, which you can't get any more, and who cares?

Tray and stand together are $50. To me, though, the thing that seemed best in the whole place was a wonderful little folding table with a top broad enough to bridge the lap of an easychair sitter; $9.50 and remarkably steady on its legs for a table that is hinged in the middle and has hinged legs as well. Folds flat as a dime, or at least as a quarter. If you're after nice-looking individual-service buffet-meal trays which can be stacked when they are not at work, you will find them here, made of basketweave palm-leaf strips, framed in wood and reed, for $6. And even people who don't care for lucite are apt to change their minds after seeing her wastebaskets and trays in a deep, smoky green, the color of bottle glass.—B. B.

•

HORSE ADMIRER POSES INTERESTING QUESTION

[*Letter in the Providence Sunday Journal*]

Editor:

In reference to Editorial Page of said Fan Reply, I wish to say—you cannot win all the time and you cannot loose all the time! But as for cutting in by the Government, it sure does take more than right. I'm not the only one says it but everyone will say the Government gets the first cut always—which I know is legal, but why take a cut on winnings? That the Question! Let it be answered honestly for all.

I have not spose to go into details regarding cuts the Government take at sports. I do not know the percentage rates but I do know everyone like to win—and they dont want to loose! There are more loosers than winners. The Government gets a cut on every Race Horse who wins his purse. Government gets first cut—at the gate—for example—42,000 Labor day—this track @ R. I. How about others tracks! The Government get first cut in everything first—beverages, Beer, cigarettes, programs, eats, so What!! And a poor guy who takes a chance a good looser, try again and wins and still $100.00 short—so what! Nobody spend money foolishly gambling on the horses. They go there honestly thinking they can make a dollar or more by clean sport—and then the Government put the fins on the winnings. Why don't they take what you loose; no different—one is as bad a judgment as the other! So let us have some good answer. A King Solomon answer for this case.

Furthermore we know the Government need money!! So does the looser!! Government is gambling—so does the peoples and the peoples are the Government. Why pick on the Race track—it sure does pay the freight. Why not tax these Railroads little more! They are the ones who are out of the Red. Here a Race Track today in Mass. is going to give to the War Fund 500 grand and will go down in history of sport (Revere Track) and to think we cannot as yet get the prize answer to this Fan. Reply, as the Government is willing if you can give the answer.

A FAN AND ADMIRER OF HORSES

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THE RACE TRACK

Some Mudder

THOSE dark hints I dropped recently about Some Chance meant something, after all. Last Saturday, at Jamaica, he won the Gallant Fox Handicap, the last of the $50,000 races in the East this season, so smoothly that now he is being called a Wonder Horse. It is just possible that the muddy track helped him. As everybody knows, some racers run better in heavy going than others do, but nobody has ever discovered the reason. One school of thought holds that mud-running ability is hereditary; another insists that it's strictly a matter of conformation and that close-coupled, short-striding animals are better at it than rangy, long-striding ones. There are forty-seven other theories, which I will not go into at this time. Whatever it was that helped him, Some Chance skipped along nimbly, not far behind the pace of Pyrocanth, until a couple of furlongs from home and then moved up to win by a length. It took him two minutes and forty-six seconds to cover the mile and five furlongs, which ought to give you an idea of how bad the going was.

It may be weeks before I stop grumbling over the Greentree Stable's attempt to get Devil Diver to win one more big purse. He never ran well on a heavy track. In fact, he used to be scratched if it came up mud, as the saying goes. Yet horseplayers have such short memories that they made him the favorite in the Gallant Fox. He finished fifth. By the way, you may recall that Shut Out, his stablemate, who also loathed getting his feet wet, was started in the same race two years ago, even though the track was not to his liking. No good came of that, either.

THE best performance put on by two-year-olds at Jamaica last week was obviously the Remsen Handicap, in which Mrs. Dodge Sloane's Great Power and Mrs. Elizabeth N. Lewis's War Jeep ran a dead heat for first place. Ever since War Jeep won the East View Stakes in July his admirers have insisted that he is one of the better juveniles, and they are probably right. However, I have had a liking for Great Power because he finished so close to Pavot in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes and the Hopeful. If the dead heat had been run off, as was the custom before thoroughbreds became such delicate creatures, I believe that Great Power would have taken all the money instead of having to split the purse with War Jeep, because he's a more powerful colt than his rival. Anyhow, he should develop into a first-class three-year-old. Coincidence collectors may remember that four years ago Mrs. Sloane's Mettlesome and Arnold Hanger's Harvard Square also ran a dead heat for the Remsen. While we're on the subject, I have always loved the late John Madden's story of the countryman who saw a match race that ended in a dead heat. Somebody asked him if it wasn't exciting. "Heck, no," he said. "'Twarn't nothing. One horse couldn't even beat the other."

AMONG the mundane matters that should be mentioned this week is the success of the Metropolitan Jockey Club's autumn meeting. There were crowds of more than twenty thousand at Jamaica nearly every afternoon, and the betting for the twelve days totalled $27,625,437. Racing will go on merrily at the same old stand until November 4th, for the Empire City meet is now under way there. This weekend, the most interesting offering will be the $10,000 Ardsley Handicap, for two-year-olds. The $30,000 Westchester Handicap, for older horses, will be run on the following Saturday. Some Chance, Pyrocanth, Alex Barth, First Fiddle, Paperboy, Devil Diver, and Dare Me, who beat Twilight Tear so badly at Laurel last week, are among the eligibles. Inasmuch as the distance of the Westchester is much shorter than the Gallant Fox, I fancy Devil Diver. Provided, of course, that the track is fast.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

No matter how great the endeavor may be to place men and women on the same plane, politically and economically, there still remain those anatomic and physiologic differences in the sexes which cannot be eliminated entirely.—*From an article in the Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Goody!

•

THE HUNGRY CRITICS

[*Herb Sterne in Script*]

If "The Last Laugh" was originally exhibited in this country with the editorial title which now precedes the final sequence I will pay forfeit by consuming any Maria Montez Technicolor frolic, frame by frame.

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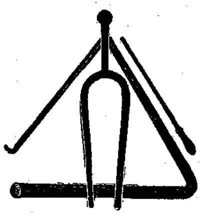

ARTUR RODZINSKI brought to Philharmonic-Symphony subscribers last week the first Philharmonic-Symphony performance of William Schuman's third symphony, which, you may recall, created a sizable stir when it was introduced in New York at a Boston Symphony concert a few years ago and ended up by winning the New York Music Critics' Circle award in 1942. The symphony is a welcome addition to the Philharmonic-Symphony list. Also welcome were excerpts from Villa-Lobos' "Bachianas Brasileiras," which likewise were added to our oldest symphonic society's catalogue last week. It is pleasant to be able to report that such worthwhile recent compositions are being kept in circulation.

It was quite a week for first-time performances, a term that sometimes is synonymous with "première" and sometimes isn't. Sidney Foster, one of our more accomplished young pianists, supplied four of them at his Carnegie Hall recital. One was the American unveiling of a waltz from Prokofieff's new opera, "The Age of Gold." It was a resounding business, effectively arranged for the piano. I thought it was less convincing than a familiar Prokofieff entry, "Suggestion Diabolique," which Mr. Foster also offered. The other first-timers were a prelude, called "To a Young Musician," by Norman Dello Joio, and two Mexican dances by Paul Bowles. Mr. Dello Joio's prelude was based, according to the program notes, "on familiar motives which made an impression on the composer himself as a child." I couldn't name the motives, but it was obvious that the composer had heard some engaging tunes in his early days and that he had converted them into a charming thing for the piano library. Mr. Bowles' concise, ingenious dances belong in the roster of first-timers that may become established old-timers.

"First time" was not printed anywhere in the program for Ruth Posselt's Town Hall violin recital, but several of her numbers probably were novelties hereabouts and a good many others were no more than third- or fourth-timers for concert customers. A

"Concertstueck," by Bosmans, who was identified for me by a reliable lobby source as Henrietta Bosmans, a young contemporary, was music of evident merit, and it would be interesting to hear it with orchestral accompaniment. Lukas Foss, Miss Posselt's excellent collaborator at the piano, supplied something of his own called "Composer's Holiday," a brisk and bouncing bonanza for fiddle and keyboard, played briskly and bouncingly by Miss Posselt and himself. There also was music by Hindemith, Shostakovich, Prokofieff, and Bennett, which was all far removed from the standardized violin concert lineup, as well as some more familiar literature. Miss Posselt's musicianship and technical facility served her interesting program admirably and she had no difficulty in bringing out the humor of two or three amusing pieces that cropped up in the course of the evening.

EDDIE CONDON'S jazz concert at Carnegie Hall last week was full of first-times, inasmuch as many of the demonstrations were improvisations, individual or collective. The session, involving some thirty eminences of hot music, was entertaining and, if I may coin a word, solid. Unfortunately, some of Mr. Condon's comments, which always are a diverting part of his meetings, were swallowed by the public-address system, so the uninitiated didn't always know who was playing what. The uninitiated, however, were a small fraction of the gathering. Most of the audience had no trouble in telling the players without a score card. There is no need to recapitulate the excellences and the ingratiating informalities of the Condon concerts, at which you will, for example, see an onstage photographer operating so actively that he seems like part of the ensemble. But something entirely new in concert procedure, so far as I know, was a sentence in the printed program which read, "Persons wishing to see Mr. Condon immediately after the concert will find him at Julius', 159 West 10th Street." I am waiting for the evening when some symphonic maestro reveals where he may be reached for discussion right after a Brahms program.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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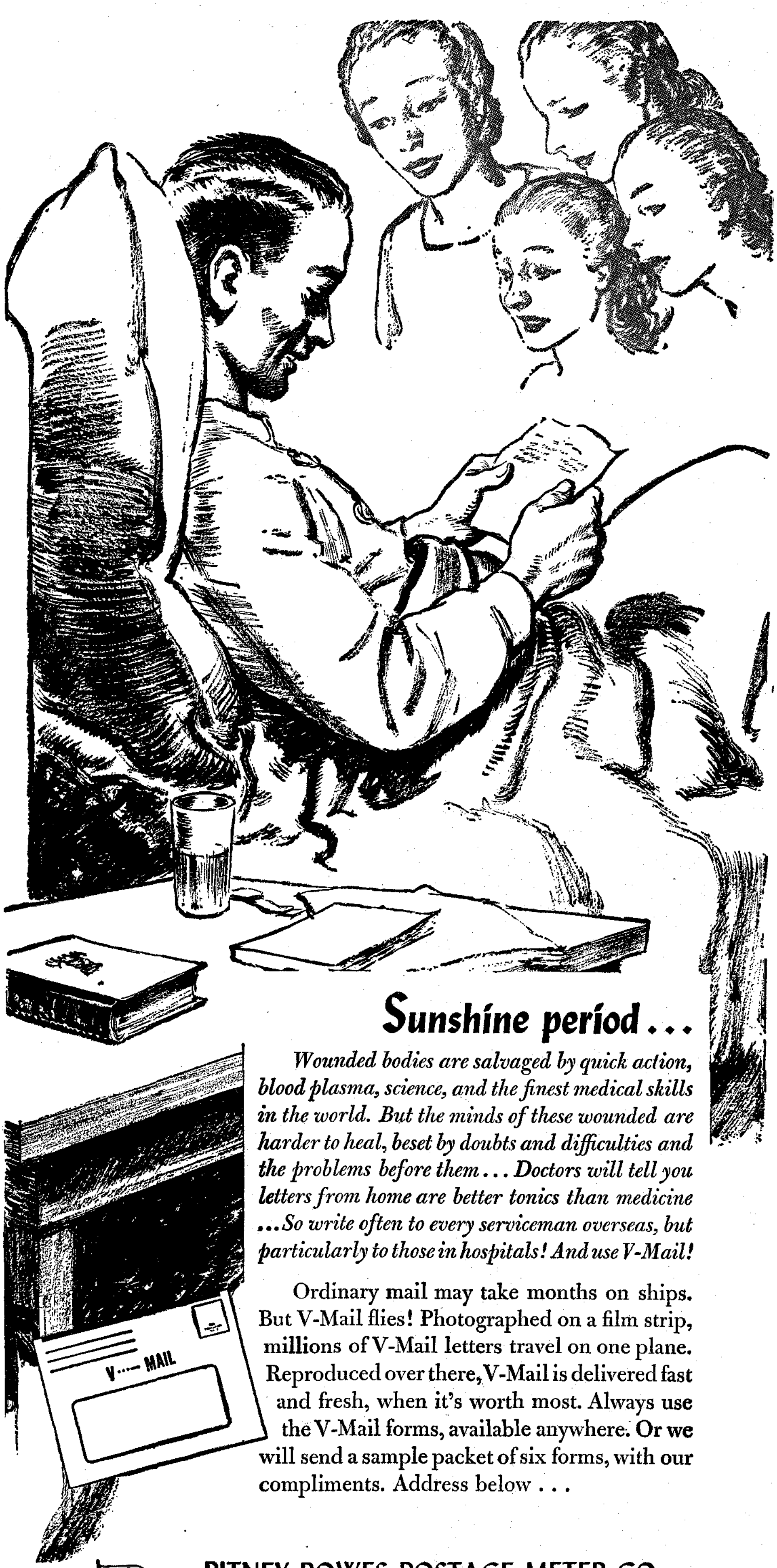

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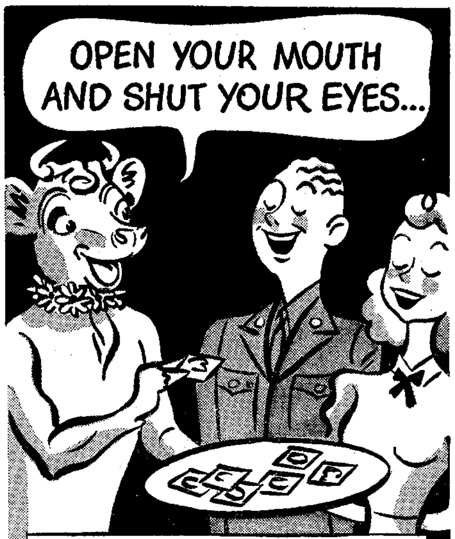
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COUNT BASIE AND SOFT ITALIAN

IT was late September, and a very hot, muggy night. Several times during the day, the gunner had said to himself, "So damn hot. You'd think it would be cool by September. Everything's mixed up in Italy." He was thinking the same thing now as he walked across a field, where a big, silver B-24 stood silent and bright in the moonlight, and entered an olive grove. Far away, he could faintly hear a Count Basie record. He pictured Basie, so smooth and polished, at the piano. Must be the Foggia radio station, he thought. Some guy in one of the tents got a radio from home. Pretty good, radio coming all the way from the States and still playing.

He stopped to listen to the music, a quick wave of loneliness sweeping over him. He was remembering the times they had come in at between four and five in the morning and she had said, "Let's sit the night out. It's so quiet. In another hour or two people will be getting up. I hate going to bed when people are getting up." And he would say, "O.K., baby," and they would sit in the dark little studio room, looking out on the back yards of Eighth Street. With the radio tuned to one of those all-night recorded sessions, they would hug each other and listen to the good jazz you heard in the early morning. They'd watch the people getting up, a little dazed and sour, and the lights going on in the many kitchens. When the sky turned to cold light and the noises of the day began, she would say, "Let's go to bed now."

He thought of her, too, when he was up in the bomber, waiting behind his guns in the cramped ball turret as they made the bomb run. The loneliness for her was always greatest when he knew there was a good chance he might die.

Now he stood among the olive trees, sweating and listening to Count Basie and so lonely he felt sick. He fingered the most recent of her daily letters in his pocket; that didn't help much.

An old Lombardo record came on, breaking the spell, and in a nearby tent somebody laughed and said, "Stole it from you with a pair of tens."

HE started walking, his flashlight picking out the holes in the ground. He could smell the insect repellent on his hands and face. As he neared the mess tent, he heard a man further on in the darkness talking in soft, slow Italian.

Speak Italian fast and it's a harsh whine. Take it slow and it can be music. He listened for a second, the softness of the words blending with the night. He walked on till he reached the man who was talking Italian. He was one of the guards, who was sitting on a bench with a little Eyetie kid called Pete. Pete seemed about ready to cry. He wore a suit cut down from G.I. sun tans, with sergeant's stripes on the sleeves.

The gunner stopped and said, "Bawling out the kid?"

The guard stood up. His eyes were a bit watery from too much *vino*. "It's my night off. I was just talking to him," he said gently. "Turn off that damn light. Hurts my eyes."

The gunner snapped off his light and sat down on the bench. The guard asked, "What do you want?," and didn't sit down.

"What's the matter with Pete?" the gunner said, mussing the kid's hair. Pete turned away. He was one of three kids the squadron had adopted—clothed and fed and spoiled.

The guard sat down. "What do you want?" he said, his voice friendlier.

"Looking for a couple of slices of bread. I bought some sardines in town."

"I'll get you some bread."

"No hurry. Too hot to hurry," the gunner said. He couldn't think of the guard's name but he remembered having heard him say once that he had been drafted in his last year at Williams, before the Army decided to let most of the boys finish college. Another few months and he'd have had his degree and got a commission. Not that he gave a damn, the guard had said.

For a while they sat in silence. Then Pete said something in Italian and the guard answered him. The gunner said, "You sure picked up the lingo fast. What are you telling him?"

"I'm not sure what I'm telling him. Something happened to the kid tonight. He practically idolizes the mess sergeant, and, well, he went into the tent to go to sleep and the sergeant had a girl there. Kicked the kid out."

"A girl in his tent?"

"You know the mess sergeant—

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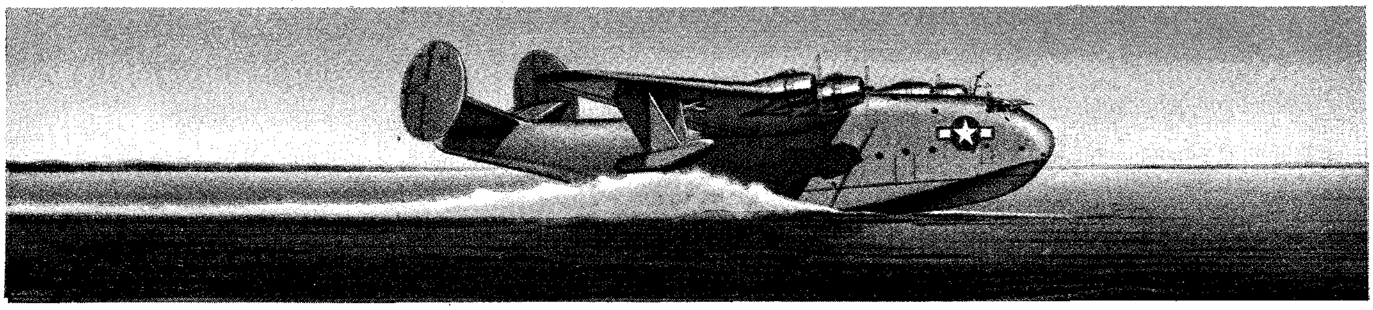

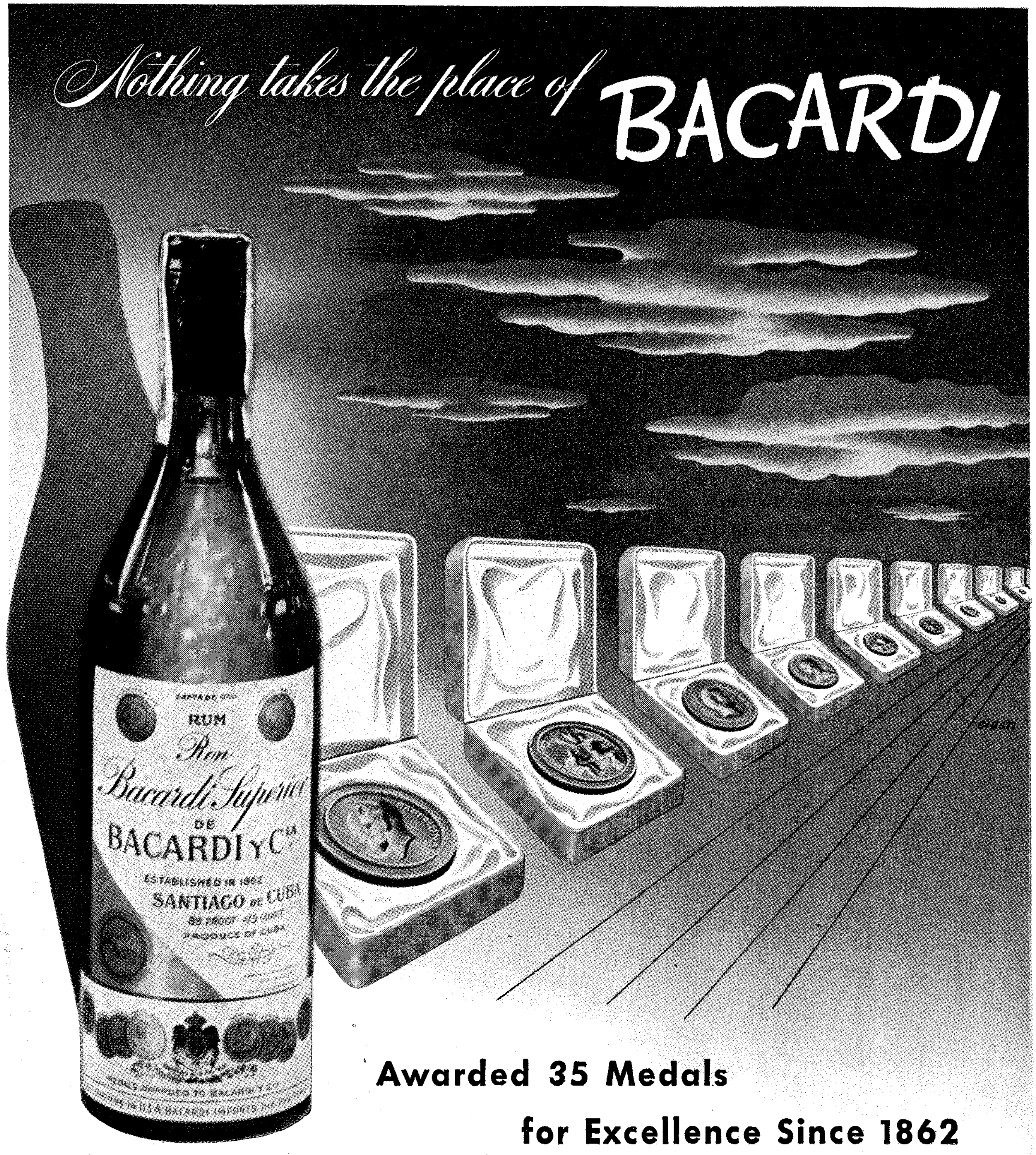
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"How you doing?"

"Not very well. I told him someday he would be a man and have a woman, too. Of course, he didn't understand." The guard laughed. "I'm a little drunk and sad."

"I'm pretty sad myself," the gunner said.

"When I get high, I get sort of foggy with sentiment," the guard said. "I'm for the war. I think it's a just one. But the way I am tonight, I think of the ruined towns I've seen, the families killed and busted up. Not just here. There's missing kids and dead fathers in China, Russia, Rumania, France—even in Germany. My father died a natural death when I was a kid and it knocked hell out of me. Back in the States, if your house burns down, it's a serious matter. How are these people ever going to recover? How do you forget seeing your mother killed? Do you ever get over returning to your home and finding it knocked flat? And your wife . . ." He stopped and laughed again. "Don't mind me. I'm oozing with sentiment. I'm a mess. Honest, I'm so full of complexes I'm a mess."

"Everybody has a complex or two," said the gunner. "Even Pete."

Pete said something, his voice angry.

"What did he say?" the gunner asked.

"What he's been saying for the past hour—why did the sergeant have a woman in his tent? You see, the tent is Pete's home. He thinks of it like that." The guard turned and spoke to Pete in slow, easy, patient Italian.

The gunner said, "Don't take it so seriously. Every kid has to find out the facts of life someday. Here—"

"But how you find out is important," the guard said. "I was raised in a church school. I didn't find out till I was twenty-two. It was the wrong way to learn—from a cheap, coarse, vulgar girl. It almost drove me crazy."

The gunner said, "Pete isn't a sensitive schoolboy. He'll forget the whole thing with the next candy bar."

"I want to try and help him," the guard said firmly. He stood up and walked into the mess tent.

The gunner began opening a package of gum. "Want some chewing gum, Pete?" he asked.

The kid shook his head.

"Aw, take some," the gunner said, giving the kid a stick. Pete chewed it silently. The gunner turned on his flashlight and Pete looked away, still ready to cry. The guard came out with half a loaf of bread in his hands. The gunner took it and said thanks. "That light hurts my eyes," the guard said.

"You read too much." The gunner snapped off the light. The guard didn't sit down. "Go ahead. Talk to him," the gunner said.

"Not with you here. It will embarrass the kid."

"I don't understand Eyetie."

"It will make me uneasy," the guard said.

"But I can't understand what you say."

"Look, it's best that I talk to the kid alone."

The gunner got to his feet. "O.K., Dorothy Dix. Come to my tent if you want some sardines."

"Thanks. Flying tomorrow?"

"Supposed to. Well, be seeing you." The gunner waved and walked away. When he reached the olive trees, he stopped and listened again to the guard's soft Italian in the night.

The gunner suddenly felt free and gay. Another twenty-eight missions and I'll be seeing her again, he thought. What the hell is twenty-eight missions now that the Reds have taken Ploești, the tough run? And he knew he was happy because it was good to hear a mild-voiced American soldier trying to tell a little Italian kid about men and women. It was a sign of all the good things still in the world.

—Len Zinberg

•

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The angry pigeon.

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Nature is a wolf.

—R. L.

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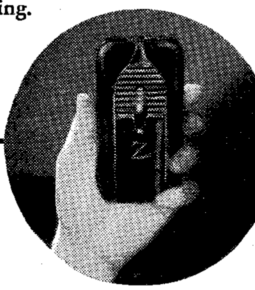

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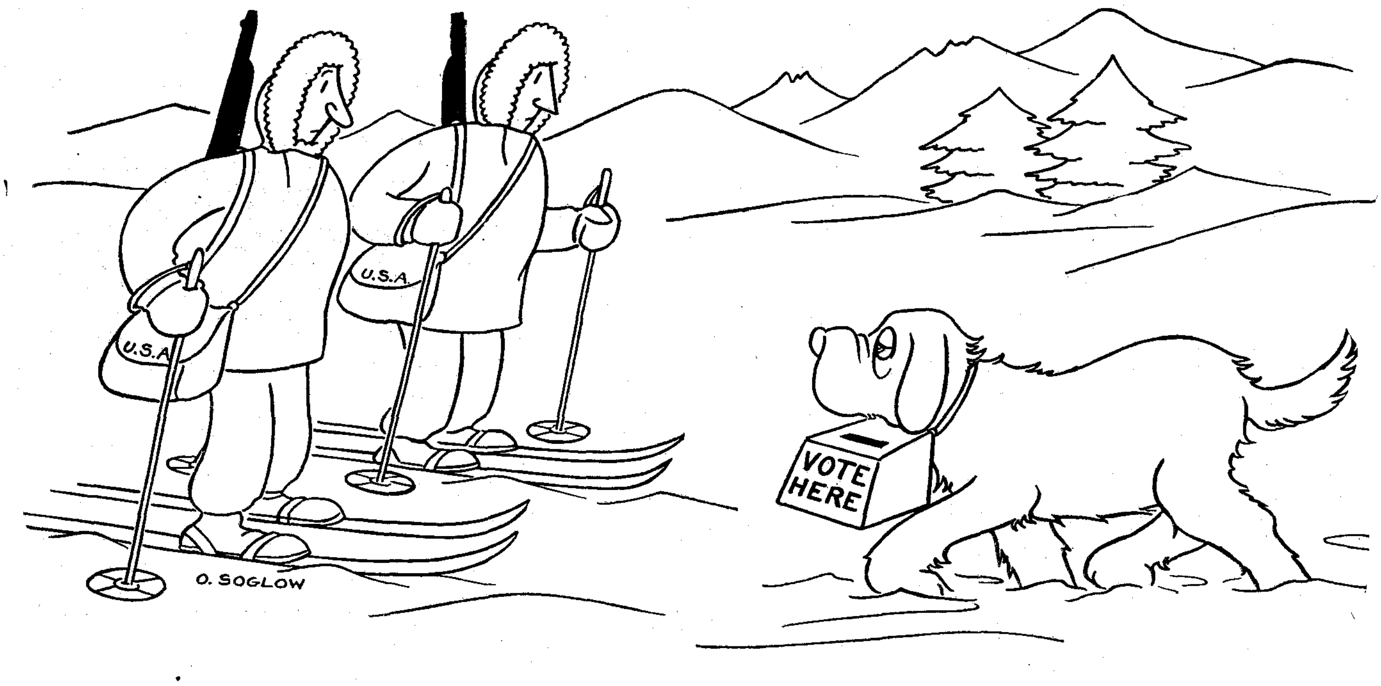
BOOKS

Bernard Shaw on the Training of a Statesman

“Everybody’s Political What’s What?,” by Bernard Shaw (Dodd, Mead), is a supplement rather than a companion-piece to “The Intelligent Woman’s Guide to Socialism and Capitalism.” The “Guide” came out in 1928, when the author was seventy-two and his mind was still in perfectly good working order; the “What’s What?” appears sixteen years later, when Bernard Shaw is eighty-eight and his powers show signs of failing. There is nothing in this new book like the clear line of thought that made the “Guide” a great piece of exposition, and nothing so eloquent as its magnificent peroration on the evils of capitalism. The “What’s What?” is not, in fact, an expository work at all in the same sense that the earlier book was. It is a treatise on a classical model that was popular in the Renaissance, when Castiglione wrote his “Courtier” and Machiavelli his “Prince.” Shaw might have called his book “The Statesman,” because its subject is the education of the ideal statesman of the future.

The old-fashioned ideal of democracy—one man, one vote—says Shaw, must today be regarded as discredited. It was inevitable that the modern dictators, who wanted to get something done, should sweep aside the impotent parliaments. But what we need—i.e., what England needs—are a new class of public servants, specially trained and tested as lawyers and doctors are, and registered as “mentally capable of functioning efficiently” in municipal or national office. (There should be not merely one Cabinet but several—“for cultural questions, industrial questions, agricultural questions,” etc.) There would be plenty of such candidates available, since the opportunity for higher education would be thrown open to the whole population by a system of state-endowed schools and it would be possible for able individuals from all classes of society to qualify; and these candidates would represent conflicting interests and opinions. The larger questions of public policy could thus still be determined by a popular vote that would select among these qualified candidates (though the voters themselves, one gathers, would have to be qualified by something more than a literacy test). Now, given this state of things, how much should such an official have to learn of the various departments of knowledge and precisely how far should he allow himself to go in controlling the activities of society? The whole book is hung on this imaginary statesman and a variety of subjects are discussed—political, economic, social, religious, aesthetic, hygienic—in relation to his probable point of view. This discussion is rather informal and not particularly systematic; as Shaw says, he has “omitted much that has been dealt with by other writers” and aimed “rather at reminders of the overlooked, and views from new or neglected angles.” The result is something unexpectedly close, for Shaw, to such ancient and garrulous works as Montaigne’s “Essays” and Burton’s “Anatomy.” The book runs much to personal anecdotes and curious historical examples, and contains many reminiscences of the author’s long and full career, as well as stories about his father, his uncles, his grandfather, and even his great-grandfather.

In comparison with Shaw’s other productions—even with the work of his seventies—the “What’s What?” is, thus, rather relaxed. Bernard Shaw is still earnest and still self-assertive, but he can ruminate now on the years he has known, the many subjects in which he has been interested, and even gossip about them. He is sometimes betrayed by the lapses of a longevity which is rivalling Voltaire’s. He frequently repeats his examples and makes the same point several times, and in his chapter on “Law and Tyranny” he reiterates almost unaltered, from fifty pages before, a whole mass of material on the history of medicine—anecdotes, instances, and all. There are passages where he seems to be losing the thread and led astray by obsessive associations, so that they make on us a little the impression of the dream explanations in “Finnegans Wake,” which are always changing the subject, and we feel that these pages are not real but that we are reading Bernard Shaw in our sleep. He has always had the habit—rather confusing in his prefaces, though essential to his genius as a dramatist—of present-



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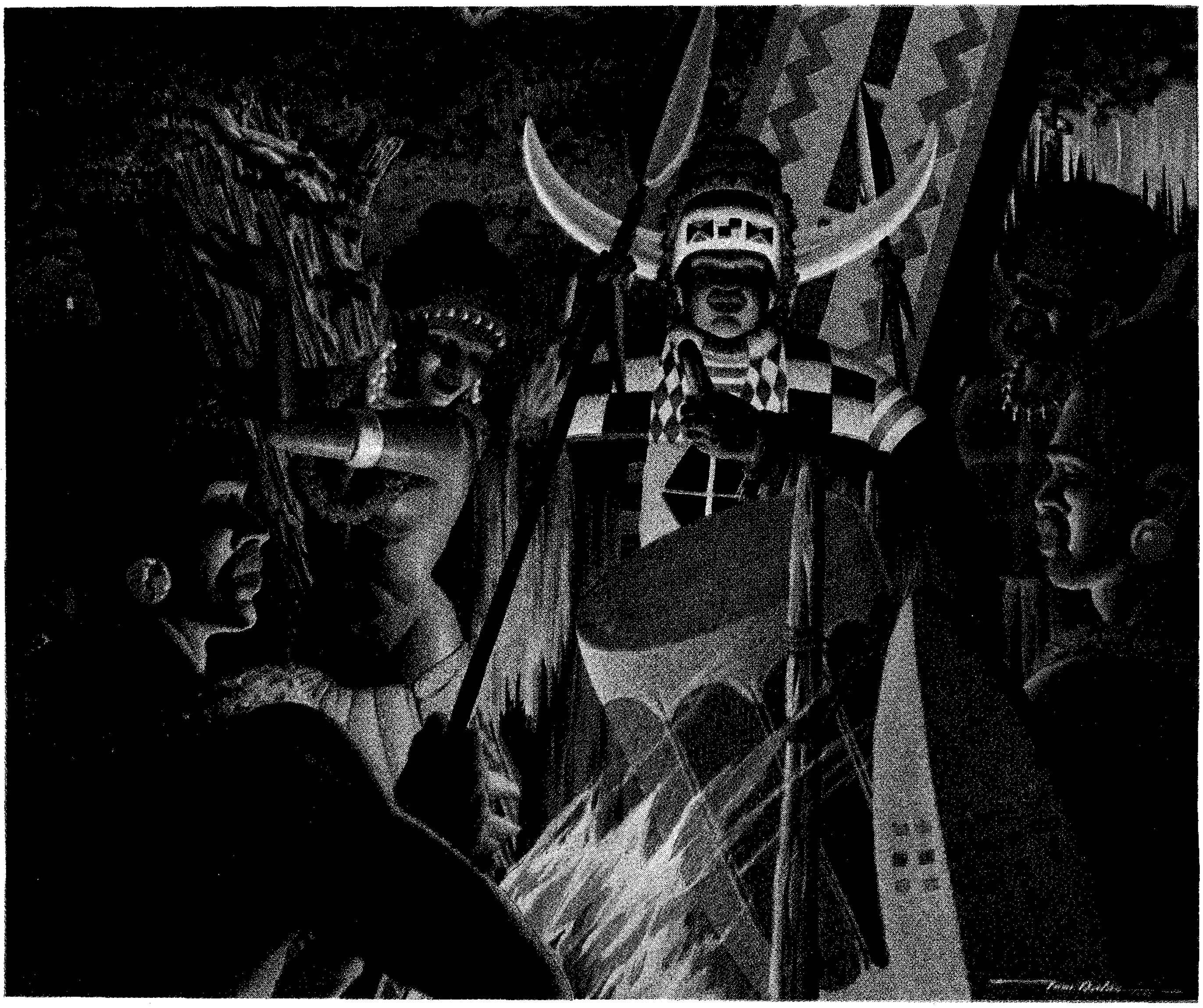
ing the different aspects of a subject all with a kind of biting overemphasis, as if they were strongly contradictory attitudes; and this habit gives sometimes here a certain effect of disintegration. You may find, for example, on the same page, two apparently irreconcilable statements: "I, an artist-philosopher, mistrust laboratory methods because what happens in a laboratory is contrived and dictated . . . but the artist's workshop is the whole universe as far as he can comprehend it; and he can neither contrive nor dictate what happens there: he can only observe and interpret events that are beyond his control;" "But let no statesman or elector imagine that an artist cannot be as dangerous a fool as a laboratory researcher. The painting, the statue, the symphony, the fable, whether narrative or dramatic, is as completely contrived, selected, dictated, and controlled by the artist as the laboratory experiment by the scientist." And his egoism seems to have increased instead of fading out with age. Once the panache of the young critic and dramatist, which he carried with defiance and dash, it now droops and looks out of place: today it makes you rather uncomfortable to find on every fourth or fifth page the recurrent "Take my case" or its equivalent, and you eventually learn to wince at his familiar enumerations of the names of great men of genius as you wait for the inevitable inclusion of his own.

And yet, for all this, the "Political What's What?" is one of the new books that are worth reading this year. Shaw's faculties still remain active to a perfectly amazing degree. There are stretches—such as the chapter on Pavlov and the sections that immediately follow—in which he writes with an incisive directness that seems hardly to have been dulled by age. And it is fascinating to see into the mind of a man who can look back over so long a life and who retains his capacity to compare and judge. We have glimpses into his school days in Dublin, his activity as a clerk for an estate agent, his experience in London as a municipal councillor, as a speaker for the Fabian Society, as a critic of painting, music, and the theatre; and there are expert observations on politics and society by one who has been scrutinizing public affairs since his conversion to socialism in the eighties. Here are all the main principles of his thought—creative evolution, hero worship, the inevitability of state control, equality of income, the need for religion, and the religious character of works of art; and here is, also, a certain amount of old furniture—favorite authorities and fashionable attitudes—that we may associate with golfing pictures and Gibson girls. But Shaw's mind has never really stopped functioning; he has been able, as few old men do, to adapt his fundamental ideas to the demands of the changing reality and to criticize intelligently the most recent events. It is an advantage to a social historian to begin with a long view of history as Shaw did by studying Marx; the great displacements of prestige and power that are the results of revolution and war have thrown many excellent writers off their bases and caused them to die disillusioned, but these do not dismay Bernard Shaw. Here is his diagnosis of World War II: "This is the great corruption of Socialism which threatens us at present. It calls itself Fascism in Italy, National Socialism (Nazi for short) in Germany, New Deal in the United States, and is clever enough to remain nameless in England; but everywhere it means the same thing: Socialist production and Unsocialist distribution. So far, out of the frying pan into the fire. For though Fascism (to call State Capitalism by its shortest name) has doled out some substantial benefits to the proletariat and given bureaucratic status to functionaries who were formerly only casual employees, besides tightening up the public services and preaching a worship of the State (called Totalitarianism) which will lead logically to genuine Socialism, it has produced a world war in which Anglo-American Fascism fights German and Italian Fascism because Fascism is international whilst the capitalists are still intensely national; for when Germany proposes to fashify the whole earth under the Führership of Adolf Hitler, and Italy the same under Benito Mussolini, the Anglo-American Fascists will see Germany and Italy damned before they will accept any Fascism that is not of their own making under their own Führers."

He, however, makes an exception for the Soviet Union, where, he says, they have "Democratic Communism." He talks as if the new Russian Constitution had actually been put into practice and he seems to express approval of Stalin's political purges, with a kind of vague fee-faw-fum about the need, in the society of the future, for "liquidating" the socially noxious. (It is a characteristic inconsistency that he should tell us we must concede to the state the right to decree the execution of people who fall into this category at the same time that he indignantly declines to submit to



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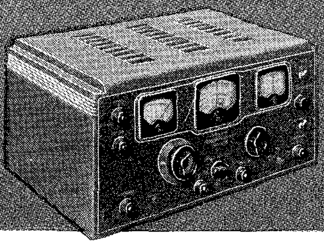

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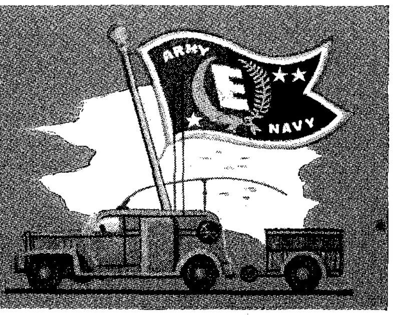

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ANNO 1695

ANGEL'S TIP: Fill a liqueur glass ⅔ full with de Kuyper Creme de Cacao. Pour a little sweet cream over a spoon so it floats on the cacao.

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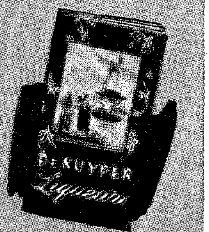
FRAPPE: Fill frappe glass with shaved or crushed ice, pour in de Kuyper Creme de Menthe.



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But even where Shaw's thinking fails somewhat in coherence, there is a kind of general wisdom that soaks through the cracks of his argument. It is as if the effect of old age had been at last to break up his rigidities and allow him to arrive at a state of mind where he sees people and institutions a little more under the aspect of eternity: all inevitable, all performing some natural function. I do not know whether this is what he means when he speaks of having now lived so long that he is beginning to see the dawn of a new way of looking at things; but even this, his latest phase, at an age when most men would be hopelessly senile, is full of interest and not without surprises for those who have admired him and followed his work. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES OF 1944, edited by Herschel Brickell (Doubleday, Doran). An able collection which, although it includes very few examples of really first-rate fiction, is an honest reflection of the present year's mental and spiritual preoccupations. First prize, for "Walking Wounded," which appeared in this magazine, goes to Irwin Shaw, and second to Bessie Breuer; Griffith Beems gets the third. Mr. Brickell follows his agreeable custom of taking the reader into the confidence of the judges by telling, in a shrewd and good-tempered introduction, how the committee made its awards.

LUSTY WIND FOR CAROLINA, by Inglis Fletcher (Bobbs-Merrill). A rather better-than-average historical novel (which is not saying much) about a

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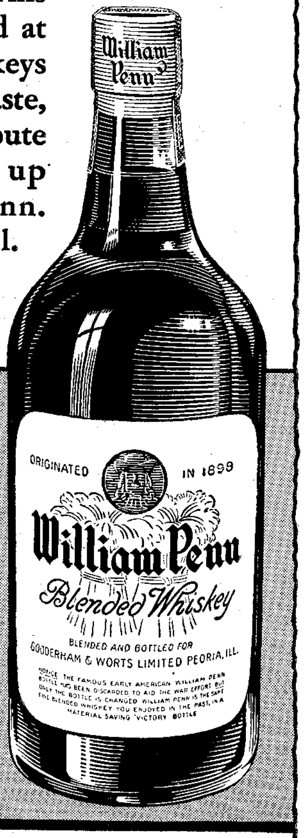
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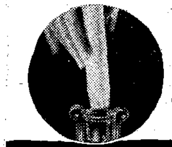

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group of men and women who went out from England in the reign of George I to settle in the Carolinas. Miss Fletcher has the history of the section down cold, and the stock love story which she has draped over the exciting events of the period makes pleasant enough reading.

GENERAL

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER, by D. W. Brogan (Knopf). A closeup of we, the people, together with an analysis of how we got that way, by a Glasgow-born Irishman who is now Professor of Political Science at Cambridge University. A flock of books similar to this have been published in the past few years, but Mr. Brogan, writing with Scotch economy and Irish wit, has turned out one of the best of the lot. He knows America better than most Americans do, sees things from a fresh and unconventional point of view, and is convinced, for a number of reasons, that this country is a long way from being on its last legs. A first-rate job.

WESTWARD THE WOMEN, by Nancy Wilson Ross (Knopf). Mr. Brogan, in his study of our national character, remarks that although it was the pioneers who won the American continent, it was the pioneers' wives who cleaned it up, making it less a boarding house for bachelors and more a home. Miss Ross, unravelling this distaff theme, tells the story of some of the women who helped to gentle a country that had a hard time learning how to comb its hair and wash behind its ears. They had a job on their hands, and the lively collection of prostitutes, hurdy-gurdy girls, and lady bandits who followed in the tracks of the covered wagons didn't, as the author shows, make it any easier. They did what they set out to do, though, and Miss Ross's careful reconstruction of their lives and labors puts a lot of new portraits, including some very curious ones, on the walls of our ancestral gallery.

A BASIC HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, by Charles A. and Mary R. Beard (Doubleday, Doran). If the people who read books don't catch up with their American history this week, it won't be the fault of the publishers. This volume of the Beards', recently brought out in a sixty-nine-cent format, has now been reissued in a new and dressed-up edition for the three-fifty trade and the members of the Book-of-the-Month Club. The text is still the same—sane, comprehensive, and eminently readable. Perhaps, all in all, the best one-volume history that has ever been written about the United States.

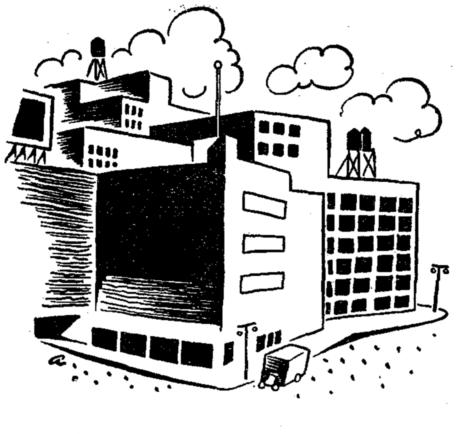
CLIPPER SHIP MEN, by Alexander Laing (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A quiet and informative footnote to American maritime history, by the author of "The Sea Witch" and other books about the sea. The imagination of Mr. Laing, who knows his subject inside out, has plainly been captivated by the clipper ships. Expressing his enthusiasm in a restrained and literate prose, he makes them seem every bit as exciting and fascinating as they undoubtedly were. Illustrated.

FIRST OF THE MANY, by Major John R. McCrary and David E. Scherman (Simon & Schuster). An up-to-date segment of American history in a sort of yearbook that recounts the exploits of one of the most famous classes ever to matriculate in the United States Army—the men and officers of the Eighth Air Force, based in England. Major McCrary, a former *Mirror* man, tells the story of the Eighth from the time a flight of twelve planes bombed Rouen in August, 1942, down to June, 1944, when a flight of a thousand planes blasted industrial targets in Germany, and Mr. Scherman, a *Life* operative, contributes more than a hundred pages of photographs. The photographs are better than the prose, which is often as awful as tabloid prose can get, but the record of courage and tenacity hung up by the Eighth manages to survive it. Lieutenant General Ira C. Eaker contributes the customary foreword.

CAESAR AND CHRIST, by Will Durant (Simon & Schuster). This week's historical change of pace is furnished by Dr. Will Durant in an encyclopædic volume of seven hundred and fifty-one pages—the third installment of his "The Story of Civilization"—that retraces the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. Dr. Durant has no hesitancy about rushing in where Gibbon and Mommsen did not fear to tread, and in many respects he more than manages to hold his own. The history of the Roman Empire, of course, is full of parallels to our own time—bank failures, depressions, state-financed work projects, wartime priorities, and so on—and Dr. Durant makes the most of them. He doesn't ever come to grips with the possibility—which might seem to be the most important problem—that the forces that brought about the collapse of Rome may be operating all over again. It is impossible not to be impressed by the earnest labor that has gone into this book, and anybody who tries to brush it off as being another case of literary elephantiasis will be making a mistake. It combines a high regard for scholarship with a sense of drama and it ought to be widely read. Handsomely illustrated.

NEW DIRECTIONS 1944, edited by James Laughlin (New Directions). These year books of "experimental" literature are always rather difficult to read—there is too much of the same kind of thing—and even more difficult to review. This one piles up the usual mass of more or less Kafkaesque parables, more or less expressionistic plays, and poems that follow Rimbaud and Eliot. The trouble is, perhaps, that the "new directions" are no longer at all new, they are as old as the influences named; instead of being "experimental," they are today well-worn literary grooves and those who follow them seem quite academic. There are, however—if you can read translations from the Spanish—a section devoted to Latin American literature and a section of little-known writings by Lorca, and a dream story of Chauncey Hackett does something to freshen up an atmosphere which has become, in T. S. Eliot's phrase, so "thoroughly small and dry."

LENINGRAD, by Alexander Werth (Knopf). A well-written and interesting book on the siege of Leningrad, by the only British correspondent who was there during the German blockade. The author is half English and half Russian, and had spent his boyhood in St. Petersburg. The old capital has always tended, even under the Soviet regime, to have an independent life of its own and the



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siege cut it off from the rest of Russia in a dramatic way. The Leningraders, thrown on their own resources, underwent one of the most terrible ordeals of the war, and if this episode has seemed to get lost in the vast picture of destruction and misery, it has been here brought sharply into focus and put permanently on record.

Of Men and Battle, by David Fredenthal and Richard Wilcox (Howell, Soskin). This book, unpretentious in style and format, is something of a new departure in war reporting. Mr. Fredenthal, an artist correspondent in the Pacific, saw not only the attack on Arawe, New Britain, in December, 1943, but also the long and tedious preparations for it. His sketches, together with the succinct and carefully unmelodramatic running commentary by Richard Wilcox, a *Life* correspondent, give a vivid impression of the whole undertaking.

Peter Arno's Man in the Shower (Simon & Schuster). The first volume of Mr. Arno's drawings to appear in three years. It leads off with the title piece—the quandary in the glass-doored bath—and runs through a hundred and fifteen page drawings of the *comédie humaine* as seen through the eyes of this artist. Most of the cartoons were printed in this magazine.

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DAVID LARDNER

David Ellis Lardner, who had been working as a reporter and critic for *The New Yorker* since 1939, went to London in July for the Office of War Information, after he had been rejected by the Army because his eyes were bad. A few weeks ago, he asked to be relieved by the O. W. I. and went to the front to represent this magazine with the First Army. He was killed on October 19th in a minefield near Aachen. It is impertinent to say that he was Ring Lardner's son: he was, standing alone, a remarkably able and perceptive writer, and he was still very young—twenty-five—with almost everything left to be written. We liked and admired him as much as any man we have known, and we have never printed a paragraph with deeper sorrow than we print this one.

—The Editors

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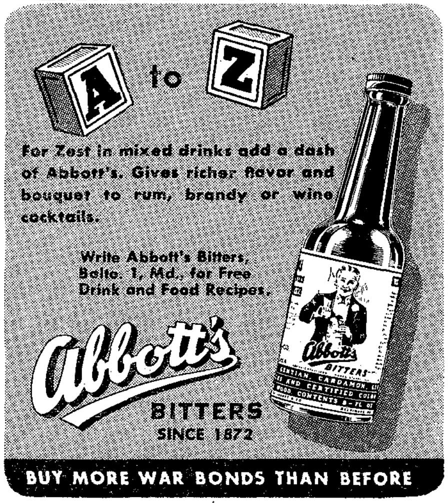

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